

# YACHT CAROLA LOG

<u>Leave</u>			<u>Miles</u>	<u>Arrive</u>
Sunday	Apr. 27th	Jacksonville to Miami	309	Apr. 28th
Friday	May 2nd	Miami to Cay Sal Bank	127	May 2nd
Saturday	May 3rd	Anchorage changed @ Sal Cay	10	May 3rd
Sunday	May 4th	Cay Sal Bank to Havana	112	May 5th
Saturday	May 17th	Havana to Cardenas	80	May 17th
Wednesday	May 21st	Cardenas to Havana	80	May 21st
Thursday	May 22nd	Havana to Puerto Cortez, Hon.	574	May 24th
Monday	May 26th	Puerto Cortez to Coxen Hole	98	May 27th
Friday	May 30th	Coxen Hole to Bonacca	51	May 30th
Wednesday	June 4th	Bonacca to Utila Island	66	June 4th
Thursday	June 5th	Utila to LaCeiba, Honduras	20	June 5th
Saturday	June 7th	LaCeiba to Trujillo, Hond.	52	June 7th
Sunday	June 8th	Trujillo to Serranilla Bank	370	June 9th
Monday	June 9th	Serranilla to Serrana Bank	148	June 10th
Wednesday	June 11th	Serrana Bank to Roncador Cay	47	June 11th
Thursday	June 12th	Roncador to Old Providence Isl.	91	June 12th
Saturday	June 14th	Old Providence to St. Andrews	64	June 14th
Monday	June 16th	St. Andrews to Little Corn	82	June 16th
Tuesday	June 17th	Little Corn to Great Corn	10	June 17th
Tuesday	June 17th	Gr. Corn to Port Limon, C.R.	140	June 18th
Saturday	June 21st	Pt. Limon to Bocas del Toro	64	June 21st
Tuesday	June 24th	Bocas del Toro to Cristobal	143	June 25th
Friday	June 27th	Cristobal to Balboa, C.Z.	42	June 27th
Sunday	July 13th	Balboa to Perlas Islands	43	July 13th
Tuesday	July 15th	Perlas Isl. to Balboa	43	July 15th
Thursday	July 17th	Balboa to Perlas Islands	58	July 17th
Monday	July 21st	Perlas Islands to LaPalma	64	July 21st
Monday	July 21st	LaPalma to Bahia de Pinas	71	July 21st
Wednesday	July 23rd	Bahia Pinas to Bahia Cupica	78	July 23rd
Thursday	July 24th	Bahia Cupica to Port Utria	56	July 24th
Friday	July 25th	Port Utria to Solano Bay	43	July 25th
Saturday	July 26th	Solano Bay to Malpelo	348	July 27th
Sunday	July 27th	Malpelo to Cueva Bay	275	July 28th
Monday	July 28th	Cueva Bay to Palmas Isl.	110	July 29th
Tuesday	July 29th	Palmas Isl. to Buenaventura	25	July 29th
Thursday	July 31st	Buenaventura to Gorgona Isl.	88	July 31st
Friday	Aug. 1st	Gorgona Isl. to Tumaco Road	98	Aug. 2nd
Saturday	Aug. 2nd	Tumaco Rd. to Esmeraldas	124	Aug. 3rd
Sunday	Aug. 3rd	Esmeraldas to LaPlata Isl.	196	Aug. 4th
Tuesday	Aug. 5th	LaPlata to Salango Isl.	24	Aug. 5th
Tuesday	Aug. 5th	Salango Isl. to Cabo Blanco	165	Aug. 6th
Friday	Aug. 8th	Cabo Blanco to Callao, Peru	563	Aug. 10th
Wednesday	Aug. 20th	Callao to Pisco River	133	Aug. 21st
Saturday	Aug. 23rd	Pisco to Callao	133	Aug. 23rd



D A I L Y   D I A R Y

of

Second 1941 Trip

April 24th Left Chicago on Illinois Central Seminole at 11:04 PM.

April 26th Arrived in Jacksonville, Florida, after the usual monotonous trip which was principally devoted to sleep, clearing up the streptococcus infection which I had acquired in Chicago, by taking sulfanilamide. Carola indulged in no particular form of occupation although fortunately she had completely recovered from her attack of flu.

Arriving on board, we found the ship in good shape, and <sup>Betty</sup> ~~Mr. and Mrs.~~ James Simpson, and Mrs. Babcock were there awaiting us.

Tried to get everything on board and in order but that, combined with unpleasant weather, made it too difficult to leave immediately, as planned, so postponed departure until the following day.

Bill Redfield also joined us and we turned in fairly early after a quiet poker game.

April 27th Left dock at 8:00 A.M. and were in the channel about 10:15 A.M. The sea was in rather a slow swell from 10:30 in the morning on. After a day of moderately rough weather, and attacks of seasickness by guests and crew, we turned in early after a pleasant day for Bill and myself, but I am afraid for very few of the others.



April 28th Arrived in Miami and docked about 9 A.M. Planned on leaving this evening but the weather looks too bad to chance it. Still blowing from the east and reports state it has been blowing for three days and the wind is picking up. Inasmuch as we are going to try to fish Sal Cay there is no need to try to set out in bad weather. We would merely lay there ~~in~~<sup>at</sup> anchor and not be able to fish.

Harry and Hazel Richman were on board for lunch. Amusing as always, Harry insisted on sending along a fishing chair to replace the one on the after-deck, as well as his twenty-mile binoculars, and a particularly good harpoon dart. Had a hard time leaving without taking all of his tackle and guns which he kept urging me to carry along.

In the evening Mrs. Harriman and Freddie Proctor, friends of the McCormicks they had urged us to look up, came on board to dine with Madeline Maher and Ralph Hines. Our party was augmented by Beth's mother, Mrs. Bonbright, who arrived in late afternoon. Very pleasant evening which ended with the yacht guests staying until 3 A.M. playing backgammon -- and then to bed. The wind still blows and it does not look like we will leave until another twenty-four hours.

April 29th Wind still blows hard so stayed in port. Hazel Richman came for lunch. Played poker briefly in the afternoon and complained about the weather. Spent a long night on shore. The day went out with the same amount of wind that it came in with.



April 30th More wind and rain. Lunch on board after showing the films of the last Galapagos trip. Cocktails at the Mansingers and dinner at Joe's. After dinner, to Mrs. Harriman's and home at a reasonable hour.

May 1st Today came in fine and clear and tonight the wind has calmed appreciably.

Spent the morning with Lee Mason, the broadcaster, then went to Al Pflueger's and saw the fish on exhibit and spoke with his brother. We then went alongside to look at the Ramfis, belonging to General Trujillo, formerly Fleischmann's Comargo. In the afternoon went around the harbor and in various inlets in the Black Bird and poked our noses outside to see if we should leave in the evening but it is still rough so we had dinner of stonecārbs and afterwards went to Davis' Airliner. Ran into Mary and John Wentworth who had been on a three-day bender; also Julio Sanchez and his wife, then back to the ship around 1 A.M., to be up for sailing in the morning, which is set for 7 A.M.

May 2nd Today came in fine and clear for the first time in a week with very little or no breeze. Left dock at 7:30 A.M. Had a pleasant day at sea, rounded Double Headed Shot Keys and anchored in back of North Elbow Key around 6 P.M. The Black Bird, which had left somewhat later, had a little rough going but arrived safely just before dark.



May 3rd Jim Simpson got up at quarter to six to fish for bait. Had the bad report of no mackerel, only barracuda. Inasmuch as our bait had been <sup>for</sup>zen this does not help us too much. Nevertheless we started out by 9 in the two boats., Beth and Jim in one and Fine and Slim in the other with me. Had an excellent day fishing. I raised one white marlin about noon, or a little after, off Sal Cay but he did not take the bait. Later in the afternoon off North Elbow I raised a blue marlin who looked rather disgust<sup>ed</sup>ly at my eight-pound barracuda bait, which was the closest to real bait we had, and swam away. Saw another white marlin jump, possibly not over 65 to 70 pounds. The Simpsons' boat reports hooking into a blue and losing him after several jumps, <sup>they</sup> ~~and~~ also raised two white ones. Back on boat and over-enthusiastic; Carola very grat<sup>i</sup>ously suggests we stay an extra day and not leave here until Monday night. Dinner and backgammon and then to bed.

May 4th James lost some of his first enthusiasm and as a result we all go out together. This time Mrs. Bonbright, Beth and Jim in the Black Bird, while I go out again with the two-man crew. The wind has come up during the night in an easterly direction. We are each encouraged by strikes about 10 in the morning, the Black Bird reporting a blue with a clearly visible dorsal fin about 7 miles west of North Elbow Key. Carola, Junior, raised a white around 125 lbs. within three miles of North Elbow. The ~~bait~~ problem was somewhat alleviated by the fish guides having gotten some small tuna and jacks earlier in the morning but this was offset by the rising wind which sent the



May 4th  
(Cont'd)

Black Bird along side the yacht about 3 P.M. Carola, Jr., stayed out another hour. In the meanwhile with a forecast of fresh easterly winds it was decided it would be wise to send the Black Bird along to Cuba this afternoon before bad weather prevented the trip for her. At the same time the rest of us decided <sup>that inasmuch as</sup> ~~because~~ this wind seemed to be driving the fish off and it might be several days before fishing again would be good, that we would leave for Cuba tonight, <sup>to</sup> this making the fifth <sup>different</sup> day ~~the schedule~~ for our arrival in Havana. ~~had been set.~~ Everybody seemed satisfied, so sailing is set for tonight after dinner and we hope to arrive in Havana tomorrow morning.

May 5th

Arrived in Havana around 10 A.M. with the usual excitement. About twenty friends came aboard and stayed for lunch and for the better part of the afternoon. In the evening went with Frankie and Popsy, and Nervy Herby Pleet, who always turns up in Havana like a bad penny to ~~conquer~~ <sup>Cojimar</sup> for paella. One of the girls with Pleet was a Mrs. Charlier, formerly the junior buyer at Bests, later at Russells. Claimed to have been offered a job in Mandels a month ago. Stopped at Eden Concert on the way home and saw ~~the~~ <sup>the new</sup> the first of day. To bed at the usual Havana retiring time of 4 A.M.

May 6th

Up and rubbing the sleep <sup>fishing</sup> out of my eyes at an incredibly early hour and on the ground ~~out~~ off Morro Castle ~~to~~ + Cojimar by 9:30 A.M. Fine luck. Raised four white marlin and boated three, the smallest 38 lbs., largest 68, although the one lost by the guide bringing him







May 7th on the second jump. The cut mackerel used by Charlie  
(Cont'd) Fine seems to be the best marlin or sailfish bait I  
have seen.

Back on board around 3 and found Carola had entertained  
Popsie, Miguel, and the Ellises at lunch. After a cup  
of coffee managed to fall down to the cabin and get my  
night's sleep. Jim came back about 7 from his fishing  
having also raised only one white with no result at all.  
This did not even take the bait, just slipped <sup>it</sup> off the  
outrigger.

This evening Alfredo Botet and Fabiola are entertaining  
at dinner for us and the vice-president<sup>luba</sup>. Following  
<sup>we go</sup> that, to the Fritas. I will sleep late tomorrow.

May 8th <sup>last</sup> The evening turned out to be much as expected ~~last night~~ and  
therefore omitted morning fishing. About twenty-five  
people on board for lunch, among them the Minister from  
Ecuador and the Minister from Brazil, both of whom urged  
us to visit them should we go to their respective  
countries. DeCastro, the Brazilian, went so far as to  
say he would like to be permitted to bring President  
~~de~~ Vargas on board for a weekend which might be amusing  
enough if we get to Rio.

After luncheon went fishing and Jim took the vice-president  
and Alfredo Botet and I took Beth in my boat. She was  
lucky and got the marlin she had been looking for for  
five years. One fish was all we saw. The fishing has  
not been particularly good in the late afternoon which  
is strange and unusual. In the evening Sylvia and  
Miguel Parraga entertained at dinner for us and Miguel



May 8th prepared his famous black bean and rice dish. This is  
(Cont'd) justly famous for he <sup>that</sup> does it better supposedly than  
anyone on the island and the results certainly bear  
out the reputation. All of us were so tired that at  
12:30 we came home and went to bed. Inasmuch as it was  
<sup>the</sup> ~~our~~ first night, <sup>that</sup> we have not seen dawn we all acted a  
little sheepishly, as though we had done something  
treacherous and nasty.

May 9th Beth's birthday today and we celebrated by going out <sup>early</sup>  
in the morning with Go and Jim in one boat and Nodarce  
and myself in mine. Finally Jim had luck and boated  
three whites, his first marlin, and naturally he was  
most pleased. We got two, first one hooked by Nodarce  
but after five minutes <sup>ed</sup> he complaining of a cramp, I took  
over, considerably surprised, as it was the first time  
I have seen <sup>any one quit on a marlin.</sup> ~~this~~ happen. I suppose, though, there are  
so many white marlin down here they get to be very  
casual. The water temperature is still about the same  
and fish are working wonderfully. The only other Cuban  
boat out is Torvald Sanchez who is averaging about the  
way we are, possibly slightly less.

Had a heart-breaking experience in the afternoon. I hooked  
a white that jumped some twenty-five times and gave me  
a good look at him from all angles. He was the largest  
I have ever seen and I should guess from 125 lbs. up.  
He sounded twice, which is most unusual, and inasmuch as  
I had 15-thread line could not work him as fast nor as  
hard as I wanted. At the end of 58 minutes the hook  
pulled out. He was still 100 yards off the boat and I



May 9th      firmly think would have fought for another half hour at  
(Cont'd)      least and possibly another hour, and in all probability  
                 would have been close to a record fish, if not a record.  
                 The old story, "the big one got away."

Back in the evening and then to shore to the Steinharts  
where they had a lovely dinner. Jim and the two Beths  
left for home early, by 3, and Carola and I by 5 A.M.

May 10th    Spent the morning getting over the night before. Beth and  
                 Jim fished and Beth landed a sailfish. The fishing is  
                 dropping off and it seems now the fish bite on the ebb  
                 of the tide as we have checked the tide charts and hours  
                 of the ebb and flow.

In the evening had a party of 40 on board of the younger  
group. Rheta Montonaer, the best of the Cuban singers,  
came out and worked several hours. <sup>she also</sup> Had very fine four-  
piece orchestra which is new in Havana and everyone seemed  
to enjoy the evening tremendously; strangely enough, in-  
cluding both Carola and myself which is nothing a host  
or hostess should allow to happen. Beth Bonbright  
brought out two friends, Ben Lampson and his wife of  
Cincinnati. He is attempting to get the Water Works  
contract here. Dry rot of the tropics must have gotten  
them; while they were considered quite entertaining in  
the States they were the opposite while on board. The  
evening ended about 4:30 or 5 A.M. with the orchestra  
staying to entertain the five of us who live on board  
and Popsie Steinhart who stayed for the night.



May 11th This day began shakily for everybody. Carola, Popsy and her mother went off to church. Jim, Beth and I drove out to the Steinharts' Happy Hollow estate where we joined the others for lunch around the swimming pool at 1:30. I exhibited extra lack of discretion by asking that they have roast pig, black beans and rice which <sup>at first</sup> did not appear too palatable but after the <sup>he</sup> first bite, was gotten down in good style as it was prepared as only the Cubans know how. In the afternoon we went to the Club Cazadores and had a live pigeon shoot. Jim and I both got seven out of ten while Beth, who had refrained from alcohol last night, got nine to our chagrin. Then to the boat where we said good-bye to Mrs. Bonbright and the Simpsons with considerable regret. They have been lovely guests and at the end of three weeks we all left still speaking, which is self-evident proof that we were sorry to see them go.

Then back to the boat for several hours of much needed sleep.

At 9:30 P.M. Carola and I went to San Souci for a late supper and an early evening. We joined Roberto Mendoza and Maria Mathilde Arostegui. Unfortunately something happened as around 10'clock I began to play "21" and found myself in a hole by 3:30, but by 5:30 had dug myself out again, so back to the boat at the usual sunrise hour.



May 12th I tried to fish in the afternoon, having sent the fish boat crew out in the morning while I slept. Included Kennedy, one of the sailors who was fishing mate in Florida, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> I want him to watch Fine cut the baits and get the technique of the past week's operations because Fine is due to return from here. They reported two strikes and one very <sup>big</sup> white broke the line. In the afternoon I went out and raised absolutely nothing. The water temperature remains the same but fishing has definitely gone off. In the evening Carola and I went to Rheta Mayer's for a very quiet dinner and got home at a respectable hour.

May 13th Got up early. Renee de Solo came out and joined me for morning fishing. Raised absolutely nothing, whether the ebb tide having gone to afternoon affected this or not is debatable. Hours fish come up have changed materially. On board for lunch were the Xiques, Bebo Fernandez and his wife, Mrs. <sup>Clara</sup> ~~King~~, and a Mrs. McLeod. The former is a good friend of the J. Robinson <sup>Duffy</sup> ~~Devies~~ and a number of other people whom I know. After a slight argument as to how Ernie Byfield is treating his son, we got on splendidly. Mrs. McLeod is a handsome blonde Swedish girl whose husband is a naval aid to the Duke of Kent and she is here for the duration of the war, visiting Mrs. ~~King~~ <sup>Clara</sup>. They left around 6 P.M. and after a siesta we went along in the evening to a very lovely dinner which ~~Padro~~ Alvarez de Canas gave for us at San Souci. The vice-president and Mrs. Pablo Cuervio, Mr. McEachen, minister from Uruguay, and his wife; the Botets; Salitre Luis Posada, and Eugenio Rayneri were there. The latter had a cocktail



May 13th party at his home for us and it was a lovely evening until  
(Cont'd) 2 o'clock when I again felt the urge to play "21" and  
did not dig myself out--so left at 3 A.M. in debt and  
unhappy.

May 14th Fishing weather is bad with a choppy wind. Slept in the  
morning and for lunch Pancho Aranga, Panchunga San Pedro,  
the former wife of the Spanish Crown Prince, Lolo Vinent,  
Roberto Mendoza, and Maria Mathilda came to lunch with  
the McEachens. He is very decent fellow although a  
trifle on the dull side and she is attractive although  
somewhat of the same calibre, after thirteen years in  
London in the ministry there. By 5 o'clock the guests  
had left, so <sup>took</sup> ~~got~~ my usual siesta, which keeps me running,  
and then on shore to dinner. The Marquis of Tiedra and  
Fabiola entertained in our honor with Senor Lusano,  
minister for the Argentine, and his wife and Senor  
Figueroa, Chilean minister, and his wife also present.  
Likewise Mac and Baby de la Llama, Sylvia and Miguel  
Parraga and several others. I had the debatable  
pleasure of sitting next to M<sup>me</sup>. FIGUEROA, who has  
been married two years, is Austrian by birth and Nazi by  
sympathy.

After the usual formal and rather stuffy dinner, the main  
dish of which was rabbit served inside a paste rabbit,  
very attractive to the eye -- we left about 11 P.M.  
Thence to the Tropicana where we met Pancho, Roberto and  
Maria Mathilde by pre-arrangement. The show there is  
the best we have seen by far, an African-Cuban ballet  
directed by the stranded ballet maestro DARTO LACHINI  
who is here from NEW YORK with his stranded troupe.



May 14th A marvelous presentation which would do well in the  
(Cont'd) States. Also a girl who sings well <sup>that</sup> ~~and~~ we have engaged  
her to come out to the yacht tonight.

*in the movies*  
After a very enjoyable time all went to San Souci to find  
the place practically closed. The trio who sang "Down  
Argentine Way" were just finishing their rehearsal for  
the opening Saturday night. Six of us insisted on being  
served, took over the microphone and orchestra and found  
the Management, as always, most amenable and gracious.  
I had an urge to see if I could recoupe my fallen  
fortunes so ended at the "21" table and incredibly  
enough by 5:30 A.M., after stopping several times and  
starting again when others began to play, I had not  
only dug my way out but was ahead by several hundred  
dollars. Back to the boat in broad daylight or standard  
Cuban retiring time.

May 15th No fishing as it is still blowing and choppy. To town  
to the Sevilla Biltmore for lunch and to say good-bye  
to Popsie who is going north to the States. Then back  
to the boat for some much needed rest. In the evening  
Pancho, Roberto and several others came for dinner and  
the girl who sang at Tropicana came out and entertained.  
We all then went to <sup>San Souci</sup> ~~Princes~~. Terribly crowded, reasonably  
dull and extremely late. Met Martin Arostegui and his  
wife Kathleen who are running the Havana Tabloid. Both  
extremely attractive. Also met Colonel Benitez, extremely  
drunk, who recalled having been with ex-president Loreda <sup>Bru</sup>  
and meeting us on a train from Washington to New York.  
In return for the courtesy shown him by the States and



May 15th  
(Cont'd)

for those favors we offered at that time, he insisted on making me an honorary major or inspector of Cuban police. Thinking he was too drunk to remember, I said certainly, and <sup>SUGGESTED</sup> ~~that~~ he should come to lunch first tomorrow. Off to bed well after sunup.

May 16th Today came in fine out side and dismal inside. At 1:30 Colonel Benitez and his wife had not shown up so began lunch. <sup>But</sup> He and his wife and his aide-de-camp came on board, as well as Major Boyden and Dr. Taylor, nearly <sup>ten minute later.</sup> simultaneously. Started all over again with soup as though we had never sat down and after Boyden and Taylor left we went to the police headquarters where I was fingerprinted for my honorary majorship and the impressions will be reproduced, I am told, in gold on a badge and sent to me within the next ten days.

*Elis* ~~Elis~~ arda, Pepe, Lolo ~~and~~ Pancho, Roberto and ourselves all dined rather quietly, played a little poker and got to bed by 2, all set for the trip tomorrow.

May 17th. Awakened to find the ship had just passed Varadero Beach.

The sea is smooth and delightful weather. We cannot stop as there is no place to dock the launch, so we continue ~~around~~ into the Bay of Cardenas, three miles or so off shore, and the anchorage is good but the launch ride is a nuisance. Went on shore for lunch at 3:30. Varadero has built up tremendously since my last visit which, I find by the registry, was seven years ago. Lovely homes with lots selling for as high as \$12,000 <sup>and</sup> if my memory serves me well, the last time I was here you could have bought the whole place for \$12,000.



May 17th  
(Cont'd)

Pepe has a beautiful house next to his daughter and a few cousins. There is the Sara family, a few Sanchez, <sup>etc.</sup> in other words a cross-section of Cuban uppercrust. After lunch went to the Kiwama Club, saw Colonel Sylva and his son Chivo. Reminiscenced about the days of polo teams here and his refereeing some years ago when we played against them. Also met his new blonde wife who couldn't be less attractive, old <sup>her new</sup> ~~and~~ common. Also saw Julio Cardenas, Sylvio Godwin, American <sup>on</sup> ~~his~~ sister by the name of Humphreys who turned out to be good friends of <sup>THE</sup> Drapers and any number of other Cuban people. Most of them came out to the boat about 10 at night, showed the movies of the Galapagos trip and if everybody was as bored as I, it was a dull evening. To bed about 2:30 A.M.

May 18th Fico Majer stayed on board last night. He and I started out fishing this morning about 9:30. Carola, <sup>and</sup> Lolo went to church, and had lunch on shore at 12 o'clock. Back to the ship at 2, sending Fico on shore, not having had any luck fishing due to rain. I am catching up on my sleep and getting a much needed haircut. Anticipate another <sup>human</sup> deluge this evening, probably with the same people on board.

C.F.M.  
Had dinner on board, with more or less the same people as last night, but in addition Martin Arostegui and his wife Kathleen who are now living in Havana. He is very fond of the sea and is himself a well-known yachtsman here. Eleanor Martin, <sup>an</sup> well-known American ~~port~~ portrait painter, also came. The party ended very late - 5 A.M.



May 19th: Awoke in time to be able to be on shore for 2 o'clock lunch at Pepe's and Elisanda's house and spent the afternoon swimming. Had dinner on shore with the very wonderful surprise of being entertained by <sup>a new Havana band</sup> ~~the famous Havana singer~~ Cuarteto Graziano who sang for us during the day and evening - (beautiful Cuban songs) - near the lovely beach and with the Royal palms as background. (Apparently a mistake) we went to bed fairly early, everybody trying to get enough sleep to pull through tomorrow which will be the last of this shore weekend.

May 20th: Some people came on board at noon for cocktails and then we all went on shore for a barbecue lunch at Pepe's and Elisanda's house. Their home is the most beautiful at Varadero or Kawama Beaches and in addition they have an open air barbecue fireplace near the swimming pool that is extremely attractive. We had all the Cuban food that Leon and myself are fond of; even after two weeks eating it every day we still enjoyed it tremendously. The lunch was not finished until nearly 5 o'clock so we had just a little time for poker, then back to the yacht with the guests who are going back to Havana with us, including Cuarteto Graziano, and an orchestra to play for us all during the evening. Some of the guests started to collapse about 1 o'clock and the rest stayed <sup>up</sup> until very late to hear the beautiful and romantic music.

May 21st: We arrived in Havana about noon and the only casualty was overindulgence by <sup>Anchor</sup> ~~Pedro~~ Arango in tomato juice and vodka. The guests left after lunch and Leon and I spent the afternoon shopping for Spanish wines, then to dinner at



May 19th We had 419



May 21st  
(Cont'd)

the Florida bar. This was our first chance since leaving Chicago to be alone. We nearly broke our resolution to be in bed early, having met Emilio and Jorge Sanchez who arrived from Miami yesterday and who <sup>came close to</sup> ~~nearly~~ convinced us to keep on going to San Souci as usual. Leon was extremely strong in overcoming the temptation, remembering ~~us~~ our sailing date tomorrow.

May 22nd Had lunch on shore at the Miami Restaurant where I could have for the first time delicious chocolate ice cream I had been looking forward to since arriving in Havana. We brought back two pounds hoping to keep it for a few days.

At 3 o'clock mother and Lucile Diaz came on board with their suitcases and after a couple of hours, once more we left the Havana Harbor <sup>this time</sup> enroute to Honduras. Each time I leave Havana Harbor I have <sup>an odd</sup> ~~the~~ feeling <sup>for</sup> it may be but a few days, a month, or years before I will return. We watched the shoreline until darkness fell <sup>and the shore lights</sup> ~~which~~ look very pretty, as usual.

May 23rd All day we sailed, nothing particularly exciting happened.

It is rough but pleasant.

May 24th Arrived in Puerto Cortez, Honduras, this afternoon at about 3 P.M. just ahead of a rain squall which was fortunate for us. It is rather difficult to approach the docks, and had we been half an hour later it would have been extremely disagreeable as a heavy tropical downpour shut out vision. We were waved to the dock although we had hoped to lie out in the stream. Tied up at the side of a United Fruit boat which saluted our arrival by beginning to load bananas.



May 24th  
(Cont'd)

This process continued all night with the ~~addition~~ <sup>assistance</sup> of three or four switch engines and the usual calls, and gangs of natives walking the stalks from car to conveyor.

bell +  
whistle

*Mr. Halliday* Mr. Halliday, assistant manager of the United Fruit Company, met us, was extremely gracious and told us of a baile to be given tonight and asked us if we would care to go. I told him we would be most pleased and about 8:30 he and his wife; Mr. Frasier, district manager of the United Fruit Company, and his wife; Unverzagt, American Consul, and his wife and Lebus, assistant to the Consul, came on board for drinks. We all went on to the baile about 10:30.

This was a typical Central American party with a marimba band, however, that was unusual. A small boy about eight years of age, played the drums and his brothers, ranging up to 18 years of age, composed the rest of the marimba section, with several saxaphones making up the remainder of the group. All of our American friends proved the old United Fruit theory that a man must drink before he can work, because between them they consumed a staggering amount of alcohol and when we left at 3 A.M. it seemed the wise thing to do.

Frasier insisted on Carola being elected Queen of Love and Beauty, to compete with queens from other sections for final selection of queen. Not wishing to arouse complications, we all decided to sponsor a very attractive little local girl for whom we voted. Unfortunately, our votes only got her second place as her half-sister managed to win because her brother was drunk enough to have bought \$25. worth of votes, which turned the election. However, we did arrive back on board the yacht safely, but rather late.



May 25th I got up too early, to go to mass with mother. After a series of attempts to get transportation to church a mile away, we arrived there <sup>just</sup> ~~still~~ in time and after a fairly long mass we again had our transportation problems. On returning to the boat we very jealously noted that everybody was still asleep. Had a quiet lunch, after which Mr. Frasier came with a couple rolls of 16 mm. motion picture film he took himself of his wife's appendix operation. Leon, with a marvelous presence of mind, immediately told him it was too bad our projector was for 35 mm. film, because it was a little difficult to face such a display immediately after eating.

In the afternoon we took a leisurely stroll among the tracks (streets) and arrived at the American Consul's home for cocktails. Afterwards we went next door to Mr. Frasier's house who had seven other guests from the Sixoala, another United Fruit boat that docked this morning. We brought back all the party to have dinner on board with us. We found the Captain of the Sixoala, ~~Mr.~~ <sup>ben.</sup> Fagen, a very charming person and one of the guests, ~~Mr.~~ <sup>ben.</sup> Hodges, who is going to be president of Louisiana University in June, also a very attractive man. Some of the guests had to sail that evening and the rest were still stunned from the night before and the party didn't last much after 11 o'clock.

May 26th All of us went on shore to ride about town and also to two nearby villages, one on the north side of the Bay and the other at the south side of the Bay. One of the villages is called Camaguey and is like the reproduction of an Indian village where they have ceremonial dances and native celebrations. ~~occasionally~~.



May 26th The most exciting part of the morning was the acquisition  
(Cont'd) by Leon and myself of a young tiger and another animal  
which looks like a rabbit with zebra stripes. We both fell  
in love with a very well trained monkey named PACO whose  
owner refused to sell under any circumstance.

CPM When we returned on board we noted considerable excitement and  
two bells announced the arrival of guests. After a few  
seconds the chief steward announced with frightened face  
that a tiger had arrived. That was the first appearance  
of Malario. Poor Philipe, the rabbit, was not even announced,  
even though he came at the same time. *Make*

After lunch Leon and myself decided to ~~make~~ a last desperate  
effort for Paco and went back, sending a message to the owner  
to let us know if there was any price that would buy Paco.  
After much arguing and bribing of the emissary I received  
the wonderful answer from the owner that he would give me  
Paco but not for a cent less than \$5.00, and he wanted me to  
know that Kay Francis, the movie star, had offered him any  
amount to buy Paco but he was letting me have the monkey  
because he much preferred him being in the hands of another  
Latin.

We sailed about 5 o'clock and after a short while Leon and I  
had the idea we were back in the Pacific because of the long  
deep swells so typical of the other ocean.

May 27th Arrived at Coxen Hole cove off Roatan Island very early in the  
morning and went on shore to salute the commandant and after  
that Leon went fishing all day with ~~not~~<sup>out</sup> much luck as he did  
not see any bill fish nor have a strike after at least eight  
hours of steady fishing.  
CPM



May 27th In the evening we had on board for dinner Colonel Cruz,  
(Cont'd) the military commander of the Island; Mr. Cooper, governor;  
Mr. Perez Peralta, head of the customs house; and Mr.  
Faura, local politician. The dinner progressed peacefully  
with only slight mistakes. One of the guests used his soup  
spoon to dig out a couple of olives from the plate when they  
were served to him, and another tried very nonchalantly to  
put the ice cream in his fingerbowl.

President Roosevelt's speech came on very clearly when we  
were finishing dinner and it was received anxiously by all  
of us, and was <sup>as well</sup> the cause of <sup>believed</sup> an argument between two of our  
local guests. The Colonel offered to bring a local jazz  
band on board tomorrow and, having no time to think of any-  
thing else, I mentioned that Mr. Mandel was a little allergic  
to that type of music and that I was sure he would not approve  
of having a jazz band on board. With the radio going all  
evening, Mr. Mandel had to explain he always chooses very  
smooth music for his records.

May 28th Leon went fishing early in the morning alone and the rest  
of the party and myself went on shore to take a walk in  
town. In the afternoon the Commandant came on board with  
his three daughters and the governor with his three sons.  
Leon came back fairly early in the afternoon because the  
wind started to blow quite hard. Spent the evening quietly  
and happily on board with just our regular party.



May 29th Still in Coxen Hole at Roatan because the wind was blowing quite hard and we did not leave as planned. <sup>We</sup> Are leaving at daybreak tomorrow.

May 30th: Left Coxen Hole at 8:30 A.M. and arrived at Bonacca around noon. This time we anchored very close to town after going between reefs that were extremely close together and in shallows that gave both Leon and I the chills as we watched over the side of the boat.



May 30th: Enroute to Bonacca we passed Port Royal <sup>and</sup> again had a chance to see what an ideal seaplane base it would make. The only drawback seems to be that the water on Roatan is inclined to be quite brackish and the supply at Port Royal is not certain. Helena and Murat Islands opened up as we came along the outside of the reef barrier but the chart is rather inaccurate and quite confusing. <sup>near</sup> Burburata several of the small cays that are noted are entirely gone and those that are there, are not quite correctly located. The day was beautiful with prevailing easterly wind which has been so consistent ~~off shore~~ <sup>here</sup> and ~~now~~ we learn it has been blowing ~~like~~ for about three weeks at 15 miles per hour easterly and slightly southeasterly, although the month of May is supposed to be flat and calm. This once again makes fishing a rather difficult task as the little boat takes a bad beating going out.

After our arrival at Bonacca, Charlie Osgood met us with a small boat that danced on the waves like the proverbial egg shell. We were lead through the treacherous reef passages and came snugly to anchorage just to the westward of the town which is on two cays connected by a bridge. It is located here to avoid the plague of sand flies that infest the island properly <sup>now</sup> looks like a smaller, dirtier, primitive Venice. All houses are built on stilts and small skiffs shoot in and out of the back yards.

Went on board the MANAGUA, a small trading schooner which plies up to Tampa with bananas and cocoanuts, and wandered around town making light conversation. The Kirkconnell clan, three or four other families and their relatives make up the inhabitants of the village. There is a



May 30th

(Cont'd)

generally strong admixture of colored blood. Inasmuch as many of the natives are of Scotch ancestry several generations back it is perhaps natural to see no Catholic church but still curious. At the moment we are told the Seventh Day Adventists have taken over the religious influence of the village.

We returned to the boat in the late afternoon with a green sea turtle, which was wrestled out of a pen built around the edge of one of the homes, and again look forward to green turtle soup, stew, and steak for which the chef has a very light touch. Quiet dinner on board and to bed early.

May 31st:

Up at 7:30 on my quest for the brother of the marlin which ~~was~~ raised here two years ago. Still blowing hard, rounded southwest point and found a little lee. Worked up and down the north side of the island all day. Succeeded in raising one very small white marlin who did not take the hook but looked at it twice in rather a dilatory manner. Think the fish weighed about 60 lbs. and again was raised at the ebb of the tide, in water temperature of around 78°, and about 3 miles off shore in several hundred fathoms of water. The ideal spot for fishing here seems to be the southeast point of the island where a sand bar runs out about seven miles beyond which there is very deep water. This is very good ground for food fishermen to get ~~the~~ wahoos and where one marlin was caught on a hand line. Has all the signs of being a good spot but once again the weather is too bad to get out there with waves running as high as twelve feet from crest to trough. With this prevailing wind there is a very nasty lee, <sup>ohw</sup> so worked back. ~~and~~ just as we rounded Southwest



May 31st  
(Cont'd)

Point on our way home, dirt clogged the gasoline line of the fishboat motor, <sup>he</sup> ~~it~~ stopped and ~~we~~ found ourselves drifting with a rather rapid current and strong wind back toward Burbarata some 20 miles away. Fortunately we had just gotten into green water, <sup>so</sup> let go our anchor and found we had enough line to catch bottom, ~~so~~ after about half an hour managed to raise the yacht on the radio phone. As usual, the operator was standing by 95 percent of the time and the other 5 percent was trying to clear with shore stations and had turned our set off due to heavy static. We called for the starboard launch <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ by the time they had reached us we had started again. ~~because~~ <sup>but</sup> when we brought the boat head into the wind the dirt had washed back. <sup>Relieved our trouble.</sup> So back to the yacht we went in procession, with the captain and an engineer following along in the starboard launch in case there was further trouble. When nearly to the yacht they got water on their engine but by using Pyrene started again. All got back none the worse except for a thorough wetting.

*It is when we backed  
him out then he  
was hit.*

Carola, Lucile, Mrs. Panerai, and the Doctor were on shore all afternoon looking over the town and reported a rather suspicious attitude on the part of the natives. Nevertheless they enjoyed the afternoon.

Fresh turtle soup for dinner and after listening to the usual bad news, this time including the fall of Crete, we all went to bed.

June 1st: Stayed on board all day just lounging around as it was too rough outside to fish.



June 2nd: Up early and into the fishboat for the first time since it bogged down day before yesterday. The wind which has been blowing consistently for 28 days has moderated slightly. Went up the inside of the cays to the eastern end of the island where we stopped for a visit with the Hydes. Their home is ideally located, set between two hills which are cleft by a waterfall coming down to the backdoor of the house. This looks like a dimple in a very strong chin and is just as attractive although primitive on close observation. Visited with these very friendly people for an hour or more, saw where turtles lay their clutches of eggs, looked at the horses, cows, and shoats and the native canoe hewn from one enormous mahogany log and ~~the~~ left somewhat envious, although the bathroom facilities offered much to be desired.

Not ten minutes away, immediately after dropping our baits in the water, going out along the bank that runs a little south of east at the point of the Island, a fairly good sized blue marlin, about 300 pounds, hit the *bait* hard. He took the hook the second time, was clearly visible and started a good run. Unfortunately the line broke about 100 ft. up from the leader. This was due purely to my carelessness in not having examined the line after it had caught on the bottom when we stalled two days before. This makes three marlin raised in this vicinity and evidently verifies my previous belief in the fertility of these waters. Two more blue marlin were seen during the day, both along the north side of the Island, but the bait we had on board has gone soft and rotten. Both



June 2nd: marlin struck the bait after being raised but the bait  
(Cont'd) fell to pieces before they could take the hook. Another large swirl was not identified although it may have been a tuna, wahoo, or a kingfish. Back on board with a bitter-sweet memory, sweet for having established the fish here but obviously bitter for not having brought one back.

About 7 o'clock Charlie Osgood brought on board several native ladies who are all related directly or as second cousins; the Kirkconnells, Valladares, Hydes, and Osgoods. After an hour or so of cafe au' lait entertainment we ate dinner, and to bed early.

June 3rd: Stayed on board most of the day, except for one short trip to shore, while Leon fished all day without any luck after having been so enthused yesterday.

June 4th: Left Bonacca at daybreak for Utila where we arrived around noon. It is the most picturesque of ~~all~~ <sup>the</sup> Bay Islands with the town set in a horse-shoe at the back of the bay and surrounded by small cays which are very attractive. We went to one of the cays to meet Colonel Guy Maloney, a well known character in the stories of Honduras, who comes once in a while to spend a few weeks in a native way with friends at one of these cays. We brought back to the ship (Colonel Maloney) <sup>with</sup> ~~and~~ two of his friends who had just arrived the day before (to have lunch with us on board) and at the same time the commandant of Utila, Francisco Cuellar, and some of the local people <sup>came</sup>.



June 4th: Colonel Maloney told stories of some of his exploits, one (Cont'd) of which O. Henry has recorded in his book "Cabbages and Kings" when he tells of the ammunition train with the American sitting on top the engine cab with a machine gun fighting off the ambush of guerrillas and delivering the precious load safely.

He also told a story of having flown with <sup>ye</sup>Irex, present head and founder of the <sup>aca</sup>Taca Aviation Line; that in the revolution around 1930 he went up with <sup>ye</sup>Irex to drop some bombs on the unpopular government and unfortunately while he was lying on his stomach dropping bombs from the plane, he heard a bullet from a pursuing government plane which had been sent up to interfere with their plans, hit Irex. In his own words: "I looked up and saw <sup>ye</sup>Irex' eye shot out.

<sup>ye</sup>Irex turned to me and said, 'Can you fly a plane?' I replied, 'You know damn well I can't regardless of how I would love to right now.' So I held his head for twenty-five minutes while he flew hell-bent back to Tegucigalpa."

<sup>Maloney</sup> ~~he~~ was blown out of a motor boat last year with his clothes on fire, <sup>then a month later</sup> had a shotgun blow off the upper part of his thigh, ~~and missing~~ certain more vulnerable parts by less than an inch. He said some people have accused him of just being lucky to come out of all these escapades alive, but he thinks he has just been damned unlucky to have all these things happen to him.

He is a fascinating character, one of the few who in personal meeting is able to withstand the legend which he has been surrounded. He is all that legend says and even more. He was a professional soldier in the Boer War where he learned to use a machine gun. From there he returned to Central America where he acted as an agent for various fruit interests.



June 4th:

(Cont'd)

Then in 1920 he took a leave of absence, was police chief of New Orleans until 1925, returned to Honduras because, as he puts it, he likes it better here 90% of the time and the other 10 percent takes a vacation to the States.

He also told another anecdote. When he landed in New Orleans in 1934 he was served with a summons to appear before Senator Long, who was investigating various things at that time. He went into the office where Long sat and Long told him everything he said was being broadcast so to be careful that he didn't say anything he would not want heard outside. Maloney didn't know that what they did not want heard was being cut out. Maloney said he would say what he damned pleased. One of the guards put a gun in his back and told him to say just what the senator told him to say, to which Maloney replied, "I don't think you will shoot me regardless of what I say because it would cause too much of a scandal. With my reputation being just as bad as the Senator's, between the two of us we would make too many headlines."

At 57, Maloney looks like a man of 40 and despite the fact he he is on a diet prescribed by doctors which prevents liquor for the next few months, he is in perfect shape to start another revolution, although he says all he wants to do is tend his rice mill in peace or get into this war if anybody wants him.

In the evening the commandant arranged a dance especially for us with a marimba band, which ~~is~~ type <sup>is the</sup> typical orchestra of Honduras and it ~~could not~~ have been more colorful. The teacher of the only school on Utila gave a speech about us, talking only of the marvelous country from whence we came - Cuba. We had several other speeches and Leon had to hold



June 4th: me so I could not get up and deliver one myself.

(Cont'd) When the Colonel introduced me to his son, about 20 years old, I asked the Colonel if I could meet his wife and got a very quick answer to please not consider him a married man, that the mother of his son was not under any circumstances his wife and to have a wife you must have been in front of a judge. He is quite lonesome, he says, and is starting to consider that a man after all should be married and will do so any day now.

June 5th: We left Utila at daybreak, arriving in LaCeiba about 10 o'clock in the morning. This afternoon we rode about town in a terrific heat and went to the hospital, which is a fairly good one, and also met the American Consul McGinnis. Back to the boat early as we did not wish to stay out during the evening as we hear malaria is quite heavy about LaCeiba. Also met Machelli, vice president of the Standard Fruit Company.

June 6th: This morning some people of LaCeiba were on board. Had an early lunch to get out in time to take the train with the tourists of the Contessa of the Standard Fruit Line on a tour to the Salado River. We rode about 70 miles by train and afterward took a barge on the river to the sea. The river is very beautiful and we saw many monkeys playing in the trees on the banks and some tropical birds that were beautiful.

On the train we met a very interesting person named Terry who formerly was in charge of all roads for the Standard Fruit Company and also maintained the narrow gauge right-of-way. One day some ten years ago he was on a handcar and a native



June 6th

(Cont'd)

approached demanding a ride. Terry said he had always carried a Smith & Wesson pistol but had replaced it with a Lugger which he shot fairly well. He was not unduly alarmed when on refusing the native, the native swung a machete around his head. He told the native he didn't want trouble so he should move along. The native came closer swinging the machete and Terry, in self defense, pulled the gun but the Lugger didn't fire. As a result the native cut off Terry's arm and three fingers of the other hand as well as gashed Terry's head badly before one of the other men could shoot and kill the rum-crazed assailant.

Terry is today immaculate in white suit, black patent leather tie, striped white shirt and acts as director of tours the Standard Fruit Company sends cruise passengers on at LaCeiba. Says since the incident in which he suffered so grievously the Honduranian government has passed a death-for-a-death law because in his case they had to pay \$19,000 indemnity.

We got some pineapples at a plantation where we stopped and arrived at the boat at dinnertime after a very interesting afternoon. During the tour had a swimming party on the beach during which Dr. Taylor met a most unattractive female tourist. She had the very unique method of being swept off her feet by the surf and into the doctor's arms to effect an introduction. Unfortunately this caused a great deal of jealousy on the part of Lucile who thought it was all right for her to exercise the prerogative of flirtation but not for the Doctor to do so.



June 7th: Left LaCeiba early and arrived at Trujillo about 10 A.M. Went immediately on shore to find a crude and disagreeable welcome by local officials who very clearly have great resentment for Americans since the United Fruit Company stopped coming to this port. The most attractive points of the port are a very old fort and an old church. The military commander of the place is General Espinó and when we went to see him to object to the conduct of his officers he was quite agreeable and everything had a happy ending.

Leon tried some tarpon fishing in a little lagoon here and came back with four mullet bought from natives for ten cents and with the information that the tarpon do not come into the lagoon until 7 o'clock so he returned to the boat at 6 P.M.

June 8th: Left Trujillo at daybreak and arrived at Serranilla Bank & 9th on the 9th about 1 P.M. Leon went out fishing but saw nothing except a large quantity of barracuda which, in these cays, have the bad habit of approaching very close to the beach. Left Serranilla Bank about 6 P.M. because anchorage was very rough.

June 10th: Arrived at Serrana Bank early in the morning, and anchored off South West Cay; found a few people from Grand Cayman who live here part of the year. All the way from Trujillo it has been quite rough and it is stated this is customary the year around.



June 10th: Leon went fishing around here, raising one small white marlin and a very small sailfish which took the feather that was being towed astern on a handline. This fish probably would not weigh over 15 pounds. The white marlin also was small, around 40 pounds.

Went on shore and had quite a long conversation with the Christian family and you cannot imagine my surprise when on coming back to the boat they told me there was a small package from Mrs. Christian she had had delivered to the boat saying it was a gift for me. It was a very nice bar of soap. Until now I have usually given soap to the natives as gifts, noticing how much they needed it, but this is the first time I have received any from them.

June 11th: Came on down to Roncador this morning from Serrana and again Leon went fishing without raising any marlin or sailfish. On the way back to the boat, however, they ran into a school of shark feeding on tuna which are plentiful. One shark after another was baited to the boat by means of tuna held on a handline three or four feet off the stern. As the shark's head would come out of the water striking at the bait, a 30-30 rifle was used to dispose of the shark and it was frightening indeed to see the viciousness with which these 300, 400, or 500 pounds monsters came out of the water after they had been hit and jumped like marlin in a crazy circle. Even more frightening was to see them set upon and devour the wounded shark which is rather unusual but seems to be current shark practice in these waters. The exhaust



June 11th: pipe of the boat was bit<sup>ten</sup> by one shark so hard that teeth marks are clearly evident and another hit the rudder and the wheel so there was a welter of blood and shark flesh for five feet back of the stern of the fishboat.

(Cont'd)

~~June 12th~~ I went on shore and found a tremendous number of boobies and terns and discovered a little brown tern such as I have never seen before, nesting there. They nest on the rocks and will not move even when you approach very close to them. They have a dark red mouth like the stones of the island that could be taken for another stone very easily.

June 12th: Left Roncador shortly after midnight and after a very smooth trip arrived at Old Providence Island early in the morning. Was greeted by the usual delegation of black and nearly black pilots, port officials, etc., fortunately numbering only three here. The harbor itself is beautiful but we have to lay out far due to the heads of coral. All of us put a picnic lunch in the fishboat and went on shore around 10:30 having heard there was excellent dove and duck shooting. When we arrived on shore we learned there are no ducks and a few doves, only if you walk far enough, but that there is excellent marlin fishing which is known as the ocean piper here.

The local alcalde, Lara, was most pleasant, took us into his office and served fairly decent beer and altogether was most cordial. During our walk on shore we discovered a convent in which they say there are more than eighty girls.

Inasmuch as rain was starting quite heavily everyone loaded back into the fishboat and the picnic lunch was served on the afterdeck of the Carola.

Leon again went out on a marlin chase taking along Jose Holger-  
son. After a thorough wetting they returned to the boat



June 12th: having found no fish. In the evening some lobster from the Island and chicken with pineapple was prepared by Leon who is extremely tired of dieting. After ice-cream, cheese, brandy and coffee an early bedtime was enjoyed.

June 13th: Wind was blowing too hard to fish when I got up at 6:30 so decided to look for the dove which were reported plentiful on the Island. Fortunately it looked like rain so I went back to bed again. Managed to struggle ashore about 11 o'clock and it looked fine. Osborne, Holgerson and myself started walking through the town and on the way picked up ~~Friar~~ Angel, a monk, who had told Carola, Lucile and the Doctor the day before he had escaped from Spain during the revolution after having fought with the Rebels. Today he reversed his story and said he had fought with the "Reds," had been in jail in Madrid for seven months but escaped and caught a boat to Cartagena, then to Bogota and on to Old Providence Island where he claims he has been for four years. He is completely shameless, a smooth beggar, a good actor, most amusing, and has a strong body odor. After we had walked the first mile ~~Friar~~ Angel decided he had important business to attend to so Osborne, the guide and myself walked on six miles, saw five doves, two flying between houses and cows so shooting was dangerous and we managed to recover two of the three we hit. Back to the ship around noontime, walked-out, hot and tired.

On board for lunch. Afterwards Lucile and the doctor went on shore and met Mr. James Rankin of whom Mr. Hemingway wrote. Mr. Rankin gave copies of the Readers Digest in which Hemingway's article about him appeared, to Lucile and the Doctor and stated he was suing for libel. He



June 13th: was asked if he desired to come on board the yacht but  
(Cont'd) replied he probably would not be welcome after the Hemingway article. He is very suspicious after what was said about him by Hemingway.

Dinner as usual and after hearing Ben Bernie's voice over the air, to bed where Carola spent a bad night due to sunburn.

June 14th: Radiograms came in like mad this morning; one from Dr. Barker recommending pressing three times on the third spot on the ocelot to relieve constipation and the second saying Frank Mandel had been appointed to the Illinois Racing Board which was happy news to both Carola and me as it gives us a "Swope" in the family and is very nice for Frank.

Got under way at 6 o'clock and rolled in a strong east wind fifty miles until we picked up St. Andrews which houses the government of these two islands. The pilot picked us up off the opening of the reefs and after a breath-taking and hair-raising trip through water in which the coral heads seemed to reach up to catch us we came to anchor safely about a mile off the town. The pilot is a large black man whose pants were torn in the back and looked like Hemingway's; he had enormous bare feet. He calmly said the ocean piper or marlin are very plentiful here from October to March, frequently reaching 30 feet in length, which undoubtedly is a fair sized marlin. He also described the blue fin tuna very well but couldn't recognize it when shown a picture. However, in a hard east wind it was too rough to fish today.



June 14th: We had on board the port captain, Cristóbal Cruz, and some  
(Cont'd) of the local people, and in the afternoon about 3 P.M. we  
attended a reception at the governor's "Palace". After  
taking a ride with the governor, Alberto Dupuy, among the  
picturesque views of the island, he said the sunrise and  
sunset were well worth seeing. Says, however, the year  
he has spent here is a little too long to appreciate this  
beauty. We had a drink with the Panamanian Consul, a  
Colombian who has lived here for several years and does not  
restrict his services only to Panama as he will arrange any  
place people want to go.

June 15th: Mother and I went on shore to hear mass in a very cute little  
chapel of <sup>The</sup> ~~Father~~ Capuchinos. After that we joined the  
others at the governor's house for cocktails. From there we  
had a chance to see a very colorful ceremony. They were  
conducting a funeral for a little boy. We learned that in  
this town they follow the old custom in that when someone  
dies a man rides horseback through the town announcing in a  
very loud voice who has died and the day and hour of the  
funeral. These negôres belong to the Seventh Day Adventists  
and during the ceremony some of the girls showed the same kind  
of grief the Holy Rollers of Nassau do. They started crying  
and then screamed and performed antics like an epileptic  
attack. They fell to the floor and had to be carried out by  
several people for they ~~W~~eked and made a terrific struggle.  
About six girls were carried out to their homes nearby during  
this ceremony. It seems prearranged that those who pass out  
should live nearby so they will not have to be carried far.  
They deliver them to their homes and lay them on a bed on the



June 15th: floor. When we passed by one of the houses after the ceremony I saw one of the girls who had been carried out sitting on the floor smoking a cigaret. It seems in this town it is a distinction to have one of these attacks and the young girls look forward to having their fiancée accompany them to a burial.

Leon did not fish today as the wind still is blowing very hard and the sea is very rough.

In the afternoon at 5 o'clock there came on board a mixed group of San Andres peoples. They ranged from a jaundiced yellow to midnight black in color and from 75 years down to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in age. Very luckily none of the ladies had infants at the breast but this was the only thing we were lacking. The children took the sliced O'Henry bars we served and patted their chubby little fists all over the furniture. The older men oiled themselves thoroughly with scotch and the women shook in their calico like the proverbial jelly on a platter. Unfortunately, the children were not the only ones who put on a wrestling match with the O'Henry bars, as all the guests ate far less gracefully than Paco. They stayed and stayed, ate and ate, drank and drank, and belched and belched. They were supposed to go on shore at the time we sent the launch in for Governor Dupuy who had invited himself to come with us to Port Limon, but when they heard of the governor's coming they could not consider leaving until bidding him farewell on our quarterdeck. There was nothing to do but send the launch for the self-invited governor who arrived with his staff thus augmenting our marine lawn party. The captain of the port, after an hour's farewell and general pushing of guests to the



June 15th: gangway by host and hostess, was extremely annoyed being  
(Cont'd) asked to leave, saying he had come with the governor later  
and wondered why he could not stay as long as the rest had.  
But willy-nilly he was escorted aside and in a final burst  
of enthusiasm threw his arms around Leon, kissed him on both  
cheeks, pledging eternal friendship.

The governor brought along a diagnosis by the local physician  
stating he was definitely suffering from a bad ear which  
the governor treated in the same way a little boy at school  
presents an excuse from home to the teacher. He showed it  
to all of us on a number of occasions and never missed  
mentioning his ill health to justify his presence. He was  
educated at Lehigh University, however, and was much better  
than the average run of the Islanders, as were his aids,  
the captain of police and the lieutenant of the army. They  
undoubtedly were sent here to investigate the increased  
importance of these Islands because Colombia believes she  
will be able to make a favorable deal with the United States  
for them.

After a rather pleasant dinner during which the governor  
expounded his views on life, politics and love, and treated  
his bad ear with plenty of liquor we were tired and went to  
bed.

June 16th: This day came in with the proverbial bang. Despite Leon's  
speech to the governor before bedtime, giving the ground  
rules of the yacht, such as not ringing for a steward  
until 7:30, about 5:30 the bell first rang in Mr. Fantz's  
room, next in Nancy's, the stewardess, then began a merry  
jingle in the pantry. Leon, who was up to see the boat out,



June 16th: inquired from whence the music came and found his majesty  
(Cont'd) the governor could not find his comb. He was a little  
upset at not having breakfast brought to him before 7:45.  
Later during the course of the day he was again admonished  
as to the prerogatives of the guest. It is a sad but  
amusing enough commentary that the fewer bells one rings  
in ordinary life the more seem to be pushed when the oppor-  
tunity presents itself.

The yacht went out of St. Andrews harbor in a strong current  
running about three knots which, coupled with the heavy sea,  
caused us to cut down to half speed to prevent our rails from  
rolling under. After about three miles we were out on our  
course with very comfortable running before the sea with no  
appreciable current. Had a <sup>hopeful</sup> line out for marlin off the sun-  
deck ~~hopefully~~ all morning but no luck.

However, by lunchtime with the aid of about a ten-mile favorable  
current we dropped anchor off Little Corn Island and went on  
shore after lunch. This was one of the Islands where political  
prisoners of Nicaragua were kept but had recently been  
removed with their guards. Natives seem to regret the  
removal of the prisoners but were glad to see guards leave  
as they had been much more troublesome than the prisoners.  
The soil on Little Corn is very fertile, heavy with rich  
loam. They have several hundred head of good looking  
cattle; raise cocoanuts, mangoes, yams, yucca, corn, and  
cane in abundance. This is the first place we have  
visited of these Caribbean Islands which looks <sup>as tho</sup> ~~like~~ a man  
could make a good living with a reasonable amount of work.  
After more or less small talk with the usual black resi-  
dents who speak a little more comprehensible English  
they certain of the Islanders we went back to the ship



June 16th: Sent back to them a little paint, some old magazines and a few medical supplies they seemed to lack, as well as tobacco. It is difficult to understand why people of this class on whom nature has bestowed gifts so lavishly should be in such obvious want. It is a sad commentary on the laziness on the part of the average settler of these parts. Certainly the English here is a little easier to understand than on St. Andrews and Old Providence where many of the natives are true descendants of the Elizabethan pirates and they still have a trace of the old Elizabethan tongue. Someday it will be interesting to try to correlate the speech of the Islanders with that spoken along the Carolina coast who are supposed to derive from the Elizabethan settlers of about the same time.

After returning on board we found the tepeizcuinte collected at Puerto Cortez had died and inasmuch as it was not a particularly bright animal, no tears were shed. It was more or less of an oversized guinea pig, incredibly stupid and unattractive. Even Nancy, the consistent caretaker, did not seem too upset which is rare because of her love for nearly anything on four feet or with wings.

Dr. Dupuy is a most curious guest and acts a little like a character from E. Phillips Oppenheim. Perhaps we do to, so we are even.

The war news that comes in regularly seems closer every day.

Today the news of the expulsion of the German consulate came over the air. Just now all these things seem farther away and the brief moment of shock is not nearly so marked as it is in the States; probably due to the fact we only associate with each other and all seem to understand a



June 16th: helps to make everything seem far away: "sufficient until  
(Cont'd) the day <sup>to the</sup> of evil thereof," is the slogan.

June 17th: Arrived at Big Corn after an eleven-mile trip and found the usual rough anchorage but quite close to the shore. After waiting for a period for anyone to come off to give us the official greeting and the customary seven colored handshakes we were disappointed and sent our boat along the dock. The captain made the mistake <sup>of</sup> acting as his own ambassador and had a three mile walk to the station where the sargeant of the Nicaraguan police provided him with two constables. By the time he had gotten back on board three hours later he had collected the Island's doctor, Sam Jackson, <sup>&</sup> three or four other gentlemen of colored countenance as well as the constabulary.

While he was gone Carola and I took advantage of the opportunity and went on shore and saw the cocoanut oil being prepared by the natives who ship the oil out rather than bother with the whole cocoanuts. Some 175 cocoanuts make 5 gallons of oil and this brings them in about 45 cents a gallon in the soap factories of Nicaragua. Some is shipped to Managua and the rest stays at Granada on the way up the river.

The proprietor of the store is very well acquainted with marlin fishing for which the quest continues. He too used the name of ocean piper and said they were seen off shore in water as shallow as 15 fathoms. He was too busy tending his cocoanuts to go fishing as much as he would have liked to. Shortly thereafter we took a guide the storekeeper had recommended, saw the captain and his entourage safely on board the Carola, and with a sigh of relief pushed off for the marlin, with only faint hope. Even with our guide's enthusiasm we only



June 17th: got two jacks and a barracuda, but did get the very interest-

(Cont'd) ing information that a 784 pound marlin had been caught the previous year and two cayucos worked together finally bringing it in after several hours hauling on the heavy handline. Then, to kill the fish, stones were tied around its bill and it was towed along until drowned. Because of the very unusual size of the fish it was weighed after about five hours on shore, and the 784 pounds, for that reason, seems fairly factual as Gomez, the guide, would have no way of knowing the world's record blue on rod and reel is around 736 lbs. The stone adaptation is another ingenious device used by the fishermen around this island. Instead of the usual barrel hoop slid down the handline to stifle the fish's jumping or the box as used in Cuba with both ends open or a sack as used off the coast of British Honduras, the natives tie a heavy stone in a loop in the handline and run that down to bang the fish's head and bill and also to keep him from ramming the boat when jumping. In any event conversation was good if the fishing wasn't, so back to the boat about 4 o'clock finding the colored guests still on board and Carola, fortunately, still in an entertaining mood.

We immediately left to go out to shoot wild pigeons which we were told could be found in the cocoanut palms along the sand. This proved true and several hours of shooting netted us twelve birds and another twelve dropped back in the marshes where they could not be recovered. This late afternoon shooting was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. People are most friendly, we had a small and gay group following us constantly, ranging in age from 6 to 60. These gun caddies were most obliging and remarkable for their eyesight as they spotted



June 17th: Birds sitting in the trees 75 yards off which, after they  
(Cont'd) called our attention, took Osborne and myself two or three minutes to locate. Little white pin spots among the palms was enough for them to shout, "Bird, bird!" This unfortunately sometimes started the quarry off before we could get a clear shot. The combination of white sand shore, sun sinking beyond the Carola, and cocoanut palms dotted along the beach, and the shine of black faces, with white eyeballs and teeth setting them off, made a lovely picture. Returned on board and found the local visitors gone but bread cast upon the waters was returned. Shortly afterwards they sent out a sea bean which is worn for luck. This one was indeed lucky for us to receive as a souvenir because it was the one carried by the famous guerilla Sandino and his name and dates are carved on one side.

Shortly after dinner we started off for the mainland expecting to roll quite badly. Fortunately for us the following sea was gentle and we rocked away from the Island tranquilly enough.

June 18th: About 7 A.M. I was called and went up to the bridge to see the entrance to Port Limon. Was doubly glad to have this opportunity for just ahead of us, to my considerable surprise, I saw the U.S.S. Erie. I could hardly believe that it was but was so enthusiastic I called Carola and both of us waited until we had anchored directly in back of the Erie and saw the admiral's flag ~~go up~~, and distinguished <sup>Captain</sup> ~~Commander~~ Mack's trim form on the quarterdeck.

Before our quarantine flag <sup>could come</sup> was down the officials <sup>had to</sup> ~~were doing~~ due homage to our Navy representatives. <sup>But</sup> A gig put off from the Erie and in a few moments aboard came <sup>Captain</sup> ~~Commander~~ Mack, accompanied by Commander Vanderbilt, former governor of Rhode Island. The reunion with Mack, both verbal and liquid was most welcome. He



June 18th: suggested that despite a driving rain we should pay a return

(Cont'd) call immediately as they were going up to San Jose within a very short time. United Fruit had put on a special car for the officers who were going to make the trip as well as two more cars for a liberty party of Blue Jackets. He likewise suggested that Carola and myself make the trip with them. Inasmuch as Carola had been very anxious to go to San Jose it looked like a splendid opportunity, <sup>as</sup> better company couldn't be desired. We probably were as much persuaded by the company as by the trip so, having gotten permission to bring Carola on board the Erie to pay our respects to Admiral Sadler, we both went over immediately as <sup>soon as</sup> the gig had returned to the Erie. Needless to say we made the trip in the port launch as the starboard launch at that moment refused to start and the port launch sputtered and missed on the way over. We finally made the gangway and over the side.

Had a lovely visit with the Admiral in his quarters during which he cordially seconded Mack's invitation for us to join their officer's party to go to the capitol. It developed we had only twenty minutes to get back on board, get ready and leave. So off we dashed. Just at that moment we got the report the port launch had broken down. We bummed a ride back in the Erie gig, completed preparations in the given time and were lined up at the rail when the Admiral and his party came alongside. Dr. Taylor, ~~in~~ making himself pretty, succeeded in keeping the Admiral waiting five minutes. Fortunately, through Carola's linguistic ability as well as her charm, the customs didn't delay us unduly, in fact passed everything through without looking at anything and we flipped on the train just as it was pulling out. Inasmuch as it was then



June 18th: some considerable time after its regular scheduled departure

(Cont'd) perhaps our perspiration and rush was in vain as it might have waited for us, but it started the day off excitedly<sup>ingly</sup> enough. The trip to the capitol is as <sup>least as</sup> lovely ~~a one~~, or ~~finer~~, <sup>as</sup> perhaps even more beautiful ~~than~~ the one from Puerto Barrios to Guatemala City. The first 25 miles wind along the shores of the Caribbean <sup>thru</sup> ~~with~~ palms and dense vegetation, white sand and rather muddy rolling white surf. From then on the climb was steady and vistas of very fertile land, valleys dropping sheer for 2000 feet from the railroad tracks made this latter part of the trip resemble a tropical Switzerland. Across the valleys were the ~~grandes~~ <sup>glades</sup> which faded into cloudy magnificence in the farther distance.

Thanks to the Erie's excellent catering department a box of sandwiches stayed off hunger in the early part of the trip, and after several hours a stop was made at a way station for a local Harvey lunch. The lunch room was immediately occupied by the sailors so we grabbed sandwiches, brandy and scotch, and went back to the car for meditation. In our party were Commander Bigelow, the Admiral's aid; Captain Mack; Commander Vanderbilt; Dr. Johnson and Lieut. Johannsen; Lucile Diaz; Carola; Dr. Taylor, and myself. As we had a car to ourselves we luxuriated accordingly. This was easy as the car is the typical narrow gauge parlor car with seats in the front section and then an open section holding eight or nine comfortable wicker chairs taking up the latter part. We all crowded in and when awake dubbed the forward section the sleeping portion to which we retired as siestas overcame us individually. Luckily, with the good sandwiches on 4-inch thick, excellently baked Costa Rican bread, lavishly spread with rich yellow butter-and the even richer scotch and crisp brandy,



v

June 18th: sleep was successfully started off for the most part.

(Cont'd) We arrived in the capitol after about five and a half hours, went to the Grand Hotel of Costa Rica which was clean and Nazi managed, <sup>We</sup> and found waiting for us a <sup>Mr.</sup> Tyler, third secretary of the legation. <sup>who</sup> He extended invitations to the Erie officers for a cocktail party at the legation from Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer, Charge d' Affaires and his wife who were serving as hosts during the absence of the minister, Hornybroke, who presumably was on vacation in Washington. Carola and myself were graciously included in this invitation so after a quick cleanup off we went.

At the party were a few local people, the officers of the Erie and ourselves. Mr. Echandi, minister of foreign relations, and Mr. Louis Anderson, a well-known international lawyer, were the two main figures among the locals. Mr. Echandi was extremely charming and could not give enough attention to us. He happens to be the cousin of the Costa Rican Consul in Chicago who had written to him of our expected arrival and he could not have tried harder to please.

Leon laid the foundation for a beautiful friendship with Vargas Alfrado, head of protocol of Costa Rica whose grandfather, it seems, was the founder of the Costa Rican zoological society. S.r Alfrado is now 82 and Leon protested that he could hardly wait to pay his respects because of the enthusiasm <sup>for</sup> of Sr. Vargas. The party was almost interrupted by what we thought was going to be an announcement of Leon and Vargas' engagement. After a couple hours at the legation we returned to the hotel for dinner together. After dinner we sat around the bar and picked up some new friends, a couple of screwballs, one supposed to be an English writer named Weston and the other a German commercial traveller who were very happy to find somebody



June 18th: to pay for their drinks. The German commercial traveller, (Cont'd) Curt Wiedwald, who had shown rather unusual signs of affection for Dr. Taylor, let his enthusiasm run completely away with him on the way home from ~~the~~ night club whose praises he had sung so highly. Dr. Taylor escaped but did not consider he had been paid too pretty a compliment.

June 19th: Awoke around 6 o'clock with the screaming of newspaper boys and various other noises which were doubly annoying since this was the first time we have slept on shore for many weeks. After a fast breakfast we took a car to see the city. It is a very small but nice place and very clean. There are several public buildings that are very charming and like in all these countries you can see the old Spanish influence.

At 9:30 we met everybody at the train to return to Port Limon. Governor Dupuy stayed in San Jose to fly to Panama; however, we were afraid up to the very moment the train pulled out that he might appear with the excuse that the trip by boat to Panama, although taking much more time, might be more agreeable for him. We left San Jose without Dr. Dupuy and \$100 which he had asked Leon to lend him until he could get to the Canal Zone. Leon rather blandly remarked that in his checked <sup>or</sup> career he had kept a number of things, but never a governor, and could not let this opportunity pass.

The trip back seemed as beautiful as going, even though we had seen it already. The great number of rivers showed the fertility of this land. A few small waterfalls added charm to these lovely views. The hours passed quickly and we arrived at Port Limon in the afternoon delighted with the trip and the company. In the evening we had dinner on board in honor of Admiral Sadler and his officers who were so kind as to hold off sailing for a few hours to be able to come on board



June 19th: for dinner. They left about 12 o'clock and sailed

(Cont'd) immediately.

June 20th: Stayed at Port Limon working on the mail during the morning.

In the afternoon Leon telephoned Chicago with unbelievably good communication. Called on the governor, Alvarado, and afterwards went for cocktails to the house of the American Consul Welch. There we met some of the United Fruit Company people who are about the most charming of the Company's employees we have met around these countries.

We invited the governor and his wife for dinner as well as Odio, the port captain and his wife; Carlos Jiminez, brother-in-law of Echandi, and Jiminez daughter and son-in-law Lapaz.

Unfortunately the anchorage at Port Limon is marked by little <sup>lee</sup> ~~shall~~ and long swells, not noticeable to us, but it seems very much so to these people because they just made the boat and as soon as they got on board the first guest laid down on the quarterdeck and said she was extremely seasick. As we had had seasick guests in other ports we were not too surprised but after a few seconds the wife of the governor declared herself seasick, then another and another until there was left only one guest who was not standing near the rail. The situation was becoming quite terrifying considering that it was a dinner party. Leon, with a wonderful presence of mind, told the only alive guest to please explain to the others that, knowing what seasickness is, he thought he would be a much better host if he sent them back on shore because he did not think they could endure even half an hour let alone face the ordeal of eating dinner. The governor was extremely willing to remain but a quick order coming from the wife prompted him to say they had better leave. Perhaps the American

influence in Port Limon has made madam el gobernador learn



June 20th: ~~Learn~~ how to handle men.

(Cont'd) After dinner the Consul Welch came with the guests he had in the afternoon and we showed one of our Galapagos pictures especially for Mr. George Munch, District Manager of United Fruit, who is very much interested in fishing. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. Richards, head accountant for United Fruit Company and very close friends of Mr. Munch. His wife is very attractive and the local belle. Likewise, a Mr. and Mrs. Beckstrom who are about to go on leave to the States, he <sup>is</sup> ~~to be~~ the manager on the West Coast of Costa Rica of what is considered to be one of the most important coming fruit stations which is being built now. Completed the party with Mario Blanco, a Costa Rican, who brought a message from the Cuban minister expressing his regrets in not having seen us in the captiol.

June 21st: Left Port Limon at 5 A.M. despite the roll in the harbor and found the weather outside was fairly decent. Perhaps <sup>we were</sup> ~~it was~~ ashamed to admit even feeling it after having witnessed the Costa Rican example. In any event at 10 o'clock we had the lighthouse of Bocas del Toro abeam and the native pilot came on board about 10:30 in the largest pilot boat I have ever seen. If the Bremen had not returned safely to Germany it could have easily been this little number. Fortunately he didn't stove in any of our plates although sheer luck probably prevented it.

The pilot delivered a Panamanian greeting by saying the colored people were now losing their citizenship if born after 1903. He made several other uncomplimentary remarks about the present administration. He succeeded, however, in leading us to a perfectly beautiful anchorage. It is the first smooth place we have ~~discovered~~ the anchor since Bonacca and the second since



June 21st: Florida, if Havana could be considered smooth. On being questioned about marlin the pilot volunteered the information that one had been caught some seven years ago in these waters by the British vice-Consul here. We asked him to find a fish guide or one of the local fishermen who could pilot us and after a pleasant and relaxing morning, then lunch, went off fishing, naturally minus the fish guide who had not appeared. Swells outside were too high so back to shore we went to see if there were any tarpin in the protected waters. This is a very large bay which could hold the entire American fleet, running 14 miles in length with a width of 5 or 6 miles.

On shore we were given the address of the same guide the pilot had recommended, named Taylor, <sup>but</sup> with our Dr. Taylor and 700 other Taylors we have met we seemed to be having a "Taylor-made" trip. In any event we arrived in front of a tarpaper shack which we were told was the Taylor mansion and after some persuading, Taylor was lured from what was undoubtedly the family Chick Sale. He had little to make in the way of toilette as he had more holes in his pants than pants but he assured Doug Osborn and myself that he knew all there was to know about all the fish and all the water in these parts. Three dollars a day tempted him to leave his profession and off we went to find the tarpin. After having trolled about an hour, he looked up and rather coyly remarked, "We never catch the tarpin in the afternoon."

So back we went to the turtle pen to buy some green sea turtles which we have been looking for during the last several weeks with only slight success. Seems turtles are harder to buy in the turtle country than in non-turtle country because there are are a certain number contracted for and no one dreams of getting more than the specified amount. In any event the turtle deal



June 21st: was consummated whereby 350 lb. green turtles were purchased  
(Cont'd) for \$8.00 each; females cost \$11 as there may be turtle eggs  
which <sup>phases</sup> are not relished on board our ship. <sup>those we bought</sup> They were ~~then~~  
butchered very neatly on the spot by the local butcher who  
~~has~~ <sup>took</sup> great pride <sup>in his</sup> ~~of~~ work <sup>before</sup> with a large audience of 40 children  
and eight adults. The meat was all piled into the shell and  
into a large washtub and Carola, Jr. brought it alongside  
and discharged the load on the port gangplank.

Started out to get bait, still under the tutelage of our newly  
found friend Taylor, whom we towed along in a dugout canoe  
with casting net in hand. We anchored in the lee of a little  
island stalking bait, fished half an hour, at the end of which  
time we had four minnows. Taylor asked what we wanted the  
bait for and we told him for tarpin as we thought that was  
the bait <sup>he said he would use</sup> ~~to use~~ for tarpin. His reply was classic, "Why  
we never catch tarpin with a line, we dynamite. When you  
asked what bait we use, I guess this is the bait we would  
use if we used a line." With that we beat a hasty retreat  
to the Carola, Jr., tied the cayucca to a mangrove and went  
searching for tarpin. One statement of the fisherman was  
correct, the ~~tarpin~~ do not bite here in the afternoon if there  
are any in these waters.

<sup>to</sup>  
Came along a tumble-down hut along the bank of one of the  
islands and Taylor asked a man he called McGowan where he saw  
~~the~~ tarpin and McGowan replied they were all around and said  
they only came to the surface in the morning. He then shouted  
to us asking if Russia had gone into the war yet. We said  
no, and asked why he was interested. He said he had fought in  
the last war and was a strong protagonist of the U.S. Thankful  
for this new ally we went along, got one kingfish and came back  
to the Carola.



June 21st: An air of tranquillity pervades the yacht tonight. No

(Cont'd) colored hands to shake, no Navy uniforms to salute, no local governors to please, no dusky belles to flirt their bosoms and, <sup>Thank</sup> God, no Governor Dupuy. Just Lucile, Dr. Taylor, Mrs. Panerai, Paco, the parrot, Carola and myself. And Carola hastens to add, Malario, the ocelot. I feel in my age I am becoming a misogynist but all is well on <sup>board</sup> ~~the Potomac~~, I think due mostly to the lack of visitors.

June 22nd: Started in very early with a 5:30 call to get out for the marlin. At 6:15 the fish guide had not appeared as promised and unfortunately his non-appearance was expected -- it is a way they have in the south country. At 6:15 we started out without him and by the time we had gotten out to Tiger channel, about three miles off Bocas light, found very high rolling seas and driving rain. Turned around discouraged again; hardly seemed worthwhile to get soaked for the chance of tarpon so back to the boat for a little more beauty sleep. Carola returned from 8 o'clock mass<sup>and</sup> shortly after she arrived, Father McGinn came out on her invitation. Very nice youngster indeed, with a heavy Brooklyn accent and a nice level outlook on life. We all lunched together very pleasantly and fitted him with some high boots to ward off snake bites as he has been going back country for the past several years in oxfords; also gave him some pipe tobacco of various kinds to help out the local Prince Albert, the quality of which is not too good. Wandered around on shore in the late afternoon, found a remarkable assortment of fruits; mandarins, which are actually more of an orange but with a very sweet flavor; alligator pears; mellons; squash; pineapples; sugar cane;



June 22nd: peppers, and altogether was very pleased as the vegetable  
(Cont'd) situation in the Canal Zone is supposed to be extremely difficult so will stock up here.

Back to ship and heard the astounding news that Germany had declared war on Russia. We can imagine what the papers are going to be like; 98% of the cartoonists showing a ghost of Napoleon trotting down the road to doom with Hitler following after. None of us particularly relish the thought of being even remotely allied with Russia but the feeling seems to be that if you are walking down an alley at night and a large fellow starts slugging you and you are not getting any better off as the moments roll by, and another man pitches into your assailant, you are not much interested in what church he worships, or what his economic beliefs are, if through his efforts you can dispose of the assailant. You will give your newly found friend \$10 and walk down the street hoping to leave him shortly. If he then turns to fight you, you are no worse off than you were back in the alley anyway. So, after several hours more of dictation to bed for the peace of sleep.



*Ensign*

June 25th: We slid downhill last night with only 150 RPM on one engine. Arrived off Cristobal early. Evans, whom we met last trip, came on as a boarding officer and as all our papers were in good order, doctors, canal officers and inspectors, immigration authorities, etc., were all off in a very short time and we pulled alongside the same pier to which we had tied last trip. We spoke to Commander Bigelow on the telephone and were told the Admiral would see me Saturday morning in Balboa so off we went to try to get as much done in the first several hours as possible as we only have two days here. Incidentally, the telephone service from one side of the Isthmus to the other is exceedingly bad as there are only <sup>a few</sup> ~~two~~ lines and these are terribly overcrowded.

Fired Hugo, the second steward, who has been drunk most of the trip and sent him off to the States. Unfortunately we were advised we would have to pay his fare back but still were glad to see him leave the ship. His last farewell act was to throw a couple <sup>of</sup> living room screens overboard to show his dislike of the situation. Have been in touch with Chicago and expect Gustav to come back on the job shortly. Inasmuch as Johnson, the chief steward, has <sup>also</sup> turned out to be a tippler on this trip, he may be replaced too.

After lunch received a letter telling me to report for my physical examination at Cristobal so made the appointment to go over in the morning and naturally am concerned as to passing. Spent a rather quiet afternoon shopping; saw some very lovely wicker furniture at Lum's store. He, like the rest of the Chinese here, must sell out on account of national laws. He was not very happy about it. Sent a wicker sun



66

June 25th: couch and some other pieces up to the boat and then, joined  
(Cont'd) the Doctor and Lucile for dinner at the Hotel Washington.  
Inasmuch as I expect to be up early tomorrow I decided to  
come back to the ship to get a good night's sleep. On my  
arrival I found we had been carrying a C.I.O. electrician,  
who had his card unknown to us, and had been very busy dis-  
rupting the whole crew. Two or three of the usual foolish  
drunks, a couple <sup>of</sup> youngsters who were easily mislead, and the  
result was that Captain McGuire and I got very little sleep.  
The story that Hugo had his fare paid home reached the  
foc'sle and they all thought all they had to do was get  
drunk, get fired and <sup>then they</sup> would have their fares paid to the States.  
This idea, combined with rum, makes a bad combination. So to  
bed with more troubles to solve tomorrow.

June 26th: Awoke at 6 o'clock and got out to the Coco Solo hospital for  
examination. Had the bad luck to run into <sup>a</sup> Lieutenant ~~Gray~~ <sup>Gray</sup> <sup>Com</sup>  
who proved he was a good doctor because never have I had a more  
rigid examination. However, thanks to Commander <sup>WHITE</sup> ~~Boyd~~, who  
was in charge, I was able to pass although the eyes with <sup>dark</sup> ~~dark~~  
glasses were not quite up to par. <sup>It</sup> Took two hours and I was in  
a lather by the time they finished, so had to lie down to get  
my blood pressure under the required figure and altogether was  
thoroughly glad when it was over.

Returned to the boat to find that hell had really broken loose.  
About four sailors were drunk, lead by the C.I.O. electrician.  
Some of the others were yelling to be paid off, others were  
refusing duty, and generally it was a very disagreeable pic-  
ture. Captain McGuire was deep in trouble and thought all  
would have to be sent back so I found myself instead of re-  
laxing, <sup>or what I had promised myself,</sup> ~~planning to go on a bender as I had promised myself.~~ <sup>back in the same old</sup>  
~~routine.~~  
The immigration man, Mr. May, was very considerate and gave



June 26th: the information that if a man is released by mutual consent

(Cont'd) the ship has no responsibility to pay his fare and could take it out of his wages. Likewise, if a man does not obey rules he can be fired and will have no recourse for passage home. Back to the ship with this news which cheered the captain up slightly, but it was offset by discovering we must move our berth for the fourth time. Piers are crowded with ships coming in, so naturally we are shaken around like dice in a vacuum. The day climaxed when one of our drunken sailors, LaDuke, walked by the quarterdeck and threw roses at the four of us and proceeded to do a little dance while blowing kisses in our direction. In some fifteen years of yachting this was my first experience of having a sailor throw posies to me and I suppose with every day bringing something new to break the monotony I can't complain. Finally called a policeman who came on board but inasmuch as court was closed at 5 P.M. we couldn't swear out a warrant and the policeman, not having seen the disorderly conduct, could only take the sailor for a walk and then turn him loose. Finally let Hoffman, the sailor who had a very bad gonorrhoea case, and Francis, the electrician, go. Will keep the others until we reach Balboa because we have no replacements here. Will hope for help from the Admiral on our arrival in Balboa.

What with all the excitement and the fact I must be on the job early in the morning, couldn't even go out and have much of a party, although we did have a pleasant dinner at Bilgrey's out of the city and then stopped at one or two night clubs which were very tired looking indeed. Our old entertainer friend Frances was not at the Atlantico so we came on home fairly early.



June 27th: Up early and started the transit of the Canal about 7:30.

Some of the pleasure of this was taken away when I got an inventory list from the steward, <sup>showing</sup> that 130 bottles of liquor had been tipped away during the month. <sup>Inasmuch</sup> as there have been no big parties and I have been drinking very little, <sup>and</sup> The guests have had equally little, ~~so~~ I can see a very tangible reason for the steward department's alcoholism.

Were held up four and a half hours in Gatun Lake <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ after once clearing that made pretty good time. Locks are now closed on one side having been equipped with 6-inch armor plate over all vulnerable parts. Once again our admiration, <sup>is great</sup> at the speed and skill with which work here proceeds, <sup>is</sup> and traffic handled, even with lack of man power and incompetent labor. Mrs. Panerai, who had never been through the Canal, actually got so excited when she saw the first lock gates open we could see the goose flesh on her arms. It enhances our pleasure to share her great enthusiasm as she is always kind and has a great capacity for enjoying the things the rest of us take for granted.

Arrived at Dock 7 in Balboa about 7:30 p.M. Just before we came in we were treated to the most magnificent searchlight display of anti-aircraft, and with a new moon just showing its topside, it literally took our breath away as we stood on the top deck watching it. Shortly after our arrival Major Ballantine came on board and extended the Admiral's regards and asked if there was anything he could do for us. There wasn't, but it was a great feeling to know we have friends here for support, protection, and cooperation. After a short visit Major Ballantine left and extended ~~and~~ invitation to go up to see Lieutenant Sullivan who was having a party at his house. Lieut. Sullivan formerly was head of the Fox Movie Agency here and has just been called on active duty with the Navy. We dropped in about



June 27th: 10:30 and found Commander and Mrs. Markham there, as well as  
(Cont'd) a number of other people we had met and enjoyed the evening  
mildly, leaving about 11:45, first having made a date to have  
Markham have coffee on board in the morning. He is commander  
of one of the destroyers, which is in dry dock a short distance  
from our berth.

Met Lucile and the Doctor at Kelly's Ritz and left them around  
2:00 for home.

June 28th: Up early to welcome Commander Markham, <sup>he</sup> who showed up just at the  
same time more unofficial news arrived from the crew. It seems  
the <sup>previous</sup> night ~~before~~ shortly after we had come on board, LaDuke,  
our cracked number of the flower throwing episode, had gotten  
into a fight with Kennedy who tried to quiet him. After Kennedy  
had knocked LaDuke down three or four times Tommy Smith, another  
sailor, protested about the noise. Beer bottles began to fly and  
Kennedy finally threw a knife at Smith who responded by picking  
up a capstan bar presenting Kennedy with a slight concussion and  
~~missing~~ <sup>less</sup> one ear than the regular allotment. Luckily this  
incident took place on the dock. The ambulance took Kennedy to  
Gorgas hospital; Smith and LaDuke went to jail, but unfortunately  
LaDuke, who had started the whole thing, was released early  
this morning.

Having digested that bit of news, shared coffee with Markham who  
kindly drove me over to the Admiral's office for my appointment.  
Presented my report to Admiral Sadler and <sup>Captain</sup> ~~Officer~~ Dillon and was  
delighted with their reception of it. After two and a half hours  
the Admiral and Commander Bigelow came back on board the Carolia.  
Had cocktails and Bigelow stayed for lunch. The Admiral assured  
us he would do everything in his power to get crew replacements  
necessary and while it may be a faint hope, again the feeling of  
security is most welcome.



June 28th: Also got a hint the next leg of our journey will take us to  
(Cont'd) Peru and along some of the Colombian coast on our return <sup>to</sup> here.  
After a very pleasant lunch, we adjourned to the quarterdeck  
where we were joined by Captain Mack and proceeded to spend a  
most enjoyable afternoon. Broke up about 7 with dates to meet  
at the Union Club at 9:00. The party at the Union Club started  
with Andy MACK, Carola and myself and shortly thereafter <sup>we</sup>  
were joined by Commander Markham and his wife who have been  
married only six months and are a most attractive couple. During  
the evening we sat with, drank with, and laughed with Sr. Fabrega,  
minister of agriculture of Panama; minister of the Argentine,  
Ludovico Loizaga, who turns out to have met us in Chile at the  
party given for us by Palacio Costa at the time we were last  
there. Likewise the minister from Ecuador, Sr. Escala, who  
made our last trip to the Galapagos possible-and then <sup>we</sup> were de-  
lighted to find at the next table Anita Crawford and her brother, <sup>John</sup>  
~~Barnan~~ who is under-secretary of the treasury. She was one of  
those we enjoyed meeting on the last trip and so altogether, with  
recalling old acquaintances and friendships, and making new ones,  
it couldn't have been a more pleasant evening. Also saw John Gorin  
and talked fishing. He promised to come over in the morning and  
mark the charts. Lucile and the Doctor spent the evening at a  
table alone, are most depressed at their parting, and we thought  
discretion was the best part of hospitality so left them ~~to~~ crying  
in their beer.

After leaving the Union Club about 3:00 ended up at Kelly's Ritz  
about 5, then back to the boat. No rape or murder had occurred on  
board so to bed for a few hours.



June 29th: Lucile came in at 5:45, woke us up and kissed us good-bye. Couldn't have been sadder to see her leave; a kind, thoughtful guest. Had wired Casareo to see if he could spare her a little longer but he thought it better for her to return so there is nothing else to do but ship her on the Ulua. Carola thought we could arrange to have her come back and join us later. Dr. Taylor took her on the early train to Cristobal and will wait until she sails.

Up early to get Carola off to church and find the captain much encouraged with his talk with the Admiral yesterday. The latter very graciously told him he would give every assistance possible. McGuire needed stiffening and the Admiral went out of his way to help him, asking him to come up to his office Monday. Altogether he was sweet, thoughtful and considerate and I think by this <sup>SO LVED</sup> ~~expelled~~ <sup>difficult</sup> a ~~momentous~~ problem for me. I suggested to McGuire that he write up to New York and see if the former chief officer of the RENE, Evans, or Nagel, formerly Victor Emanuel's captain, could come down to act as executive officer for a few months and if satisfactory, to relieve Captain McGuire who is extremely worried about his wife's health and has a job awaiting him on shore. He probably feels he is making a sacrifice for the Government and any little thing that comes up seems to depress him. I am reasonably sure that he will find the job as port <sup>CAPTAIN</sup> ~~tender~~ much more depressing <sup>but</sup> I want to make the switch on board as easily as possible therefore this arrangement will give me the opportunity to see how the new proposed master works out before giving him the ship. Unfortunately Prosser, our chief officer, is not capable of taking command although does a fair job in his present position.



Sunday  
June 29th  
(Cont'd)

Major Ballentine and his wife invited us to the Country Club for lunch and Carola and I went there hoping for a quiet affair. The surroundings and background were beautiful. The clubhouse is located on a hilltop which gives a view into the bay and harbor. The tranquility of the scene was somewhat marred by Mrs. Ballentine who, probably in an effort to dispense with formalities, kept ~~giving~~<sup>up</sup> a constant flow of monolog which soothed neither Carola, myself nor her husband Sam. However, she is a well-meaning person and we left with considerable local gossip for future reference. One of the great disadvantages of the work here seems to be that some of the Navy officers divulge everything to their wives and these ladies continue the "don't tell a soul but I just heard" chain, which is only natural, ~~is~~.

Returned on board and dressed. Went to the Union Club for <sup>the</sup> dinner which Admiral Sadler was giving and were extremely honored with Carola at the Admiral's right and myself at Mrs. Sadler side; inasmuch as the other guests were the Peruvian minister, the Argentine minister, the Colombian Charge d'Affaire as well as Captain Dillon, ~~and~~<sup>Mr.</sup> and Commander Brown, Commander and Mrs. Vanderbilt, and others. This honor started a trend of thought which brought the conclusion that the Admiral knows what he is doing at all times and very carefully has given us a left-handed blessing. In other words, our Navy cannot do certain things because of international diplomatic complications, and we can, Admiral Sadler, by honoring us, rather openly lets it be known that we (unofficially) are under his wing and therefore certain things will be done whether or no. In one sense this does help in affording security to our mission. On the other hand it may have adverse



June 29th effects. I can foresee we will be greatly helped under  
Sunday

(Cont'd) certain circumstances by this recognition but equally under  
other circumstances we may find ourselves in unfortunate  
straits. The latter circumstances, I hope, will not come  
to pass.

Dinner was preceded with cocktails at the residence of the  
Commandant and the entire evening was extremely pleasant  
and, strangely enough, not too formal. ~~Various representatives~~  
~~were there including the Argentine and Peruvian ministers~~  
~~with their wives.~~ The Argentine suggested that he and his  
wife might make the trip to Peru with us and the Admiral  
seemed heartily in favor of this if we could arrange it.  
One interesting sidelight of these affairs, at which every-  
one appears in black tie and dinner dress, is the profusion  
of perspiration, unequalled in my experience which has been  
considerable in these lines. We are said to be having the  
hottest summer season Panama has had in 57 years, or since  
records have been kept. I can believe it because perspira-  
tion is <sup>truly</sup> something of an understatement -- everyone sweats; --  
the Admiral sweats, the ladies sweat, diplomats sweat,  
sailors sweat, and even the natives sweat. You rather swim  
through the day in a haze of heat and self-produced liquid.  
The evenings are somewhat cooler, but life on shore is  
extremely trying, and we are always glad to return to our  
comparatively cool cabin.

Monday  
June 30th:

Up early and to the Admiral's office. He devoted 2½ hours  
to me after having given Captain McGuire an hour first.  
From this I deduct this job of ours is even more important  
than I realized, because with the details he has on his  
hands, unless this were a fact, cannot conceive being given



Monday  
June 30th: so much time by so busy a man. Went over the work very thoroughly as to what is desired and find we may even to go the northern part of Chile.

Returned on board for lunch where the Argentine minister and his wife and the Peruvian and Colombian ministers joined us, as well as Commander Tucker, assigned to this work. After a mildly perspiring affair, we showed the Gallapagos movéis, hoping to give ourselves a scientific set of false whiskers, ~~so~~ necessary even with the more open attitude of the Commandant.

In the evening, after a very short pause that did refresh, went along to the <sup>Markham's</sup> ~~Martins~~ for cocktails, and then for dinner on board the Erie. Captain Mack is as splendid a host as he is a guest. Present were Lieut. Roscoe, <sup>the Erie's</sup> ~~his~~ executive officer, and his new bride; Lieut. Havard and his wife; Commander Markham and his wife, and after a very pleasant, <sup>and rather</sup> ~~although unnecessarily~~ long dinner we saw movies on the Erie's quarterdeck. As pleasant and restful an evening we have <sup>as</sup> spent since Bocas del Toro. Mack tells me he thinks our crew problem can be solved by addition of "armed guards" by which method the Admiral will be enabled to give us a full complement of men.

Tuesday  
July 1st: Drove around the city and did some sight-seeing, tried to find some flowers, and interestingly enough learned that orchids, which one would think were abundant here, actually are flown in from Colombia only twice a week. This situation is rather typical of the Canal life just now. With the building of the third set of locks, plus all the added work necessary on the old ones, plus <sup>the</sup> greatly increased armed forces here, this entire area has all of the boom town's characteristics. Everyone complains about the shortage of foods at least certain types



Tuesday of food. Fresh vegetables are growing increasingly difficult  
July 1st: to get, particularly because the Chinese, who have been the  
largest producers, are being squeezed out of the country.  
The Hindu shopkeepers also are leaving by request. <sup>many</sup> The blacks  
who do not work in the Zone will lose their Panamanian citizen-  
ship and are very nervous. Everyone is complaining about  
something. We, as visitors, know ourselves to be in a position  
where we can expect nothing and get just that. Telephones,  
taxis, supplies, such as hose for gasoline piping, electric  
fans, electric irons, etc. all are precious rareties. Some  
of the people who have lived here for months are still unable  
to have telephone installations. Practically no fish are on  
the market because no one is fishing -- they get more working <sup>h m an</sup>  
for the Canal where jobs are plentiful. The Army and Navy wives  
cannot get laundry done without tremendous problems because wives  
of the natives feel their husbands are making more than they  
require--so there is no need for their working. One woman claimed  
recently a laundress did her washing and was supposed to return  
the following day to iron, but she did not come, saying she  
only wanted the money for washing and was not interested in  
doing anything further.

We went along to Anita Crawford's for dinner. Her brother, Julio  
Ehrman, called for us on board and was finally able to come  
through the gate after great difficulty. Another problem here  
is the difficulty of getting passes for guests and even for  
crew members to come through the pier gate onto the ship. The  
routine is placed in the hands of the Army and every attempt  
is being made to closely supervise to prevent sabotage. The  
intention is good but the process a bit annoying for those who  
have to deal with the Canal Zone policemen ten times a day.

X Seems policemen the world over are about the same.



Tuesday  
July 1st:  
(Cont'd)

The dinner was charming, typically Panamanian with excellent cold tamales. Present were John Muccio, first secretary of our legation, and a great many of the same diplomats we have met, a few cabinet ministers and two extremely interesting couples, one Julio Ernesto Heurtematte and his wife, a beautiful blonde Costa Rican. The other was Pancho Arias and his wife. Also Dr. Arias and his wife, a great large woman whom I sat next to at dinner. Her wit is as great as her girth, which is really staggering. Better company could not be found. Also present were the Brazilian Charge d' Affaire, Bueno de Prado, and his wife, she particularly attractive.

Left relatively early with the Peruvian minister and his lady and Andy Mack, and had a nightcap at the Rancho.

Wednesday:  
July 2nd

Called Captain Pickering as I had heard he was back on the other side. <sup>He</sup> Will be here only another week or ten days before being transferred to Washington where he goes as assistant to Captain Kirk. May be here for a few moments for a chat before he leaves.

Also called the Heurtemattes and Pancho Ariases asking them for cocktails this evening at which time we hope to present our letters from Cuneo Harrison. <sup>The latter</sup> ~~Doctor Loizaga~~, the <sup>Peruvian</sup> ~~Argentine~~ minister, <sup>x (who)</sup> advises he is unable to join us for the trip to Peru but sent along a letter giving complete entre when we get to Lima, turning us over to his wife and sister when we arrive there.

Also heard that George Handwerck, the second steward has accepted the job on board and will be here shortly. At the same time heard from Nagel that he would like to come down on the basis suggested. Evans we have been unable to reach. Nagel



Wednesday  
July 2nd  
(Cont'd)

probably will join us at Lima if he does not get to Balboa before we leave.

Carola today accomplished a labor of love by getting a bowl at one place, some orchids from Colombia at another, putting them all together herself and sending them along to Mrs. Sadler. Unless everything is done personally here the results are rather sad; it is better to send regards rather than anything tangible. The finished product looked charming, however, and Mrs. Sadler, who had been on board yesterday visiting Carola, <sup>again</sup> called to express great pleasure. Incidentally, Carola is completely charmed by Mrs. Sadler and finds her to be the most attractive of the older women we have met.

Also during the day we got some checkered <sup>new</sup> cocoa mats for use on the quarter-deck and owner's deck as ~~the~~ old ones were badly worn. The new ones in blue and tan checks for the quarter-deck and <sup>brown and</sup> tan checks for the owner's deck make a tremendous improvement. Now we are going to <sup>try to</sup> have some slip covers made for the quarter-deck cushions and once again the appearance of the ship is slowly coming back into condition, although because of shorthanded crew, the mates have been doing the work of sailors to get <sup>us</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>back</sup> to <sup>normal</sup> white.

Also during the day on the same shopping tour found some excellent white dinner jackets which were only \$11.00 each and better <sup>made</sup> than my tailor makes for me in Chicago at \$90. At the same time I gave orders for three sets of slacks and three pairs of shark skin trousers to be made up which probably will come out horribly, but the experiment will be interesting. The Pancho Ariases and Julio Heurtemattes came for cocktails. Heurtematte is Ernesto Fabrega's righthand as well as the owner of a department store, the French Bazaar. Was extremely talkative during cocktails about problems of the commissaries



Wednesday  
July 2nd  
(Cont'd)

27

and trading post competition with local merchants. Seems that the local merchants are compelled to compete here with an organization that pays no rent nor taxes and naturally they do not like it. Was asked if I could act as his buying agent in the States. This, for logical reasons, seems wise and we have put it on the unfinished business list.

Pancho Arias is the opposition leader here, and when anything goes wrong they put Pancho in jail and investigate later. He is not a relative of the President. From the excellent English he speaks and from what he says he is not even of the same breed. We all decided to dine together at El Rancho and had a most amusing evening. Heurtematte invited me to accompany him to the minister's office in the morning and I was delighted with the opportunity, so around 2 o'clock we all said goodnight after another physically stifling, but mentally stimulating day.

Thursday

July 3rd: Spent the entire morning with Heurtematte and Fabrega. The

situation here is most interesting. I told them if I could be of any service as a civilian with no official connections of any kind I would do what I could, and went back on board.

Had a quiet lunch, greeted Gustav who arrived by plane and gave him an hour's speech on what his duties would be. Seems to have profited by his suspension and if I can give him some executive training, <sup>he</sup> should be an improved man.

In the evening had about twenty of the Navy people for buffet dinner before going on to the Union Club. Andy Mack, Capt. Monahan, the Markhams, the <sup>Howards</sup> Howards, the Ballentines, Sullivans and several others, including a ~~local~~ <sup>named</sup> contractor, Cahagan and his wife, the latter good friends of the Strauses and a



Thursday  
July 3rd  
(Cont'd)

number of other people whom I know. Also present were the Smoots, he the Cadillac distributor here.

By midnight we left the boat and all went to the Union Club where there occurred the usual husband and wife trouble in our party with the <sup>Fabregas</sup> ~~Fabregas~~ <sup>H. Fabregas</sup> slinging words at one another, but finally got them quieted down <sup>until later</sup> and ~~found~~ <sup>repleased</sup> Fabrega, very drunk with the Count of Bailen, Spanish minister, and his charming companion by the name of Mrs. Richardson. The Count is reported to be one of the most interesting and dangerous characters about these parts so took advantage of the opportunity to express my regrets that he wasn't coming to dinner with his friends the following evening. He immediately accepted, stating his previous refusal was due to not knowing us. He then, with <sup>delicious</sup> ~~wine~~ and honey in his tone, "flattered" me by saying he could not understand a man from such a great country as ours, <sup>could</sup> speaking such a lowly language as that of his people. I told him we in turn were envious of his older civilization and heritage <sup>which</sup> combined <sup>to produce</sup> ~~with~~ the extreme <sup>innocence</sup> grace of his people. He then became extremely affable. He presented Fabrega as the next presidential candidate which I understand is a factual statement and so far has the blessing of Arnulfo Arias. Home to bed feeling very gay indeed at a rather late hour.

Friday  
July 4th:

Came in beautifully for some, but both Carola and I could not be more tired or less Old Glory like. After <sup>putting</sup> ~~banding~~ around the ship in the morning trying to catch up on back work of one kind or another we went along for cocktails at Colonel Skipper Thompson's house whom we had met the last time we were here. He has an unusual background, graduated from the Naval Academy and then changed services, and has done very well in the Army. With him were Colonel and Mrs. Eastwood, she noted as a



Friday  
July 4th  
(Cont'd)

*Lacontur*

~~Montagne~~ and therefore told several old stories. This disappointed me as I have not heard a good one since leaving the North. Colonel Eastwood is in charge of the trading post and I had a chance to get the other side of the picture of which Huertematte had given one side. Huertematte's logic seems to be most forceful, however.

Returned on board, hurriedly dressed and then received for dinner the Ecuadorian, Argentine and Spanish ministers and wives, *ladies* and the Brazilian Charge d' Affaire. We all had cocktails awaiting Sr. Ernesto Fabrega and his wife, but evidently the late night before, *they* and the fight had been the undoing of Mr. Fabrega for after an hour ~~we found he~~ *they* had not appeared, and his wife called pleading ill health. Nice to see that a family rumpus occurs even in cabinet ministers lives. Apologies were profuse but the situation seemed to be the same old story that you see wherever the husband drinks, (from one end of the world to the other.) Naturally this gave me a great opportunity to point out to Carola what a lucky woman she is, *she doesn't* ~~is~~ *he* ~~not~~ sure she agrees completely, however.

The Count of Bailen turned out to be just as amusing as he had been reported. So about 1 P.M., after a pleasant evening of considerable light and amusing conversation, we said goodnight. Dissipation of the previous night overcame me and I was asleep before my head touched the pillow.

Saturday:  
July 5th

Stayed as I had dropped last night until 10 this morning when I awoke and was greeted with the news I was far behind on my diary. Spent the morning on that as well as on correspondence while Carola conducted a tour *for* ~~of a typical corps~~ *the* of children *the* through the ship. She was gracious as always but I could detect a pained expression underlying the surface delight. *the* *depression* *into*



Saturday:  
July 5th  
(Cont'd)

The Argentine minister showed me a letter from his foreign minister refusing his request for leave, so they will not be going with us. Evidently at this time all diplomats are being kept to their posts, particularly after having heard President Roosevelt's recent speech. Under normal circumstances the diplomats here have complete freedom at all times.

For lunch we are having the Swiss Consul. He made an astounding statement that he would like to buy our boat for the Swiss government and would be willing to pay three times its value. Said its delivery would be made through <sup>Genoa</sup> ~~Italy~~, so I am awaiting today's luncheon with more than casual interest.



Sunday  
July 6th:

On board for breakfast were Andy Mack, Commander Bigelow, Dr. Loizaga, Bueno de Prado, Mrs. Hammel, the mystery woman of Panama, and we all brunched together. At 3 o'clock the Erie gig came along our port side,<sup>and</sup> we were starboard to the dock, over we went with potato and onion honors, and started off for Taboga. This little island lies about nine miles off the mainland and was formerly a luxurious summer resort but fell into desuetude as the years passed. The launch ride ~~over~~ through the channel and then short-cutting across *it*, was not only lovely but exciting -- there is something about picnicking over a mine field that gives an added flip to the idea.

We reached our destination and tied up to a pier which had a large sign saying entrance was forbidden, which a Panamanian guard promptly tried to enforce. *It* Seems this is the property of the Army, and all the persuasion of our Navy seemed to be of no avail. Then the Argentine ~~minister~~<sup>minister</sup> proclaimed the importance of the Brazilian, himself, and the owner of the stupendous yacht and we were admitted across the sacred ground which by this time was covered by the guards' ~~an~~ apology and confusion. We walked along the beach to a run-down casino which, however, had a small bathhouse, showers, dirty toilets and warm beer to recommend it.

With all these advantages at our disposal we decided to camp and found a ~~shady~~<sup>local</sup> native, who endeared himself to Carola by calling her senorita and guessing her age at 18. With this odd pair at the oars and Andy Mack and myself in the steering seat, we were rowed in the native's boat alongside the gig and there transferred all our picnic kit back to the Casino. We used the gig first as a dressing room and very comfortable it was. It is about fifty feet long<sup>ly</sup> three and a half tons in weight,



Sunday  
July 6th  
(Cont'd)

*which sends it at*  
equipped with a special Navy diesel ~~going~~ along about twelve knots. It is a fine sea boat as well as an excellent dressing room. We then tested the water in the inside bay but preferred the outside, it being clearer, so walked across the short sand strip and luxuriated for an hour in the luke warm relaxation of the Pacific.

*We* Then came in and had a quiet highball, watched the sunset through thunder clouds -- the whole sandy shore ~~was~~ <sup>by</sup> lighted with the last colorful gleam of the sinking sun with faint touches of pink just over the horizon back of the clouds. It put a proper finis to a charming day. With the darkness came ~~out~~ supper, which had been provided by the diplomats. What with the Argentine corn beef and tongue and Panamanian sweets it was a delicious meal, only slightly marred by the presence of a juke box which ground out music by the hour. However, nothing could take away the sheer beauty of the night, <sup>and the</sup> calmness, serenity and relaxation of the whole party. A more oddly assorted group it is difficult to imagine, all on guard one against the other but all charmingly mannered and because of this able to enjoy the amenities of the occasion despite the undercurrent of graver implications. It was nearly like a rest between rounds of a prize fight except there was no gasping strain. Or, it may well have been an armistice in actual combat because everyone seemed to stretch physically and mentally. ~~to please.~~

At 10:30 we trouped slowly back to the gig and danced across the bay which had grown a little rough since afternoon. Fortunately, the motion was not enough to inconvenience anyone and the mood remained undisturbed. Again alongside the Carola, everyone came to the quarter-deck and we were all too tired to have more than a light nightcap and disperse. One of the nicest days and evenings of the trip came to an end.



Monday  
July 7th:

This morning came in in horrid contrast to yesterday. I was awakened at quarter of ten with the message that the Admiral's car would be waiting for me at five minutes of ten at the gate. ~~Seems~~ There had been a little confusion in the steward's department as to whether I should be awakened or not. Inasmuch as my appointment was first with the Admiral, then with him ~~to~~ at Ambassador Wilson's office, I (physically and mentally) got out of bed <sup>on</sup> the wrong side. Bathed, shaved, and dressed in five minutes and galloped out to the car which took me to the New Navy Building. Here the Admiral was holding forth since ~~he~~ <sup>aching</sup> took possession two days before and a beautiful state of chaos prevails. Telephones are not yet in, no one's office is yet clearly determined, everyone <sup>knows</sup> attempting to restore some kind of order. Nevertheless, with his usual courtesy, Admiral Sadler did not seem at all <sup>or</sup> ~~per~~turbed, <sup>let</sup> sat ~~se~~ down and had a quiet talk regarding the post exchanges and commissary problem, in which he showed keen interest.

Then off we went to the Ambassador's office. The latter turns out to be a highly intelligent man, if forty-five minutes conversation is sufficient criterion. His last post was Uruguay and he seems to have been doing a fine job here. My added information on the commissary problem was <sup>related</sup> ~~told~~ and altogether it was a very amiable visit. <sup>with a purpose.</sup>

Came back to the dock with the Admiral ~~driving~~ me through the stores that were piled high in the dock sheds, and thus missed my usual walk among the black longshoremen. Lunch on board quietly. Discovered that Mrs. Hammel, supposed to be the <sup>infamous</sup> female spy, has managed to entice ~~from~~ the most willing Dr. Taylor, <sup>with</sup> an engagement for the evening. Inasmuch as she is rumored to be very friendly with Commander Bigelow this may present some complications but the Doctor feels the information



Monday  
July 7th  
(Cont'd)

he may gather will be well worth the possible complication. Spent the afternoon trying to get up on paper work and then went to Commander and Mrs. Browns for tea. The usual Navy people were there, plus Commander and Mrs. Ewing, <sup>the latter</sup> who rushed up to the Peruvian minister and myself <sup>in an attempt</sup> ~~attempting~~ to make conversation, <sup>pointed</sup> ~~nodded~~ in the general direction of Ecuador and asked about "your mountains there." Inasmuch as Ecuador today had frontier clashes with Peru, the remark was very inapropos. I explained to her carefully that Emilio was Peruvian and I was from the United States and we knew very little about mountains. It seems Navy wives frequently do not know the right time to say the right thing.

Left about 7:30 and went to the Rancho where we were joined by Gladys and Julio Huertematte. He is consistently reported as being a strong Nazi which seems to be completely erroneous. He is highly intelligent, an able host, attended <sup>harsh</sup> Warden school and studied eight years in France and altogether is a most attractive man. His wife is a charming blonde Costa Rican, half North American, and they are <sup>by</sup> ~~far~~ the most attractive couple we have <sup>yet</sup> ~~ever~~ met. Once again in Huertematte and Ernest Fabrega and the rest of these politicians, I am reminded of Cuba. All the smart boys in these countries are sitting on the fence, perfectly willing to jump over on our side but <sup>as</sup> ~~they~~ want to make the best bargain possible. They can hardly be <sup>as</sup> ~~blamed~~ for this <sup>quickly</sup> ~~when~~ they have seen those who have jumped too ~~willingly~~ get much poorer deals than those who waited.

We enjoyed ourselves immensely and from the Rancho went to Kellys where we saw a number of amusing things, notably one table with Count ~~of~~ Bailen and two other men practically falling in their highballs. We were later joined by a Panamanian of good family who seemed to be obsessed with the idea of marrying one of Mayme



Monday  
July 7th  
(Cont'd 0)

Kelly's blondes. However, no one took it very seriously and we went along home.

Tuesday  
July 8th

Awakened this morning with a barrage of telephone calls. Admiral and Mrs. Sadler are definitely coming with us Sunday and Monday as well as the Vanderbilts, with a pair of twins and a daughter; Andy Mack and Commander Bigelow undoubtedly also will be members of the party and it all sounds very interesting. My fond hope is to steer the Admiral into a black marlin.

Shortly thereafter we were told we would have to move from the dock and go out to the bouys. This is not at all pleasant as we are still suffering from crew shortage and it will not be too easy an operation to run our launches. Then, there were more calls back and forth and finally our luncheon party arrived with the Emilio de Zevallos and daughter, who is trying to promote a trip with us; the Mexican minister, Alfredo Breceda, and his wife; and the first secretary of our legation, John Muccio; Skipper Thompson and Mrs. Thompson; Anita Crawford and Commander and Mrs. Tucker. A very gay luncheon -- everyone seemed to enjoy it tremendously, including myself strangely enough. My Spanish had a fine run around the block as some of the people spoke practically no English.

Heard the news from Tucker, which corroborated that from the Admiral and Captain Dillen, that the Admiral's request to put a crew on board the Carola in the form of an armed guard to supplant <sup>about in</sup> ~~the~~ crew we ~~are~~ missing, had been given a typical Washingtonian reply, namely; what men were needed, where they available and were they deemed important. As the Admiral put it, "Why do they think I wired them if I don't have the men and don't believe them important?" However, everyone thinks



Tuesday  
July 8th  
(Cont'd)

the permission will be granted but I am still pessimistic. If we don't get these men it is going to make for a tough <sup>situation</sup> ~~solution~~. I understand the Maritime Commission, under Admiral Land, may be able to help us or that others <sup>sailors</sup> may be ~~made~~ <sup>as if</sup> available, <sup>here</sup> although of lower quality. <sup>at</sup> Also looks ~~like~~ we will be able to get Captain Nagel on board here instead of flying him to Lima, which is some slight advantage.

Was amused to see that Commander Tucker seemed anxious to make the trip as he said it would be desirable for a man who had had recent Navy experience to come along. He obviously was sounding me out and as he is a very personable fellow, formerly a broker in California, we would be glad to have him. The drawback, however, is that we shall soon turn into the U.S.S. Carola, taking on the whole Navy personnel, and this can hardly help our mission.

A very amusing thing occurred when Captain McGuire called at the Naval Intelligence Office yesterday to see if there was any news regarding crew replacements. As he walked in, in his uniform with four stripes, someone saw him, shouted to Tucker and the entire department rose to their feet and saluted. This would have been a logical error in any department except the false whiskers section, but it was particularly funny and I am having a hard time <sup>remembering</sup> ~~keeping~~ <sup>the story</sup> from repeating, and embarrassing a number of people.

About 4:30 the guests all left; the Peruvian off to see how his border war was progressing. Regardless of the out come, <sup>of this</sup> he remains a most attractive fellow.

Despite the promise made by Commander Brown that we would not have to go to the bouys, the pilot came along at 5 o'clock, <sup>over</sup> the phone was hauled in and out we went to the bouys where we weren't going. However, it is cooler and my philosophy remains



Tuesday  
July 8th  
(Cont'd)

the same -- these are trying days and we are lucky to be on board and the minor inconveniences only point the contrast to our major pleasures. Inasmuch as I have not <sup>been given</sup> ~~had~~ the privilege of going fishing since arriving here, due to the <sup>in Panama</sup> mine fields, I find this philosophy very comforting. Everyone ~~here~~ is tremendously courteous and while we are doing a great deal of entertaining back and forth, Pancho Arias, Jorge Arias, Julio Huertematte, Ernesto Fabrega, etc., have all showered us with invitations and these, in addition to the many Navy teas, cocktails, luncheons, etc., make for a most pleasant social life. This undoubtedly is true only for visitors because it must be terribly boring as a steady routine.

Late this afternoon received a call from Ambassador Wilson regretting he and Mrs. Wilson would not be present for tea Friday, as invited, but asking Carola to come to the Embassy tomorrow. Was glad to see someone here courteous enough to be on the telephone when I got there, but was a little embarrassed to find it was the Ambassador. <sup>that</sup> Holds true in the north as well as in the south, the more important the person, the more considerate he is.



Tuesday  
July 8th  
(Cont'd)

In the evening the Pancho Ariases had a lovely dinner for the minister of foreign affairs, <sup>De Roux</sup> ~~Perroux~~, with the Ambassador and Mrs. Wilson, Admiral and Mrs. Sadler, and most of the other diplomatic people present. Found myself sitting between John Muccio, first secretary of our embassy, and the wife of the Chilean minister. The latter spoke no English at all. The food served in Panama is good but service is extremely difficult to get; everyone who has a party has to get waiters from the Union Club as the help problem is very trying.

The dinner itself was a very pleasant although formal affair. After dinner we sat in the lovely garden outside and had coffee, then went back into the house to watch their 12-year old daughter dance, which is typical of a great many very charming Panamanians. The home<sup>s</sup> beautiful, service passable, the food good, the company distinguished, and the daughter is trotted out to dance.

Also met Don Cavillo Arosemana, father of Dora Arias. He signed the first constitution of Panama as well as the last, is 76 years of age, in fine condition mentally and physically, and a very interesting man. Says he is one of the three original signers left.

Wednesday  
July 9th

Still awaiting word from Washington on the crew; although not too optimistic, I am hopeful. Saw Admiral Sadler and presented him with a copy of the letter I am writing to Herbert Swope regarding the commissary problem here. He approved the idea of sending the letter and said in his opinion it could do no harm whatsoever and might do a great deal of good.



Wednesday  
July 9th  
(Cont'd)

Went out driving in the afternoon, did some shopping, and, incidentally, found a lovely Chinese chest for our cabin for which I have been looking for six months. In the afternoon Carola went out for tea at the Embassy with several Panamanian ladies while I recovered from the past few days by taking a siesta.

At 8 o'clock a group of friends came on board, including Count of Bailen, the Fabregas, the Huertemattes, Commander Bigelow, Captain Mack, the Ehrman girls, and Major Brown, a very attractive man, supposedly the richest officer in the army. I imagine it is rather difficult for him to be so known, for he is extremely gracious and good company.

Bailen brought with him a pair of Spanish guns as lovely as I have ever seen. They are 20-gauge made in a small town in Spain where all the people are gunsmiths. The pair only cost 7000 pesetas, or a little less than \$300, which is well nigh unbelievable. He has promised to order a pair for me and I sincerely hope he keeps his promise. The evening dragged on very lightly and had a long argument with Bailen who said the Churchill government will fall in ninety days; that Russia is losing the war rapidly and, with Germany holding all of Europe, England will be invaded if she continues to resist. I tried to point out the other side of the picture, that of the latent force of America which might continue the war for a long time.

Ernest Fabrega read my memorandum to Swope and expressed himself as being extremely pleased. We made some very nice speeches in trying to persuade him to let the Huertemattes come along on the next leg of this trip with us but unfortunately were unsuccessful. About 3 o'clock everyone finally departed. As we were out at the bouys the Erie gig ended up ferrying for us.



Thursday  
July 10th

This morning found ourselves being moved back to Pier 18 and having been tied up there for fifteen minutes, we were moved again to Pier 7. If anyone fifty years from now asks me what I did during the war, I will tell them I spent the whole time moving my berth back and forth in the Panama Canal.

Tried to get some work done during the morning and in the afternoon went along to Captain and Mrs. Dillens who were having a tea for us. Carola being a very prompt individual, insisted that we arrive not too late, so we got there at 5:15 because she understood it was a 5:00 o'clock invitation. We found it was actually set for 6 o'clock but managed to struggle through this without too much trouble. Saw a lot of our old friends in the Navy and some new ones, notably Lieut. Redden from Chicago, a friend of Jack Simpson. Also Lieut. Ober and his wife who was Jane McLennan of Chicago. Turned out the Obers are having a luncheon for the Admiral and his Lady on Sunday which the Sadlers had forgotten, so our weekend cruise will not start until late Sunday afternoon. We were included by the Obers and their invitation was reciprocated by asking them and Redden to dine with us tomorrow night.

Turns out to be an amusing situation because of a previous incident between Mrs. Sadler and Mrs. Dillen. Mrs. Sadler, who is very fond of birds, recently found her bird slightly chewed by Mrs. Dillen's cat. This has created a wealth of bad feeling between the birdites and catites and inasmuch as the Admiral's lady is pro-bird it looks as though they would be the winning team. At least Mrs. Dillen now has a furtive look in her eye and her husband has warned her to put the cat away when Mrs. Sadler is about.

In the evening had dinner with <sup>at the Vanderbilts at</sup> the very attractive Huertematter <sup>home</sup> ~~who~~ have the only home in Panama with a Florida touch complete

which they have  
leased



Thursday  
July 10th  
(Cont'd)

*Uncle of Julio En to*  
with patio, and is certainly the most modern we have seen  
here. <sup>Rolando</sup> Huertematte's ~~father~~ was there. In-laws seem to be  
standard family equipment all over the world, and <sup>he</sup> she has a  
rather low regard for <sup>his cousin, which is reinforced</sup> Julio, Sr., who ~~is running their~~  
~~department store~~ -- this fact was obvious.

The evening passed very pleasantly with dinner at small tables  
in buffet style. Again to prove the pitfalls of life the  
Vanderbilts, through mutual friends, were put in the hands  
of a man named O'Darrior. He and his wife were present for  
dinner. Mrs. Vanderbilt was considerably upset when she  
learned his wife is an American and is not very highly con-  
sidered. He himself is more or less in bad grace. His  
brother, who also was there, carries on the family banner by  
having sent his wife to the North while he conducts a violent  
affair with one of Mayme Kelly's girls. The older brother is  
very attractive, was educated in the States and speak perfect  
English. He worked very hard during dinner attempting to  
promote American intervention in the war. *Probably is an at Politically!*

Danced on the patio until about one and then Andy Mack, Commander  
Bigelow, Carola and myself dropped in at the Rancho for a  
drink. Fritz Gahagan and his wife were there, he very tight.  
Said he had *chartered his fish boat* <sup>to the Army</sup> for \$600 a month for three months;  
that it cost him \$1200 to ship it down, another \$1200 to ship  
it back, cost \$1000 taxes and doesn't believe he made a good  
deal. Inasmuch as he is contracting for the Canal there is  
nothing he can do about it excepting curse which he did most  
adequately. Also there were Colonel Connell, second in  
commander at Albrook Field, who was drinking to his own birthday,  
and the usual smattering of local Ariases and the whole thing  
was amusing.

Arrived home more or less safely, had our usual long walk under



Thursday  
July 10th  
(Cont'd)

the sand derrick, and got back to the ship for much needed sleep.

Friday  
July 11th

Spent the morning with Mrs. Alicia Hammel and then picked up Carola. This situation of Mrs. Hammel and Commander Bigelow is causing a great deal of open confusion and gossip. It seems that Bigelow is married, has two children and is making an enormous fuss about Alicia who also is married with a husband in Switzerland. She had a three months affair with an army officer who was promptly sent back home as she is accused of being a Nazi spy. She claims the friendship of President Arias and said she is being persecuted by Captain Dillen and if this continues she will attempt to have Dillen thrown out by the president and under no circumstances will she give up, what she calls, her sweet friendship with Bigelow. Mrs. Sadler claims considerable embarrassment for the Admiral and <sup>it</sup> seems everyone here knows the most vital secrets of the Navy. Alicia is working on Dr. Taylor, having given up Carola and <sup>myself</sup> ~~I~~ as a bad job, and she told the Doctor a great deal of the story which she obviously hoped he would carry back to headquarters. The Admiral and his Lady have both hinted to Carola that she would be a fine red herring if Bigelow would only show interest; that the least she could do was to warn him of his error. We have taken the viewpoint that a civilian has no right to interfere with Navy problems as delicate as this.

Spent the day rather quietly getting correspondence more or less up to date. To my further aggravation Shane is evidently having a change of life as he says he cannot live in Chicago while I am away. He complains about difficult problems and says he would like to leave thirty days after I return, which suits me, although I shall be sorry to lose him but if he



Friday  
July 11th  
(Cont'd)

cannot handle himself in my absence it is better to find it out now rather than later.

Had a call from Ben Welles, son of Sumner Welles, on his way down to the Ecuadorian border. He had heard I have information regarding the Galapagos where he may also go. He had lunch with us, saw the pictures we had taken and altogether we had rather a pleasant, although prolonged, visit for he didn't leave until after 4:30. Found out a great deal from him of local politics as he has seen them. He represents the New York Times around this area and in Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador. This combined with his unofficial connection with the State Department gives him a great advantage. He plans on staying around here at least a year. He is charming and seems very able in his capacity.

In the evening the Obers, Lieutenant Redden, Colonel Connell, the two Ehrman girls, Julio Huertematte, and Felipe O'Shaughnessy dined with us. Spent a very pleasant evening which came as a relief from the series of telephone calls, letters and other frantic messages we got from Mrs. Ballentine for her tea. She is really a great example of how a woman could not be of the most help to a man.

Saturday  
July 12th

Was awakened when Commander Tucker came on board with the bad news that Washington had turned down the Admiral's request to give us crew. I rushed over to the Navy Building to consult with Commander Bigelow and the Admiral for advice. Continued the bad day by hearing that Bigelow was home ill. Waited for an hour then saw the Admiral who asked me what I was going to do, and I told him that inasmuch as he was the Admiral I was coming to him for advice. He said at the moment there is nothing to do; that unfortunately new en-



Saturday  
July 12th  
(Cont'd)

listments have expired so <sup>we</sup> could not get men between hitches to take over the boat. For him to commandeer the boat would mean the purpose of the trip would be divulged completely, and the Maritime Commission is absolutely useless to us. Said as far as the weekend trip is concerned he would bring a coxswain and crew of six, so that problem is adequately solved. In the meanwhile I pointed out to him that two of our oilers had left; that we are now short four sailors, two oilers, and a third cook, and it is obviously impossible to continue the cruise on that basis. He tells me not to cross any bridges until I get to them; that on Tuesday on our return to Balboa, while he seems to have no plan whatsoever, everything will be worked out. He continues to stress the importance of the trip so I came back to the boat clutching a two-star flag to fly tomorrow but without new crew. Tucker is more encouraging and thinks we can get a few young boys on vacation until at least September at which time something else may happen.

On reaching the ship found the two oilers who had left were being paid off. Talked to them and found the only reason they were leaving was to get \$105. per month on the Army transport. When I told them they had only to ask and they would have gotten that salary on the Carola they immediately said they wanted to come back. This, again is proof of the fact that Captain McGuire has let the situation get completely out of hand. <sup>He doesn't</sup> ~~Don't~~ seem to know why people leave or to be very much interested in preventing it. Unfortunately, I feel he is just going through the motions preliminary to leaving, which seems to have been true ever since leaving Florida. However, was glad to see the oilers say they would come back and it remains to be seen whether they will.



Saturday  
July 12th  
(Cont'd)

Just breathed a sigh of relief and settled down to watch the supplies come on board in the early afternoon and continue dictating when I suddenly was called to the telephone to be told the ship was being moved from the pier to make way for a Jap that had been lying in the stream four days. This was nearly too much for me, and I continued a foul temper after being dragged to the bouys until Carola said her only hope was to change the name of the yacht to the Carola Maru in which event we might get berth space. Lost track of the number of times we have been shifted back and forth. ~~on~~

Suppose the situation is difficult but it is really provoking.

On returning to the ship this morning found Carola engaged in a violent altercation at the pier gate. Seems when she arrived the officer on duty was telephoning to determine if our laundry could be brought on board and the policeman had stationed a black man in his absence to whom Carola had shown her pass. He refused to let her enter, as he put it, "I am here to see that people don't come through rather than to see that they do." Too bad the Army has to rely on these primitive blacks but evidently they have drilled them well enough so they will not allow anybody through under any circumstances, which is encouraging. This, combined with the insurmountable obstacles preventing my taking the fishboat out during the weeks we have been here, plus the crew difficulties, present a most annoying daily routine. But the Admiral and Navy personnel, up to and including the Secretary of ~~State~~ Navy, want the job done. I have made tremendous personal sacrifice in order to do it and we are now being held up because five or six men who should be getting \$30 or \$40 per month are not available. I can either be extremely



Saturday bothered or turn philosophical. I seem to vacillate between  
July 12th  
(Cont'd) the two.

Laid down and slept my mad off for about an hour and then trotted along to the Union Club where a number of our friends had a dinner in our honor, including the Argentine, Peruvian, Brazilian and Spanish ministers, various Nazi agents among whom was Caroline Mueller, and with Andy Mack and the Huertemattes *we* made a table of about twenty-four. As usual everyone tried to pick out everyone else's brains and it was all very charming and adroit.

We left about 3 o'clock and came back out to the bouys.



SUNDAY  
July 13

Still at the mooring and Carola up early for mass. When she returned we stayed on board just long enough to make arrangements for the remainder of the day and then went along to lunch at the Obers. <sup>Present were</sup> A good sprinkling of the Navy with some Army people lead by General Jarman, who it is rumored is to be transferred shortly. Also present were George Andrews and his wife who is Consul General; Frazier head of the Chase Bank and Dr. Clark of the Panama Hospital. The last three all are fishermen so spent cocktail time very happily talking about marlin and where they swim. While everyone here says the Perlas <sup>are</sup> are the best place for the marlin, I am reasonably sure <sup>on</sup> on the edge of the deep where 20 to 40 fathoms shoal off to 1000 fishing will be even better. At lunch, which was buffet style, sat next to Mrs. Andrews, an old friend of Jane Mason's, <sup>+</sup> had a very amusing time going over a number of mutual friends. She has been away from Cuba for eight years and <sup>has</sup> has been Consul General <sup>here</sup> the past two years.

Managed to get our weekend party together, thanks to Mrs. Sadler's <sup>and</sup> help, about 2:30, complete with baggage and children we went down to the dock. Andy Mack very graciously had his gig waiting, <sup>we</sup> ran through the driving rain to the dock and installed ourselves. Just as we were pushing off the two oilers who had signed off the Carola onto the Army Transport and then back onto the Carola, put in their appearance and further augmented our party by being fitted into the forward <sup>cockpit</sup> ~~area~~ so we went alongside. Admiral Sadler sent us a working party of seven men with a coxswain to augment the crew which, of course, we needed badly. When we went over the side the Admiral's flag went up and we struck ours. I had the odd experience of coming aboard my own ship second. Without waiting further the gig shoved off, we dropped our lines from the bouys and put to sea.







Sunday  
July 13th  
(Con't)

Had a very pleasant trip with only slight motion. Put a marlin line out as soon as we cleared the channel but unfortunately raised no fish. Our departure had been a little late as we had hoped to do some fishing before the day was over, but the afternoon was spent before we anchored off Pedro Gonzales Island, which is about four or five miles from the fishing ground.

After mild cocktails went into dinner around 8 O'clock. There wasn't a great deal in the way of important conversation but everything was very pleasant. We all visited on the afterdeck until midnight and then turned in.

MONDAY  
July 14th

The Admiral and myself were up and breakfasted by 8 and then out in the fish boat. The morning was not productive as we didn't get far enough out to the ground where we had been told the marlin ran <sup>This is</sup> off San Jose, which is the farthest out of the Perlas and <sup>at home</sup> along the north side ~~where~~ <sup>we</sup> the fish are supposed to paddle up and down a six mile range. Did succeed in catching some mackerel and jacks all of which the Admiral took back ~~to~~ ~~the boat~~ as the purpose of the day was to get fish for him.

Got back to the Carola about 11:30 as a patrol boat had come out and was lying off in <sup>the</sup> ~~event~~ there were any messages. Found out fortunately there were none so after lunch on board we started out again.

In the afternoon we went right out to the fishing ground without trolling on the way and on the way back raised a very big marlin. Unfortunately he only smashed the bait twice and while the Admiral had him on ~~the hook~~ he did not set the hook so the fish did not stay on. About fifty yards of line ran out with the initial tug but bad luck took a hand. And that was all there was to it. It was not necessarily lack of experience that caused the loss of the fish because, after all, only last week a man who had



MONDAY  
July 14th  
(Cont'd)

never fished before caught a 400-pound marlin with sailfish tackle and dead <sup>tired</sup> bait while he was trolling for mackerel and didn't even know the fish he caught was a marlin until he had towed it 40 miles into the dock. It seems that is just the way fishing goes.

In any event we arrived back on board to find the Vanderbilt twins had caught 35 mackerel, Mrs. Sadler and Carola had gone on shore with Andy Mack looking for sea shells for Commander Brown's wife, and all in all we were relaxed as one can only be at the end of a day in the open, after weeks of confinement. In fact so relaxed were we that we all had five or six cocktails before going to dress for dinner, and was extremely pleased by the suggestion made by the Admiral and Captain Mack that I brush up on navigation and qualify for sea duty. I know this was meant as a compliment but unfortunately my physical examination prevents the suggestion being followed through. Also had a chance to have Mack suggest to Admiral Sadler that our crew problem could be permanently solved by giving leave to men so they could come with us as private citizens. No reaction to this suggestion although the seed was sown.

When we came up from dressing for dinner Mrs. Sadler was considerably horrified to find the Admiral had not buttoned his shirt studs and also had forgotten to brush his hair. This couldn't have been more amusing as he may be head of the 15th Naval Dist. to everybody else-but to his wife he is just another member of the husband's union. However, the matter didn't seem to be very serious.

After dinner we all visited agreeably on the quarterdeck until around midnight and Mrs. Sadler again retired. The Admiral, evidently had no desire to get more hell so the rest of us sat up with him until 1:15 when he presumed his wife was sleeping and then



MONDAY

July 14th we all went to our couches.  
(Cont'd)

TUESDAY

July 15th

We left quite early this morning and all met at breakfast around 8:30 as we were entering Balboa harbor. The entrance is always lovely, and in these times of war extremely exciting. Bouys designate bomb fields, you wind your way in between them and the air of military and naval activity is in evidence everywhere.

After breakfast the Admiral, Captain Mack and myself discussed the plan of getting a crew of men on leave, but the Admiral put his foot down saying that no leaves were being granted. Inasmuch as Mack told me a number of his men were on leave it clearly points out that the Admiral doesn't know leaves are being granted or, what is more probable, since having received a negative answer from Washington he could not afford to place himself in a spot. In any event persistence was futile. We unfortunately cannot rely on the Navy for any regular men and it may be just as well if the working party that was put on board for this weekend trip is an example of what would be provided. One of these men remarked in a loud voice, when asked to lend a hand, that he had been in the Navy several months and hadn't done any work yet and hadn't joined the Navy to work and didn't propose to. From which it would seem that crew problems are general and no exception.

I thought it best to ask at this time if it was still desired for us to continue our work and was assured by both Sadler and Mack it was needed even more than the first trip we had made. They had the most sympathetic desire in the world back <sup>to</sup> of it but unfortunately because of regulations they lacked the ability to convert those sympathies into action. Seems to be a curious commentary on these days when we have a Secretary of the Navy,



TUESDAY  
July 15th  
(Cont'd)

a Commandant of the Panama Canal Zone, and Chief of Naval Intelligence all want a job done, and that I should be willing to give up everything necessary to do it, going to the expense of many thousands of dollars, and Carola giving up a life which she was finding most agreeable to help with the task, and that there should be a possibility of nullifying <sup>all</sup> this by the impossibility of finding four or five men whose earnings would be \$70 per month. However, there are three plans which still offer possibilities. Commander Tucker said he would try to get some high school boys who were sons of Army and Navy residents of the Canal Zone. Also the chance of getting men through newspaper advertisements and, lastly, one of the local contractors might be able to help ~~him~~ through the labor office.

After the Carola was again tied up at the bouys, which was done in the same slipshod carelessness that marks most of the negro work here, we sat and chatted for over an hour before the guests departed around 11:30. Captain Mack took off the baggage first in his gig and then the Admiral's barge came alongside and his flag came down as he left and we were back once more under our own colors. Andy Mack said when he arrived alongside the docks he found a most amusing sight with Captain Dillen, head of Naval Intelligence, standing at the docks awaiting the Admiral where he had been <sup>angry for</sup> an hour and a half ~~and could not be angrier~~, which is naturally understandable. No man, least of all head of the Sherlock Holmes Department, likes to stand about first on one foot then on the other waiting for a superior. I am afraid this <sup>master's</sup> courtesy will not improve our popularity with Dillen but it is impossible to serve two masters in this work so will just have to go along as best we can.



TUESDAY  
July 15th  
(Cont'do)

After the guests left we relaxed for five minutes and suddenly in the middle of this stretch period a note came on board just before I left for shore from ~~Forest~~ <sup>here was</sup> Tucker saying he thought he had a crew lined up. Once again <sup>before</sup> ~~with the probability~~ <sup>so</sup> of the darkness ~~and~~ dawn story, I rushed off to the new Navy Building to see what was going on. <sup>It</sup> Seems that Tucker, who is supposedly second to Captain Dillen, had gone out on his own, contacted a number of people including Colonel Carter of the G-2 Army group, <sup>he</sup> had six 15 to 18 year old boys who were most anxious to make the trip with us, ~~and~~ also said he thought he had the problem solved for September with the labor office who assured him men would be available for the ship at that time, even including oilers, etc. To make the story even more incredible one of the boys coming on board has a brother who is an electrician and we are now able to complete the roster. They are to be interviewed this afternoon. Stopped at the Admiral's office to give him the news and put in a strong plug for Tucker and his ability to get things done, and the ~~Admiral~~ <sup>we</sup> was even more pleased than we were. Plans sailing on Thursday.

So back to the ship for late lunch. Carola went on shore and did some chores in the late afternoon and I stayed on board and went over <sup>in</sup> the directory of the work to be done on the trip which now doesn't seem too far away.

In the evening the Loizagas had a dinner for us with the Brazilians, the Vanderbilts and a couple named Palmeco, he a Colombian and she a girl from the United States. He handles Yardleys for Central, North and South America and the Caribbean. Played bridge after dinner with Mrs. Loizaga, Mrs. Palmeco, Mrs. de Prado, Carola ~~and myself~~ <sup>+</sup> at a tenth of a cent.



TUESDAY  
July 15th  
(Cont'd)

Carola and I were the only winners, a total of \$6.00. Must say a great many people scream in bridge games but the Argentine versus the Brazilian is a new high. The shrillness of the voices, strangeness of the shouts of Argentine Spanish combined with the Brazilian accent sounded most disagreeable. Their bridge was fairly good particularly in the play; bidding was bad. An example, a no trump response is always used with one and a half tricks. With anything less than this no response to an original bid by the partner is given at all.

Home at 1:30. We have been here so long now that super-strict <sup>but</sup> guards at the gate do not even ask for our passes, <sup>let</sup> us through on sight which is some relief.

WEDNESDAY  
July 16th

Started the day with the Carola being pulled by tugs and pushed alongside the Erie so we now lie <sup>starboard to her port</sup> ~~to the seaward~~ side and scramble up and over whenever we wish to go on shore.

Up early trying to get things straightened around, then up to the Navy Building for <sup>a</sup> 10:30 appointment with the Admiral according to arrangement of yesterday. This proved an illusive hope because from 10:30 to 1:00 I sat in Anson Bigelow's office. No Germans, but Japs, came in for their appointments, amusingly enough just while the coast guard defense was being discussed with Captain Doyle, new commander of the submarine base at Coco Solo who is relieving Captain Picking. Then came Captain ~~Stamington~~ <sup>Stamington</sup> who is coming back to supervise the new Navy Barracks and formerly was here as marine superintendent which is now handled by Monahan. A few moments of greeting and saying hello and good-bye to everyone and, with Captain McGuire, <sup>checking on</sup> ~~sounding out~~ some of the places we are going where there are no anchorages.

A little after 1 the Admiral took ~~Stamington~~ <sup>Stamington</sup> and myself in his office at the same time and talked to me first. After ten minutes



WEDNESDAY Samington became discouraged and left. It seemed rude but  
July 16th  
(Cont'd) long as I had waited, thought I might as well get through with  
my brief job. Showed the Admiral a letter I had written to  
Captain Kirk in Washington requesting reimbursement for extra-  
ordinary expenses according to my conversation with Captain  
Kirk on April 9th, and a covering letter I had written Captain  
Picking. He approved both and said he would forward them in  
his regular mail to Washington. What will come of it is  
highly questionable, but I assume after all the advice I have  
been given that it will be favorably received. The Admiral  
again was highly congratulatory, couldn't have been nicer and  
after going over what is wanted in Peru and along the Colombian  
coast I made my farewell.

On the way out stopped in to see Captain Dillen and Tucker.

Found the former still in somewhat of a bad humor although I  
think his bark is much worse than his bite. Understand that  
McGuire took quite a going over from him and that he doesn't  
consider anything we are doing of much importance which is far  
from encouraging to a man who is about to make the trip. How-  
ever, I think all of this can be taken with a grain of salt.  
Once again I am convinced Admiral Sadler knows what he is doing.  
Dillen has been passed over <sup>time and then had</sup> ~~after having once~~ been retired and <sup>is now</sup>  
recalled to be subordinate to a former subordinate, and he must  
accept the situation, although disagreeable.

After leaving the Navy Building, Hilton Church, our chauffeur  
who is the most intelligent transportation genius hereabouts,  
told me Carola was waiting up at Mrs. Sadler's. Went up and  
picked her up. They urged us to stay for lunch but <sup>we</sup> had to  
decline because of press of business. Then back to the ship.  
Incidentally, since the Panamanian Government has passed a very



WEDNESDAY  
July 16th  
(Cont'd)

simple law that offices start work at 7:30 and close at 1:30 without lunchtime, the Army and Navy have gone on a similar schedule. This means they do not have to work in the worst heat of the afternoon and it also means top-rank people have to stay in their offices until about 3 to get everything cleaned up so they only have a Coca Cola or sandwich between their 7 o'clock breakfast and conclusion of the business day at 3 P.M. However, for the tropics it seems a much sounder arrangement than the usual one.

Got back to the ship hot, tired, and just in time for 2:30

lunch which was not too pleasant -- unfortunately I note the last day or so I have been getting a touch of malaria which I picked up in Venezuela ten years ago. Spent the afternoon talking to Captain Nagel who reported. He likes the type of work that is going to be done and I gave him a general idea of the situation and he seems eager for the job and I hope will work out.

In the evening had a farewell party on board with Anita Crawford, Rutie Ehrman, the Loizagas, the dePrados, Alicia Hamel, Commander Bigelow, the Huertemattes, and it was all very gay. La Hamel keeps referring to my fishing with a question mark and also to her persecution by Captain Dillen. The Argentine keeps referring to the superiority of his beef, <sup>4</sup> commented at dinner that ours was much too rare and not nearly what he is accustomed to. The Brazilian Charge d' Affaire says nothing. His wife rolls her eyes, and thinks, but still is most pleasant. After dinner Sam Connell came out with the third Ehrman sister and the wife of General George Andrews. News had just broken that General Van Vorhees is going back to the 5th Army Corps and Andrews gets his third star as Lieutenant General of this area. Naturally, this is a marked triumph for the air corps



WEDNESDAY and air defense and Sam Connell and Mrs. Andrews were in a  
July 16th  
(Cont'd) mood for celebration. We all laughed and enjoyed ourselves  
until around 2 when everyone left.

So today comes to a close with us, <sup>after</sup> practically living the life of  
a warship as the Erie bugler ordered our day. Saw snatches  
of their movie, made a tour of the ship with Andy Mack and  
altogether it was a strange but interesting experience.

THURSDAY Up early to get ready to sail. Andy Mack, Commander Bigelow  
July 17th  
and others came down to say goodbye and couldn't have been  
more thoughtful nor helpful. After the usual last minute  
delays, cast off our lines and something after 11 o'clock <sup>we</sup>  
were headed out to sea for the second leg of the trip. The  
Erie band was playing, the proverbial flags were waving and  
we were feeling a great relief to get under way.

The trip over, <sup>to the Pelagos</sup> was most agreeable, even smoother than when we  
came out over the weekend. Came up to San Jose Island and  
anchored on the southwest side about 4:15, put the fishboat  
over and out I went trolling. Trolled around the point of the  
island in the water which is supposed to be good fishing.  
Outside of the usual mackerel and dolphin we found nothing  
extraordinary so headed back for the ship just before dark and  
got just at the point of the island when a big sail came up  
and with no preliminaries smashed the marlin bait. I was lucky  
enough to hook him and after ten or fifteen minutes got him  
into the boat. Unfortunately, it was heavy tackle; with light  
tackle it would have been great <sup>fun</sup> playing him. Then on the way  
back to the ship it had gotten nearly dark and we hit a floating  
tree smashing the propeller rather badly. Fortunately we weren't  
more than a mile from the ship and got alongside without too much  
trouble and the Chief said the wheel could be fixed without



THURSDAY difficulty. Unfortunately, my malaria hasn't let up any so  
July 17th  
(Cont'd)

I went to bed and slept through the evening. Carola showed her movies taken so far of the trip which everyone says are excellent and I am most anxious to see them.

FRIDAY  
July 18th

Awakened early with a great feeling to go out and finally get at the marlin. It was raining so hard this morning that we waited from 8 until 10 before lowering the boat. When it finally got in the water found that yesterday's smash had bent the propeller shaft and that it probably would take all day to repair. Might not be as bad as it looks.

Talked to the youngsters <sup>of the boat</sup> and tried to point out to them <sup>they should</sup> ~~to~~ treat the ship as they would treat their own homes; that they would see examples on the boat both good and bad which is typical of everything in life; that if they choose to follow the good they will be better off than if they choose to follow the bad. Don't know whether this will do any good but felt it should be said. Seems they are a clean decent bunch. One of them, the son of Commander Connelly, I am going to take along in the fishboat as a third man, rather a second-and-a-half inasmuch as he is only 15. However, he seems quite keen on the chance. All six were keen so they cut cards to see who would get the job.

Slept some more in the morning and after lunch brought this diary up to date which has the bad habit of falling four or five days behind. The fishboat still is disabled but if it doesn't get itself in shape tomorrow will take the port launch because I couldn't stand the thought of all the fish swimming underneath <sup>and</sup> us going uncaught. We probably will stay here four more days to get the ship on routine. It is far from exciting but is restful and I consider, after the past few weeks, this is



FRIDAY  
July 18th  
Cont'd)

deserved. Believe we got more information from the people in Panama than could be reasonably expected and also we made many friends even under these unusual circumstances. They may not be friends that could be tried in the fire but at least they are amusing to both Carola and *myself*.



FRIDAY  
July 18th  
(Cont'd)

This evening found us quiet and happy. After dinner Carola was persuaded to abandon her usual game of gin rummy at which she has been beating me regularly. Lured her into backgammon and I recouped my losses of the past six weeks to the accompaniment of mahy wails, and I learned the name for cheater in Spanish. We have also decided the remainder of the trip to speak only Spanish at dinner. This will give Mrs. Panerai a less boring meal and Dr. Taylor and myself much needed practice. So now we are a floating pension.

SATURDAY  
July 19th

The day came in beautifully and Dr. Taylor and myself manned the fishboat and off we went. Dick Connelly, 15-year old son of Commander Connelly, is now third mate on the fishboat and is most amusing as he tries to pick up the rudiments of fishing technique. He was not, however, nearly as amusing as I was. With perfect weather, all the advantages in the way of fishboat, fish guide, and tackle, and obviously the best marlin waters in this region, I succeeded only in teaching innumerable baits how to swim. Dolphin, mackerel and bonito abounded but there wasn't a sign of billfish except one sailfish seen jumping in the distance about half a mile from Niagara Rock between Pedro Gonzales and San Jose Islands.

So back to the boat for 7 O'clock dinner. This cheered me considerably because we had dolphin followed by quail, both prepared according to recipes which I had found in the very excellent Exotic Cook Book given me by Mady and Dax Straus before leaving. Carola livened dinner by accusing her mother of telling her all the "green stories" which she knew. This occasioned Mrs. Panerai considerable annoyance but she felt <sup>adequate</sup> ~~adequate~~ by reminding Carola that if she



SATURDAY  
July 19th  
(Cont'd)

behaved better she would not be bitten by the monkey. For it seems Paco, who now has changed sex and is known as Panchita -- perhaps because of vexation in being a changling -- gnawed one of Carola's fingers causing two noticeable holes and considerable worry on Carola's part that rabies might result. After dinner and a vain attempt by Carola to recoup her previous night's losses we retired early so as to be in shape for the fishing in the morning.

SUNDAY  
July 20th

Carola joined me in the fishboat and after several hours of dolphin, mackerel and bonito work we ran into luck. <sup>As usual</sup> ~~Invariably~~ just as we started lunch at 12:30 things began to happen. First some porpoise came up near the boat and I rushed to the harpoon pulpit in an attempt to get another hide to tan, as the slippers made from the last one are a great success. The porpoise succeeded in eluding my over-anxious harpoon and just then a sailfish was seen jumping dead ahead. So, out went the baits and just as the first one hit the water the sailfish came up, tried to take the marlin bait. Carola took the rod and the cut bait and very deftly inveigled the sail into striking. She then hooked the fish and boated him within fifteen minutes. This being her first legal sailfish it was the cause of much jubilation, particularly as he put up a fine jumping exhibition going high into the air about ten times and weighed in later at 105 lbs. This fish was hooked off the middle of San Jose Island about two miles to the northwest and along the six mile line running parallel to the Island which had been marked on our charts by John Gorin as the best marlin and sailfish grounds. Later in the afternoon along this same line another sailfish came up and tried to take marlin bait but because of its size threw it on the first jump.



SUNDAY  
July 20th  
(Cont'd)

We got back to the ship about 6 o'clock and after about 22 hours of hard fishing I have not seen a sign of marlin.

It is still my belief that the fish come in here occasionally with favorable current and wind conditions, but that they will be found much more frequently on the edge of the deep water at both horns of the Gulf. The oceanography here seems to be 100 to 1000 fathoms of water contiguous to 10 to 40 fathoms. This formation is similar to that ~~off~~ <sup>+ Bahian Head</sup> Cape, Cuba; Cabo Blanco, Peru, and roughly similar to the spot off Cape Mala, Panama, which I found last year. It is still my feeling that when this structure is found marlin are most frequent and most apt to take bait. However, inasmuch as there are a number of places like this on our itinerary I will have a chance to further confirm or refute the theory on this voyage.

Spent some little time on our directive and we all agree that it is far more interesting than the job in the Caribbean; however, what will happen remains to be seen.

After dinner listened to the war news and it was encouraging to see that whatever fisherman lies I may tell I am a veritable tyro compared to the Russian and German propaganda bureaus. It is well nigh incredible to believe that in a former truthful world such a premium has now been placed on falsehoods of all kinds. However, each day in the civilized places this trip takes us, corroborates this impression and it seems it is best to become accustomed to it.



MONDAY  
July 21st

Left the Perlas Islands at daybreak and went into the Darien Province of Panama about twenty miles into San Miguel Bay and up the Tuira River to the village of La Palma. A sadder community could not be imagined. Sewage disposal is by tide, with the following tide redepositing the sewage onto the beach under the houses. The latter are constructed on stilts at the water's edge. The population is entirely black, varying from ebony only as far as light ebony.

The customary padre was in evidence and as is usual in these remote places probably has been sent here for discipline. He claimed to have lived in Los Angeles for 17 years and had very few kind words for his present hosts.

Heard about a group of Germans who are suspected of starting a radio station at an old gold mine at a town called Marea. As usual, the inhabitants know of the war going on but have little interest in the situation.

Back on board the ship and then went on to Bahia de Pinas, about 60 miles southward and close to the Panamanian-Colombian border. This little bay is perfectly beautiful. The trip was rendered even more charming by raising a marlin while enroute. Once again the feasibility of trolling from the cruising yacht was demonstrated. The fish struck at the bait but was not hooked although clearly seen.

TUESDAY  
July 22nd

Up early and divided into two parties, Carola and Dr. Taylor going to visit the villages of San Dorotea and Jarque ~~and~~ *while* I went out to photograph the Islas of Pinas and to fish. The shore party reports an American observation crew on Pte. Jarque which has a small radio station and an airplane observation base.



TUESDAY  
July 22nd  
(Cont'd)

Santa Dorotea is inhabited by very timid people who ran at the sight of the launch. Even the storekeeper exhibited great fear and ran to his house when the party landed. He had a newspaper <sup>in hand</sup> when he was finally approached and <sup>lift</sup> raised it in front of his face; but when his reserve was broken down he was fairly informative.

Jarque proved to be impossible as a landing place because of the heavy breaking surf. So, the shore party returned after a hard day's work.

The fishing trip was extremely successful. Once again the theory of ocean structure being the determining factor in fishing grounds proved out, ~~for~~ <sup>here</sup>, approximately in ~~the~~ place where I had thought fish would be present, I raised four sailfish and one marlin, landing two of the sailfish which weighed around 100 lbs. each. The marlin, between 200 and 300 lbs., struck the teaser several times but did not take the bait beyond holding it lightly for a few seconds, then spitting it out. The grounds are about 4 to 6 miles in a southwesterly direction off Pt. Jarque with around 75 fathoms of water just a little bit inside the drop-off to 200 to 300 fathoms. The temperature of the water was around 80° and the sea moderate.

Also succeeded in harpooning two porpoise, one of which was devoured by sharks while dragging him <sup>from</sup> ~~to~~ the boat after being taken. The other was skinned out and should make more slippers. The sharks here are extremely numerous and voracious. Several were seen 15 feet in length. The largest seem to be ground sharks. One of the latter unfortunately broke one of the rods used for heavy tackle, and probably weighed nearly 1000 lbs.



TUESDAY  
July 22nd  
(Cont'd)

The islands were photographed but are completely unapproachable because of sheer rocky sides, and landing could not be effected even in the calmest seas without great danger.

Returned to the ship about 6 o'clock and found some particularly good photographs which Healy had taken of Carola with her sailfish. He has turned out to be a splendid photographer and is doing all the developing and printing of pictures taken, which is a great help in our work.

After dinner worked on reports and as usual listened to the conflicting war reports. We leave here early tomorrow morning to work farther south down the coast.

Incidentally, the reason for making up the slippers from the porpoise hide is that the Vanderbilts and ourselves have decided to return to the barter system, what with the world being what it is. They raise sheep on their farm, and from the wool weave their own blankets, so as a preliminary step in our barter arrangement we are trading personally harpooned porpoise slippers for home-spun blankets. So far it sounds as though we would get the better of the bargain but we have seen the slippers and not the blankets. The proof of the ~~bed~~<sup>bed</sup>ding will be the sleeping therein.

WEDNESDAY  
July 23rd

Went out to photograph the islands from Cape Marzo to Pta. Cruces. These are extremely numerous, very rocky and completely unapproachable. I was delighted once again, however, to find <sup>my</sup> fishing ground theory proven out. Just off Octavia rocks where the deep merges with the 60 fathom water, we dropped the fishboat over and began to troll. Within an hour a 300 to 400 pound marlin came up, struck the bait, jumped half a dozen times, stayed on five to eight



WEDNESDAY  
July 23rd  
(Cont'd)

minutes. At the end of that time, unfortunately he got slack in the line and threw the hook. The remainder of the day three sailfish were raised, one only taking the bait and was boated. He weighed 98 lbs. All these fish were brought up in the blue water just over the edge of the 100 fathom line. This probably is the first time sail and marlin have been fished for off this coast and certainly the first time they have been caught. The natives all along report great numbers of these fish seen jumping although they never fish for them themselves. It is probable that the two fishing spots of Tocopilla and Cabo Blanco established by the Grace Lines are only two of a nearly unbroken string running along from <sup>Chile</sup> ~~these islands~~ to the Gulf of Panama, and probably even farther to the north. It is a question of trying them all out and there are undoubtedly better spots than those two now publicized.

When we approached Cupica, three officials and several other natives came on board. At first they were quite unfriendly but later became more pleasant after being given some highballs and packages of cigarettes. One of the officials, when he saw the cigarettes, said very seriously that he did not smoke but was going to take a package as long as they were free.

In the afternoon an accident nearly happened when some of the party went on shore and the surf was so heavy that coming back the boat nearly capsized. Happily they arrived on board safely but all wet.



THURSDAY  
July 24th

We arrived at Utria Bay about 10 o'clock in the morning from Cupica. It is a beautiful natural bay surrounded by heavily forested hills and perhaps is the most beautiful we have ever seen.

We went on shore and had a long walk along the beach with the head of the only family that lives in the Bay, Nicolas Lemus. He is a courteous friendly primitive. After lunch we went fishing around the bay and met a niece of Lemus who lives opposite him on the other side of the bay. She reminded me very much of the mental cases of the Galapagos. She wanted to offer me a live hen in exchange for a handkerchief I gave her, and I had to convince her that I did not want to kill the chicken and for that reason it was better she keep it. Leon harpooned a <sup>nurse</sup> ~~lady~~ shark which was opened to try to get the skin and found she was in a family way. This type of shark is supposed to be the least aggressive of any specie of shark. They generally swim in shallow water, two or three in a group, and their record of attacking man is the lowest of all the shark family. Anyway after seeing several of them Leon changed his mind about taking a swim in the lovely green water of the bay.

We returned to the ship before sunset because malaria is prevalent here. During the afternoon's fishing I trolled with a feather for small fish and got a middle-sized Spanish mackerel which Leon received very enthusiastically, thinking of tomorrow's bait. Unhappily for him, the first thing we were presented with for dinner was a very nice and tasty filet of mackerel.

*Add notes later.*



FRIDAY  
July 25th

We arrived at Solano Bay about 10 o'clock in the morning, and Leon dropped off in the fishboat an hour before we anchored in front of Ciudad Mutis. Immediately a large number of blacks, soldiers and officials of the port, came on board. If not clean, they at least were friendlier than the ones at Cupica, to the north of here. We had very rainy weather all day and the party who went on shore were soaked.

Leon hooked a sailfish around noon but unluckily it shook loose because it was too big. It undoubtedly would have been a record fish had he been able to land it. Quite near the land he raised another sailfish later in the day that never took the bait. He caught at least fifteen dolphin.

SATURDAY  
July 26th

We set out for Cabo Corrientes early and arrived, <sup>armed</sup> there about 11 o'clock but found the weather so thick that a landfall was impractical. Additionally, the harbor at Cueva is nothing but a open road and probably we could not have laid to anchor <sup>as</sup> ~~unless there~~ <sup>it</sup> was lee <sup>a</sup> ~~to the~~ shore <sup>and</sup> ~~as there was~~ a heavy swell, <sup>was</sup> rolling in. So plans were changed, and we set our course for Malpelo Island, planning to arrive there tomorrow morning, and then return from there tomorrow night. Instead of going to Buenaventura we will come back to Corrientes and then go along down the coast.

It was nasty and rainy all day and activities on board were limited. Carola nursed a sore shoulder and I tried trolling for a few hours unsuccessfully, although did raise one marlin or sailfish to the feather but he did not strike. Today also marked the first day of a new course of diet during which my disposition suffered exceedingly on repasts of fruits alone. To bed fairly early at the end of one of the least eventful



SATURDAY  
July 26th  
(Cont'd)

days so far.

SUNDAY  
July 27th

Malpelo Island put in a lucky appearance between heavy rain-falls just long enough for the navigator to pick it up.

There is supposed to be no current running but we experienced at least a 15 mile set to the south on the way across.

Shortly after arrival, about three miles off the island, the weather cleared and for the first time in several days we saw the sun throughout the entire day.

The fishboat was lowered and away by 9 o'clock, and a close-up view of Malpelo Island was afforded. This is a barren craggy rock with four or five guardian rocks around it. Landing is completely impossible and the island is inhabited only by sea birds. Among these were seen white terns which may be <sup>line 7</sup> the fairy terns of Cocos Island. Unfortunately my ornithology is not adequate to definitely identify ~~is~~. There are many other flocks of sea birds on and about the island but, probably because of the heavy rainfall, guano deposits were negligible. Sharks were in tremendous evidence. For the first three hours they were in solitary grandeur, then a sailfish came up from nowhere, tried to take one of the big baits but only succeeded in wrapping the leader wire around his bill, so he swam off to play another day. Extremely disappointed because the oceanography of this island seemed ideal for marlin.

Turned back to the ship and were within a quarter of a mile of the yacht at 12:30; the sailfish line had already been taken in as well as the teaser and the handline, and we were just beginning to take in the two marlin baits when both Osborn and myself let out a simultaneous yell as a marlin fin was clearly visible in back of the port bait.



SUNDAY  
July 27th  
(Cont'd)

The rod was in the socket in a moment and nearly at the same moment the fish struck. He took the bait immediately but swam with the boat so that the line paid out slowly. After a minute, which seemed like ten, he began to go off more rapidly. I struck him hard three times, then once again for luck. He took off about 300 yards on his run and then came into the air for about two or three jumps. The carburetor at that crucial moment developed a little coughing trouble on account of water in the gasoline so we began to maneuver as best we could with two and a half cylinders. As the marlin came up this time, for a second series of jumps, we could clearly see that he was deep hooked and already bleeding. Inasmuch as the sharks were so thick, there was only one course left available and that was to horse him in. So, while Osborn backed the boat as fast as two and a half cylinders could back it, I bent my back. The line came back on the reel nearly as fast as it went out, although the marlin seemed to have other ideas in mind. He made several efforts to get his head down for a sound ~~at~~ ~~the~~ We were lucky in keeping him up and coming towards the boat ~~the~~ ~~had~~ him alongside within a few minutes. When he arrived he was still livelier than he should have been and Slim Barnard had a most difficult time trying to get a tail rope over his bill while he slashed at the side of the boat and succeeded in putting a number of holes in it. Just as the tail rope settled firmly back of his fins we saw seven sharks that had followed him in just underneath. This precluded the chance of taking him to the stern and pulling him in over the roller. So all of us grunting together, heaved the marlin over the side. I must have presented a very odd sight because I still had my harness



SUNDAY  
July 27th  
(Cont'd)

half on with the rod waving wildly, both hands on the leader wire, straining to the utmost. Finally flopped him into the boat and just as he came over the side one of the sharks came up and clicked his teeth back of the marlin's tail, fortunately missing completely.

The yacht, in the meanwhile, had sheared off to give us plenty of room and had a boxseat view of the entire performance. We hoisted a pair of blue pants triumphantly and came alongside and found the fish had been boated in exactly twelve minutes.

The captain had been able to see the fish fifteen feet back of the bait and had ~~clocked~~ him from the exact second of striking until he saw the flying gaff go in. He was a 555 lb. striped marlin, probably a male or at least without rod present. Tackle used was a Vom Hoff reel, Tycoon rod, 54 thread line and a 2 or 3 pound bonito bait. It was the hardest fish I have ever landed because of the necessity of getting him in fast before the sharks took him.

Arrived on the boat completely exhausted but after several hours rest, trolled off the top deck for a few hours in the afternoon without success as no fish were raised. Water temperature around Malpelo was about 82° and water conditions were ideal.

The evening was spent quietly and pleasantly, as immediately after boating the fish we hoisted the fishboat and started back for Cabo Corrientes. The day continued beautiful and the sea was smooth. We have hopes of being able to finish Corrientes tomorrow.



MONDAY  
July 28

Morning found us coming up to Cape Corrientes around 9 o'clock and as this was the spot I had looked forward to fishing, we dropped off in the fishboat about ten miles outside. Once again the oceanography looked perfect, but unfortunately water on the chart and the actual water were far different, ~~in depth~~. The sea for the ten miles that I trolled and for eight or ten miles wide was a muddy green as a result of the outpouring of rivers to the south. There wasn't a sign of a billfish nor fin all day so we came back to the boat disappointed about 4 o'clock for work on the fishboat which was needed badly. Carola had remained on board all day and the only interesting thing that happened was that while the fishboat was being run around having its motor adjusted, Nancy got two rooster fish, for which we have been looking since leaving Panama, on a handline. Naturally, neither one could be boated but Carola's heart was broken that she was unable to fish because her shoulder still pained her.

We pulled up anchor at 10 P.M. and were on our way to Buenaventura.

TUESDAY  
July 29

Morning found us in a heavy rain with mist and practically no visibility. Fortunately we picked up Palmas Island and after some several hours managed to creep in behind the rocks to anchor. We dropped the fish boat and explored Magdalena Bay and Palmas Island rather thoroughly and then returned to the yacht and again hauled anchor and went along to Buenaventura. We arrived there despite two buoys which were non-existent, although shown on the chart, and a third buoy which was about a half mile off position. We anchored around 5 o'clock and were through with all formalities shortly and had receipt of



TUESDAY  
July 29  
(Cont'd)

home mail. Worked on it through the evening and did not go on shore. News from home is bad, what with John Coyne's death and the increasing wave of unionization on State Street.

WEDNESDAY  
July 30th

Up early and on shore to call on Mr. Blood, Grace Lines Agent and American vice-Consul, and arranged to have mail delivered by him to Panama, including some water from Utria for analysis. Mr. Kloth, who is the Grace Line agent at Barranquilla, is temporarily here as Blood's assistant. We went along to Bill Bylander's, who is the Swedish agent and who has lived here fifteen years. He is a most interesting man, a friend of Dr. Murphy and of anyone else who has been in the vicinity.

Bylander has made a study of the Indian tribes around here and also has compiled a dictionary of the language of one of these tribes. He has a number of blow sticks complete with arrows, curari tipped, as well as a specimen of a small frog from which this poison is produced. After it is extracted it is added to certain vegetable matter. He is an expert with the blow gun and buried an arrow at least an inch in a wall twenty feet away.

It is his interesting theory that the word MARU which appears as part of the name of every Japanese ship is connected with the Indian word Maru used by one of the tribes which means to go on board in their language. This may be so, but the Japanese themselves are not supposed to know the exact meaning of the word, but think it is <sup>the name</sup> ~~kind~~ of an old Japanese goddess who was patroness of the sailors. This at least clears up a mystery which has existed with me for a long time because I had never heard even a theory of the meaning of the word. Bylander also collects old maps and we succeeded in getting considerable information from him.



WEDNESDAY  
July 30th  
(Cont'd)

Following this visit, we took a short automobile ride around the town and found it unchanged from three years ago. Out of 30,000 inhabitants in the town proper and its environs only 1000 are employed. There are about 500 whites, perhaps 1000 more demi-whites, and the town is a parasite, deriving its entire revenue from the shipping that goes in and out of the port. All Colombian coffee clears through Buenaventura and is supposed to be <sup>the</sup> second shipping port along the Pacific South American coast, lead only by Valparaiso in revenue. Callao leads Buenaventura in tonnage but not in shipping revenue.

The afternoon was spent investigating the Dagua and Anchicacaya rivers with the help of a local guide who cleverly rammed us into a sandbar and <sup>we</sup> once again suffered from a bent propeller shaft in the fishboat.

Back on board and had Blood, ~~Knoth~~, and Bylander for dinner.

Bylander is strongly pro-ally, so strongly it might even be suspicious. He is very interesting, however, continuing with his stories of the Indians and the development of Buenaventura over the past years, and said it cannot be blamed for being backwards as it has been only since the Panama Canal was opened that it has become anything but a spot along the black coast between Callao and Panama. Fortunately, pieces of stock have been found to fashion a new shaft for the fishboat and a man is working all night to complete the job.

THURSDAY  
July 31st

Left Buenaventura about 7:30, and we will undoubtedly miss the supervision of the officers who took four-hour watches each, and remained on board the whole time we were in port by orders of the Colombian government, which applies to all visiting ships. The morning passed pleasantly with a smooth sea and I



THURSDAY  
July 31st  
(Cont'd)

dropped off in the fishboat about 2:30 in beautiful water about ten miles from Gorgona Island. A large whale was seen with a large fish jumping next to it which might have been a killer whale attacking, because there was considerable thrashing of water. We were not close enough to see the details.

We trolled along to the island, in beautiful water with equally beautiful shark <sup>all about</sup> ~~pictures~~ but saw no sign of bill fish whatsoever. Found the yacht anchored in 25 fathom about 300 yards off Gorgona Island in Watering Bay. Several fishermen were seen who claimed to have come here from the mainland by cayuca. The distance of <sup>40-50</sup> miles makes this a most hazardous journey but it seems to have been nothing for them. There are four men, two women, and a four-year old child. They say they make the trip every few weeks in these small cayucas, <sup>the already overloaded boats</sup> ~~load them~~ with several hundred pounds of fish here and then <sup>huddle</sup> ~~for them already overloaded boats~~ back to the mainland. They report very bad fishing at the moment but we will remain here and try our luck tomorrow. At the same time this island looks as though it has many possibilities despite the rumor of five different species of poisonous snakes as well as boa constrictors.



FRIDAY  
August 1st

Out early and to work on the fishing grounds on the ocean, or west, side of the island. As usual noontime brought luck. It may be coincidence but all my best marlin fishing has come between the hours of 11 A.M. and 2 in the afternoon, usually considered an off time. I am convinced, however, that when the sun is at its highest fish are able to see the bait better and therefore strike more often. The reason fewer fish are taken during these hours probably is because most fishermen spend them lunching or avoiding the heat of the day by pulling into some sheltered cove. Therefore, these hours have fallen into some disfavor. In any event about 11:30 a small marlin came up and attempted to take the bait. He missed in his rush and was foul hooked, the hook catching in its stomach just forward of the ventral fin. The result was that there was very few jumps out of the fish. It breached a number of times but evidently was suffering pain and could not come clear of the water. After half an hour or so it was boated, and weighed only 165 lbs. It was a black marlin and was taken on the Vom Hoff 14 oz. reel, 12-0 hook, swordfish leader wire about 20 feet lon, and about a 3 lb. tuna bait. The water temperature was 82° and the fish was hooked midway between the north and south ends on the west side of Gorgona Island.

About an hour and a half later a sailfish attempted to take one of the big baits but threw the hook immediately without jumping. About 2:30 another sailfish came up, was hooked on the small outfit, 300 yards of 24-thread line, 6-0 Vom Hoff reel, 6-0 hook and a strip bait of dolphin belly. He put up a fight by jumping himself to death in about ten minutes. He weighed up to 136# and is the largest sailfish I have boated. He was only about 9 ft. 10 in. in length but



FRIDAY  
August 1st  
(Cont'd)

was quite thick through. Came back to the yacht in the evening and upped the anchor about 9:30 enroute to Tumaco.

SATURDAY  
August 2nd

Arrived at Tumaco Road and anchored outside as the way into anchorage is tortuous and takes the ship about half a mile closer than the outer anchorage. Weather permitting, the latter is always preferable.

Went on shore after the usual officials had come on board with fuss and feathers and were immediately taken to the port captain's office. We managed to attract a throng, most of the unemployed of Tumaco. Inasmuch as there are 10,000 persons supposed to be living here and only 1000 are employed, this made for some confusion on the dock. We felt precisely like a circus parade.

Had a very pleasant visit with the port captain who seemed to suspect us of at least smuggling submarines, and permitted us to take a walk around his town but was careful to assign us one soldier each for our walk. Each of these Colombian officers had about fifty friends who wanted to go with him so we lacked only a brass band. The town itself is suffering from severe depression as the tagua nut industry formerly exported exclusively to Germany and Austria is no more. The leading businessmen, the brothers Escruceria, proudly announced that they had gone to Peekskill Business College which was impressive except for the fact they still could not pronounce Peekskill. They had two Germans in their employ who took Dr. Taylor for a fellow German and the exchange of amenities was amusing.

After sending along to Bylander of Buenaventura the sail and dorsal fin of the two fish taken at Gorgona, as promised, and buying a paddle for the canoe recently acquired by the



SATURDAY  
AUGUST 2nd

room steward and promptly taken over by the ship, we proceeded to complete our walk around the town. We ended in the local saloon where we had a thimble of whiskey with the port captain and promised to return. This promise was given only because of the stories of tarpon fishing in the river, the charms of all the other fishing thereabouts, and the charms of the town generally were sung extremely loudly and we gathered that all was for the purpose of our having boat guests for an indefinite period. Hence the promise and a hasty escape.

There is every evidence that Tumaco is the center of an appreciable smuggling business-and projectiles have recently been included in the list of smuggled goods.

Barbacoas, which we had been informed was a bay ten miles south of this area, turns out to be a town in the interior sixty miles as the crow flies and 150 miles or so by winding river which is the only means of arriving there. So back on board and trolled down the coast in the afternoon. Worked in the evening <sup>as much</sup> on other days gone by.

SUNDAY  
August 3rd

Arrived at Esmeraldas and all previous inundations of officials and local yokels was outdone in this town. A real rain of people came over the side. The captain's cabin was full, the chart room was full and there was a long <sup>guest</sup> ~~one~~ winding down the deck as well. We finally got everyone back in their launches and started off to town. This harbor, incidentally, is the worst of the coast, as the pilot blandly told us. Again it is far better to anchor outside if possible. The local pilot seemed to have no difficulty in guiding us through reefs, breakers, etc. into a very narrow pool where anchorage was possible. He stated, however, this was not the case in the



SUNDAY  
August 3rd

winter season, during the months from December until June. We went from anchorage to the dock in the starboard launch with only one stop enroute. This stop was occasioned, as has been usual since leaving Panama, by water in the gasoline. It seems Panama is suffering from a scourge of this and is attributed to various obvious reasons. Even the Governor of Panama had to have his car towed in while enroute to Colon, so our trouble seems to be common. The engineer that we now carry as a constant precaution finally succeeded in cleaning out the carburetor and we landed once again surrounded by the more or less admiring throng.

Esmeraldas is the town where Jaun Bertini, Carola's uncle, formerly lived and where he is still well remembered. This helped us a great deal and we turned up an appreciable amount of very interesting information about our little yellow brothers. It seems a Japanese party lived in Esmeraldas for six months. They consisted of an aviator, undoubtedly a reserve officer, and five geologists all looking for oil in the most unlikely places. They carried all their map making equipment with them and seemed to have sketched the entire coast for at least fifty miles in both directions.

The Ecuadorian-Peruvian situation comes in for considerable discussion, of course. From all appearances Ecuador, through its government, extended all aid possible to Germans, Italians and Japanese up to the time of its border war with Peru. The army was trained by Italians, and the Japanese in Esmeraldas, at least, lived at the home of the brother of a major of the Ecuadorian army where they had been placed by the Italian agent of the Japanese steamship line. Once the Peruvian war began, however, Ecuador has been very busy shouting "Copper" to the United States, claiming that Peru is the big



SUNDAY  
AUG. 3rd  
(Cont'd)

bad Axis wolf and that they, the Ecuadorians, are the true defenders of democracy. It looks like the same old story, Uncle Sam will be Uncle Sap, no matter which way the situation turns out. Ecuador is already busy saying they should have been given more help; at least that arms should have been sold to them to protect the Province of Loro which, it seems, has just been seized. Peru, as our friend Emilio de Zavallos, the Peruvian ambassador to Panama, points out does not want the United States to interfere in their putting the bandits of Ecuador back to what should be the just geographical boundary between the two countries. Inasmuch as this boundary dispute has lasted 130 years, no easy answer seems possible and Argentina and Brazil undoubtedly will take all the glory and we will get what is left, which can only be trouble.

Made a Turn  
around around the town. <sup>later</sup> We returned to the ship and entertained the last contingency of Esmeraldans, including the major and his brother who had been the host of the Japanese.

Spent a quiet afternoon on board enroute to La Plata Island.

Trolled from the deck and succeeded in catching about a 10 pound dolphin while going along at eight knots. This makes the second fish that has been taken from the chair, The first being the marlin enroute to the Galapagos in January. Eight other marlin have been raised to the bait but only one hooked long enough to jump. This is about the fourth dolphin that has come up but ordinarily the hook is too large to snag <sup>so</sup> this small a fish. Spent the evening working and then to bed.

MONDAY  
AUG. 4th

A view of LaPlata Island was ushered in by a blast of the horn at 7:30 this morning. We had actually gone over the equator about 1 A.M. but had postponed official announcement until today.

We came to a very good anchorage on the east side of the island



MONDAY  
Aug. 4th

where the bottom shoals slowly from 40 to 18 fathoms in about half a mile. The anchor finally was placed about 600 yards from shore and we swung very comfortably.

Nearly immediately Father Neptune came over the bow -- Smith the third officer in oil skins and the traditional rope wig and beard had done himself very well. A small canvas tank was erected forward and served as Neptune's locker. Doug Osborn was the imperial barber and Pat Doran, who had not been over himself, acted as master of arms due to his unofficial position as governness to the cadets. Everything passed off very nicely, although Lloyd, the valet, and Gustav showed strong disinclination to becoming shell backs. Mrs. Panerai expressed considerable regret that she could not likewise be initiated but was compensated when shown the equator through a pair of binoculars that had previously been treated with ink so as to make the line more evident. George, the second steward, has made a very admirable certificate of crossing the line and Healy is making photostatic copies of this so that everyone who has gone across will receive due and proper evidence.

Went out in the fishboat about 10, spent an hour getting bait along the rocks of the island. Bait was not as common as were the wild goats which were seen in great numbers here. We finally had half a dozen mackerel and about three miles off the island on the west side I hooked a 50 pound tuna and while busily engaged getting him in on the 24-thread line, a very handsome 200 or 300 pound striped marlin hit one of the big baits. Before I had a chance to get rid of one rod and get the other he had jumped and shook the hook, to the accompaniment of loud curses. ~~About two hours~~



MONDAY  
Aug. 4th  
(Cont'd)

About two hours afterward we saw a sailfish jumping and shortly thereafter boated one after about half an hour's good fight. It was 9 ft. 5 in. long and weighed 131 lbs.; taken on the same small 6-0 Vom Hoff reel with the same outfit which I had taken the sailfish before.

About 4 o'clock ran in and got Carola from the port launch in which she had been fishing unsuccessfully for rooster fish. Then went out for another two hours. Saw a billfish jump half a mile off but had no luck in raising anything.

Came back to the boat and celebrated the end of ten days of strict dieting by eating a normal dinner for the first time. I have succeeded in getting my weight down to 138 lbs. Whether it has been the work or the diet I don't know but the combination, I am glad to say, has succeeded.

In the evening we were visited by fishermen from LaPlata Island which is owned by an Ecuadorian who has had title for about twenty years. He raises cattle, goats, pigs, chickens, takes them to the mainland and sells them several times a year. Deer also are sometimes found on the island but are rather difficult to catch. Incidentally, the sailfish here are known as <sup>bandaro</sup> and the marlin as albacora while on the coast they are known as picudo. The natives here also say that <sup>swamp</sup> Pezespada, or broad-bill ~~sailfish~~, are seen rarely, but are seen hereabouts. It was accurately described by them and this fact certainly is most interesting because to my knowledge this fish has never been recorded as far north as this. The same natives also say December is the best month for sailfish, and January for marlin but both can be taken throughout the entire year. Once again it seems fair to assume the breeding grounds of these fish cannot be far away.



MONDAY  
Aug. 4th  
(Cont'd)

So the day concluded even more successfully when Dr. Taylor took our joint blood pressures and found Mrs. Panerai's to be 140/90, Carola's 100/60, and mine 140-90-95. In other words, we are all normal which is great news. Probably will leave in the morning to go over to a place where Osborn guarantees Carola will find her rooster fish. She has been patient with my marlin fishing long enough so we will try to get her her favorite. And so to bed.



TUESDAY  
Aug. 5th

Left LaPlate Island at 7 A.M. and arrived at Salango Island about 9 o'clock. Carola and I went out to the famous rooster fish grounds. Like so many other things in life, the surer one is the least certain is the result, for we trolled for four hours and not a rooster fish did we see. Doug Osborn was considerably upset and Carola was mad. I am afraid I was more amused than either. However, if I am going to fish and not get fish I would much rather not get marlin than rooster fish -- a finely drawn point, however.

One of the most interesting features of this island, which is owned by Hoage Norton, an American long resident in Ecuador, is that a small fishing fleet of about a dozen cayucos comes out daily from the mainland about six miles away. The cayucos lie in the channel between the island and this mainland and then one cayuco crew beaches its boat, goes up a hill about 400 feet high overlooking the straits and when they see a school of fish working, signal the location down to the rest of the fleet. The latter then work the school and when the fish <sup>are</sup> worked out they come back to their posts and the cayuco crew that has done the signalling comes down, joins the fleet and the next crew goes up to take the watch. This is really division<sup>n</sup> <sup>of</sup> labor. We left about 4 O'clock in the afternoon and got under way for Cabo Blanco.

WEDNESDAY  
Aug. 6th

Arrived at Cabo Blanco quite early this morning and have no intention of entering the port. Dropped anchor, lowered the fishboat about 9 o'clock and went out for marlin, with a slight hope of finding a broadbill. Fishing once again always presents the unexpected <sup>but</sup> not a marlin did we see, although we trolled faithfully until 5 o'clock. We did see three broadbills, the first about 10:30 which probably weighed 400 to 500 lbs. All



WEDNESDAY  
Aug. 6th

the lines came in and we tried to entice him to take three different baits but he remained up for about a half an hour and showed no interest in food whatsoever. The second one we picked up around 12:30, which was smaller, probably weighing between 200 to 300 lbs. This one stayed up around an hour. We did everything but pet him but couldn't succeed in getting him to do more than make a swirl or two in the direction of the bait. The third one we sighted only briefly in the afternoon just long enough to see the fin before it sounded. All the stories I have heard about the necessity for keeping the motor running evenly and smoothly were disproved because you have to speed up to put the bait in front of the fish and change the tempo of the engine. This does not seem to have a frightening effect at all. Likewise, about 50 yards of line is let out in back of the boat and another 20 yards coiled loosely in the guide's hand. He stands high so he can follow the fish and tries to play the bait where it will attract the swordfish. The fisherman sits in the chair already to strike when the line starts going out reasonably fast. The above is all theory, however, as our efforts were futile. We returned home stimulated by seeing the fish but disappointed in not hooking any.

Arrived on board and were visited by several Englishmen from the *Indito* Oil Company which operates the oil fields at Cabo Blanco. Two of them are keen fishermen whom Osborn knew previously and they had come out with the port captain who insisted on our entering port although we were not going to touch land. The Englishmen, Keelber and Norris, came out in the evening with their wives. The port captain left happy with a \$10.00 tip. He, incidentally, completely repudiated



WEDNESDAY  
Aug. 6th  
(Cont'd)

the Englishmen's statements that the Peruvians are pro-democracy and made the unqualified statement that he personally, as well as all of his friends, admire Germany and want them to win the war and that they all feel they have been treated badly by the English who own their oil fields and took the wealth out of their country. Likewise stated the United States would do well to keep out and it was the hope of Peru this would be the case. This individual viewpoint was extremely interesting in the light of the protestations of the Englishmen that all Peruvians were for them which proves "there are none <sup>so blind</sup> ~~sublime~~." The evening passed along dully enough. The wife of Norris is of a Scotch family but born in Peru and has a weird accent, combining the Scotch and Peruvian English quite incomprehensibly.

THURSDAY  
Aug. 7th

Mother, Dr. Taylor, and myself went on shore to see the oil wells. Mr. Keelber was waiting for us at the dock and took us up to the small village where the oil fields start on the hilltop. The road to the village is less than a mile long but very dangerous and enough to make anybody feel uncomfortable. It is very narrow, of sandy soil, and generally is curbed by a precipice on either side. On the curves there probably isn't more than a foot to go to the edge which is without guard rail. Mr. Keebler's apologies for his car, which is of English make and rather old, that it once was a very good car but not any more, were found justified when it stopped twice, one going up the hill in the middle of one of these steep curves.

The oil fields are very interesting. We saw a well they had just completed drilling the day before and found oil about 2300 feet deep. This company, between Cabo Blanco and Talara have



THURSDAY  
Aug. 7th

about 1500 wells, all producing. They say they average about ten barrels a day each. There are some that are only a few feet from the sea and they generally drill each one 600 feet from the other. They say that in normal times they are able to sell all the wells produce and the tax to the Peruvian government is paid with oil. Nowadays tax oil is about all they take from the wells because they have no way to send the oil abroad for which reason many of the wells are no longer pumped as they want to hold the oil until they can sell it.

We had lunch at Mr. Norris' house. These people live a primitive life and no matter how much profit they get from the work it is not very much considering the work involved.

Coming down the hill to the beach we saw a very typical and interesting view. All of the fishermen were coming back in the late afternoon and they take the fish on the beach where they open and clean them. All the pelicans, boobies, and gulls for miles around come to get the remains and it is a fascinating view to see this mass of birds, Indians, fish and boats which all seem from the distance to be one mass on the beach. The birds are completely fearless of the fishermen and so accustomed to this daily feed that even before the fishermen come they start to arrive waiting for their usual meal.

Also when we were coming back a group of sea lions were seen on the rocks that looked exactly the same as the ones in the Galapagos. This was quite an event, for the natives say they rarely see sea lions here; that perhaps it has been at least five years since they saw the last ones.



THURSDAY  
Aug. 7th  
(Cont'd)

Leon went out fishing but didn't see anything except about a 200-pound marlin. The wind blew so hard he had to come in earlier than expected.

In the evening we had the engineers from the oil fields with some of their friends. Again we felt happy to be able to give a little amusement and diversion to these people whose lives have grown so dull.

FRIDAY  
AUG. 8th

Up at 6:30 and were out trying to take advantage of the early morning, knowing the afternoon would bring high seas and make it impossible to fish. We trolled until about 11 o'clock when the wind started to blow quite hard and did not see any bill fish but did see hundreds of shark cruising around. Coming back to the boat near the coast we caught a few small fish and a few pluma fish which are first cousins to the well-secreted rooster fish which have been so elusive.

The fishermen's wind off Cabo Blanco and Talara is<sup>a</sup> most interesting phenomena. The nights are very calm but a wind comes off shore and continues to blow this way and the fishermen take their boats out in the morning until about 10:30 when the wind shifts to the south-southwest and begins to blow more strongly towards shore. By 2 o'clock the sea is rough and choppy without much roll. During this latter period the fishermen have been blown out about twenty miles and have been drift fishing or anchor fishing. They then raise their sails and come back in with the wind so in this way they have favorable wind to blow them out in the morning and back in the evening. Both of these places are known for this so-called fishermen's wind.



FRIDAY  
Aug. 8th  
(Cont'd)

Came back on board and left Cabo Blanco at 2 o'clock but not before the port captain, to whom Leon had given the \$10 tip last night, had come on board just before sailing, saying he was very sorry but that even though we did not clear for here we would have to pay port charges of \$60.

To our great surprise the weather is nice and the sea smooth, even with the strong cold wind that is blowing, and we run along very evenly.



SATURDAY:  
Aug. 9th

Up fairly early. The sea remains remarkably smooth and calm and is far different than we had heard we could expect this time of year, although it is around 10 or 11 when the sun comes out and then not too brightly. We have been averaging about 13 knots and once again the Humboldt current is elusive. It should be holding us back rather more than this but so far has been not too strong. The sea itself is a bright green, the water temperature about 65° so there can be no question that we are in the Humboldt but probably just now it is not blowing strongly.

The morning was marked with the usual routine of cruising, and around 11 o'clock we were brightened by ~~the~~<sup>two</sup> passing of two Peruvian submarines. They were surface cruising, evidently on their way to Callao. It is probable they have been down around the Ecuadorian border as a potential threat. This supposition seems probable to us as we heard in Cabo Blanco that the Peruvians took one of the Ecuadorian border towns with parachute troops dropped from their plane fleet which is said to number about 150. They also have a number of tanks and seem to have modernized their warfare considerably.

Received a cable from home notifying me that the elevator people had finally gone out on strike. It may be this will be the best thing that could happen because if we stand firm on this the others<sup>will</sup> may get the idea they can't simply have their own way. Probably will spend the evening playing gin rummy with Carola which has gotten to be a nightly pastime when we are not otherwise engaged. That and backgammon are excellent two-handed games and serve to rest the eyes after reading and the mind after working.



SUNDAY  
Aug. 10th:

Arrived in the sheltered anchorage just outside of Callao harbor proper about 10 o'clock. Once again the Peruvian pride is strong and our starboard gangway had to go over the side before the doctor would come on board. He was followed by more officials than usual and along with them came Wynet, Grace Line agent, with mail. We were alongside the dock very shortly -- a very clean and handsome dock it seemed, too, with many soldiers and policemen on guard and complete order. It is a marked contrast from the conditions around the Canal Zone. We found out later that the checking on people coming in and out is just as severe although the ones who go out are the ones who are checked rather than the reverse of this. However, the severity is not as great as either Colon or Balboa but seems to be quite efficient.

The morning was spent working on the mail from home, at least on some of it, as an appreciable quantity had accumulated. After lunch Mrs. Panerai, Dr. Taylor, Carola and myself got a car and went off to Lima. The chauffeur we had seems always to have taken care of yachts because of his splendid knowledge of English. Will cover the point by saying it is fortunate all four of us speak Spanish. He has, however, a very good car and is a good enough driver although he is not too sure of some of the addresses in the city. This defect, however, is minimized by his answering to the name of Ricardo Guadaloupe and being very pleasant. We made the usual stop for drinks in the Hotel Bolivar and then attempted to telephone the Lessers in Chile but found telephone connections too difficult. Carola did some local telephoning and we have an engagement tomorrow night with some friends of Cuneo Harrison.



SUNDAY  
AUG. 10  
(Cont'd)

In the evening we went to the Trocadero restaurant which has replaced the night club of the same name and is in the same location. Fortunately the restaurant is much better than the night club was. The food is excellent, particularly the sea food, <sup>called</sup> conchitos, a type of small scallop very much like the little <sup>pearl</sup> ~~shell~~ scallops of Chesapeake Bay and are prepared in a variety of tempting ways. After dinner we went to a movie which was lots of fun because it has been so long since we have seen anything other than a rather sketchy one on board the Erie. The movie house is small, but good, outside of the cold seats which complete the chilling of the atmosphere. Back on the ship by midnight and everything seemed quiet.

MONDAY  
Aug. 11

The day started in with the news that all three oilers were on the town as well as a couple of the sailors and the barber. This was not the culminating shock, however, which came when I asked Mr. Fantz for the report so I could trot it up to the Embassy to go in the diplomatic pouch to Balboa. It seems that Healy, who has always been an exemplary character and influence for good, was teased by Lloyd, the valet, <sup>he</sup> ~~and~~ was told working on pictures was no way to spend his first night in Peru, so about 9 o'clock last evening Lloyd got Healy a bottle of pisco, which was brought on board by the officers' messman. Healy began drinking with him and it seems didn't realize the potency of the pisco, because, according to all reports at 11:45 he was found lying on the floor of his cabin by the third engineer and Lloyd. By the time he was awakened and quieted down he was crazy drunk, <sup>the</sup> The reports and all the negatives of the pictures therein had disappeared. At 9:45 I was supposed to go up to the Embassy with the report and I found myself with the last three weeks work completely destroyed. Got hold of Captain McGuire and tried to awaken Healy who was still half out and said he remembered



MONDAY  
Aug. 11  
(Cont'd)

nothing. After about half an hour's frantic search we found the reports covered with water and blood back of some books in the chart room where Prosser, the mate, put them the night before, finding them on the deck. The negatives definitely were thrown over by Healy in his madness. Fortunately there is one complete set of pictures developed and printed in #1 report; therefore it was necessary to retype the report. There were only a few pictures in the second and third copies and if possible copies will have to be taken from the original prints.

Went along around 11:30 to the Naval Attache's office and also for an appointment with the ambassador which ~~was~~ was unable to keep due to the flare up of the Ecuadorian-Peruvian war. An appointment was made for the following morning which is just as well because it may give me time to get the report in shape. Had lunch at the hotel with Kempie and Mrs. Panerai and went over the whole story. Taylor put it best by saying it was just a nightmare come to life -- something you had worked on is destroyed in front of your eyes and you are unable to prevent it. That was exactly my feeling when I had first gotten the news. If we had had to go over the course again and re-do the whole job -- <sup>had</sup> don't like to <sup>win</sup> think about such things. Additionally, the danger of the report or negatives falling into the wrong hands gave me some white hairs.

Did some preliminary shopping. As always, in Peru there are many opportunities for getting very lovely silver and some rather unusual pottery of Inca and pre-Inca periods. Did mostly window shopping and decided to leave selection to the next day.

Got back to the ship to find everyone still out drunk (who was missing the day before). The report was being retyped and repasted, which was a colossal job, and conditions generally



MONDAY

Aug. 11

(Cont'd)

not too happy. Went back in town at 7:30 and met <sup>Nada</sup> Cuneo Harrison, her sister and her sister-in-law and brother-in-law the <sup>Santer</sup> St. Estavans. All were very pleasant and we sat over cocktails in the Bolivar for about an hour and a half or two hours. The mayor of Lima, <sup>Sallo</sup> ~~Vasco~~, joined us and must say Havana has a more attractive mayor than the local representative. After three Pisco sours and considerable time no one suggested anything further and being a quarter of ten, I felt compelled to ask everyone to dine with me, which seemed rather odd under the circumstances, but it seems it was expected as everyone immediately accepted and off we went to the Trocadero.

Once again the dinner was splendid and from our table-side view the Peruvians are even heartier eaters than the Cubans. The shrimp, that couldn't have been better, was preceded by seafood soup and followed by pigeon, <sup>the</sup> artichokes and topped off by enormous jam <sup>o</sup>melets. Left about 12 o'clock and got back to the ship complete with indigestion.

TUESDAY

Aug. 12

Awakened to find reports completely in order, <sup>but</sup> no sign of the barber, who evidently expects I will grow a beard in Peru and that he has been brought along for the pleasure of his company, so off to town in a filthy humor indeed. This was soon dispelled by the Naval Attache, Ambassador Norweb, and two first secretaries Patterson and Butler. No matter how much trouble I am in they are in a lot more. Once again our State Department put their foot in their mouth when they offered to arbitrate the Ecuadorian-Peruvian situation. Ecuador, although much weaker, is consistently the aggressor hoping that she will win by losing. In other words, arbitration will get her what force could not, but she can't have arbitration unless she applies force. We couldn't wait and let Brazil and Argentina start the arbitration, for we like to help everybody which, in this case, has resulted in our losing a great many Peruvian



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(Cont'd)

friends with the probable result of Peru having to give Ecuador a damned sound thrashing<sup>1</sup> and we have lost face completely. Germany, of course, has been fomenting this very happily and never miss a chance to point out to the local gentry what God Damned fools the United States are. Incidentally, there is a very large German colony here which is quite influential as well as an appreciable number of Japanese.

The ambassador was very pleased, went over the course rather thoroughly and doesn't seem to think there is much on the north Chilean coast but would prefer if we stopped at the ~~Ma~~Guyas River on the way back. Naturally we probably will follow his suggestion.

Got along for lunch once again at the Trocadero and then went shopping in the afternoon. Finally found the silver service plates we have been looking for for a long time; as well as fingerbowls and butter plates, likewise in silver. They will look equally attractive at home as on board the ship. Both Carola and I are immensely pleased. Carola, unfortunately, was inspired to have a huaco Incan clay piece reproduced in gold so we turned the Casa Welsch completely upside down a few times and finally made arrangements to get it done.

When walking by a local tailoring establishment I saw some very handsome English woolens. Went in and liked the material so well, <sup>and</sup> on their refusal to <sup>sell</sup> the goods to take home, I ordered two suits to my measurements. What they will be like the Good Lord only knows. The price is \$28.00 and there is the same amount of fuss made as by tailors who charge ten times as much in the States. The woolens are similar to those sold in the States for \$12 to \$15 a yard so I am very anxious to see the result which probably will be horrible. Suits are promised for Saturday after a preliminary try-on, which also seems odd.



TUESDAY  
Aug. 12th  
(Cont'd)

Came back to the ship, found all the missing members of the crew still missing. We have moved to make room for the two Grace Line ships that are coming in tomorrow and just to make us feel cozy, a Jap ship is tied up alongside of us. Am giving Healy a chance to photograph it so I can send it along to Red <sup>Warkham</sup> as a picture of ~~what he calls~~ <sup>the</sup> "Spit Kit Maru," which is his term for all Japanese vessels. With the war clouds hanging over between Japan and the United States and rumors of armaments on board this Jap ship which I have heard, our position would be interesting in the event of actual war declaration. Being in a neutral harbor, I hardly think we have cause for worry, at least not yet.

<sup>R</sup> Held an inquiry this afternoon regarding the Healy incident, as I have been in touch with both Washington and the Canal Zone by telephone and have received advice as to what to check on and steps that could be taken. Fortunately the thing only seems to have been drink inspired and there is no evidence of anything beyond that. A watchman, a soldier, and a policeman will be stationed on our gangway whenever we are in foreign ports and no one will be allowed on board who has been drinking, <sup>how many in</sup> ~~or to bring~~ <sup>liquor</sup> <sup>for use</sup> on board. This is a step which should have been taken months ago and enforced. From now on it will be. <sup>R</sup> Went back to town in the early evening for a cocktail at the home of the Velardes, parents of <sup>R</sup>ida Cuneo Harrison and her sister. This was a dandy little three-hour effort on my part. No one but Mr. Velarde spoke any English and his was about a twenty-word vocabulary. I found myself between the two brothers Velardes, charming gentlemen of between 70 and 75. We conversed cozily on pre-Incan culture also the beauties of nature in the interior of Peru and by the time we were finished I was a wreck. Of course, this was all in Spanish and couldn't have been more stimulating.



TUESDAY  
Aug. 12th  
(Cont'd)

At the end of the fourth hour I managed to excuse myself and get out of that corner and then found myself talking to the widow of the former Peruvian ambassador to the United States. She is a cute trick of about 79, also not only talking Spanish but with a most unusual accent due to a complete set of store teeth. This, however, had only interfered with her pronunciation, as she was able to spit just as far as anybody. I was thoroughly drenched at the end of ten minutes and as soon as I got away from her I froze solid because the houses here have no heat and temperatures run from 50° down.

After eight pisco sours Carola and I went along to the Cafe Molry. Food here is as good as the Trocadero restaurant. ~~It is part of a hotel.~~ We stayed about two hours and eight pisco sours longer. Came back to the ship with the usual Peruvian indigestion, in this case soundly enough motivated.

WEDNESDAY  
Aug. 13th

Our alcoholics are still absent and additionally two of the cadets, undoubtedly influenced by the example, also stayed out all night. Their story is a beauty. It seems they have a priest to back it up. We had reports that they were in the local shame shanty but it may be they were mistaken for the oilers who evidently have moved <sup>the</sup> in for keeps. There is no question of the boys disobedience by staying out all night and the following day but there is some question as to definite proof of their misdemeanor, I am sure. Therefore, I think we will cover the ship merely by writing Tucker a line and letting the individual parents determine the guilt of the boy on his return.

Also the most amusing story of all came out. It seems that one of the oilers got an automobile the first day of arrival in Lima, drove out to a native Indian village and there claims to have purchased from the chief one Indian girl, price \$7.00. Then



WEDNESDAY  
Aug. 13th  
(Cont'd)

he came right back into Lima, rented an apartment by the week and moved in some groceries and his newly purchased squaw. The story came about when he came along to the ship with her under one arm just as we were returning this afternoon. They took cover rather rapidly <sup>to be</sup> ~~and~~ then returned in the evening and tried to get the girl on board while he devoted himself to raising some more money which she thought she should get. He was finally taken off by a policeman to cool out and so ends the story of the bartered bride.

During the day I had my first try-on of the eagerly awaited suits and so far they look as though they had been made by Omar the tentmaker. I am assured, however, that the first fitting is only for the purpose of getting the general formation of the torso. We later toured around the city and found a place where there are still a few bottles of French liquors. I was very fortunate in getting some Medoc cordial, parfait da'mour and several other bottles that are now rareties at home. They averaged around \$5.00 per bottle or less and I couldn't have been more pleased. We also found a ring for Carola which is exactly similar to the one Flato claims to have designed with the two <sup>clashed</sup> ~~cleft~~ hands which open, over a heart. This <sup>to be</sup> ~~was~~ the one John Hamilton gave Jane Mason, and the inspiration ~~only is~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~supposed~~ to have come to Peru. Perhaps it was the other way around for I can hardly believe Peru copies Flato. Also <sup>found</sup> ~~go~~ some very lovely cuff buttons of gold coins.

Back to the ship where we had for tea the sister-in-law of Escala, Ecuadorian minister to Panama, her young daughters and the boy friend of one of them; Commander Gaines and his wife, and some other friends. Had dinner on board quietly, including the conchitos of which I have grown very fond, then went back to town for a movie.



THURSDAY  
Aug. 14th  
(Cont'd)

This day came in with a rush, after rushing all night as well. Seems I finally got my turn at tropical dysentery, in this case seafood inspired. Therefore Carola went on alone to the beauty parlor this morning and I stayed on board and caught up on work, and find to my horror that Chicago made the mistake of trying to radio me when we are in port in spite of the fact they should know our radio is sealed. This has put us a little behind on rather important moves regarding Chatham Park.

Went to bed after I had gotten through with dictation and was feeling no better rapidly. Didn't get up to receive the Velardes and friends who came for 4 o'clock tea. Carola did the honors and discovered that everybody in Peru has dysentery about 25% of the time. They take paragoric and think nothing of it so I am rising from my bed of pain and going to the cocktail the *Lavalle's* ~~Peruvians~~ are having, then to dinner at the San ~~A~~istevans. We arrived at Hernando LaValle's home for cocktails and were charmed by the house as well as by the hospitality. From a rather formal living room with an ante-room containing the uniforms of one LaValle military member of the family, we went down the steps to a typically American modern bar which was a little more attractive than the average found in Lake Forest or on Long Island. Ernesto Saldo, who is manager here for Snare, and his wife, also Cuban, with two Wiesse brothers and their wives; Aramburu, head of protocol, the American representative of the Republic Steel Company, composed the cocktail party. The American left shortly and the rest of us went on to a dinner at the San ~~A~~istevans. Their home is most attractive, palacial in the Spanish sense of the word although the architecture is somewhat between Elizabethan and Georgian. About forty people were present, friends of the Cuneo Harrisons and the Ortiz de Zavallos. We saw as well the Larrangas whom we had met some years ago in Chile. She is the daughter of the



THURSDAY  
Aug. 14th  
(Cont'd)

*Peru*  
former president Leguia who was thrown out in 1931. When we met them in Chile they were living in exile but <sup>2<sup>nd</sup></sup> have been allowed to return to Peru.

The dinner was a buffet, most attractively served with an additional touch which was quite pleasing -- the soup was served in the living room after the cocktails which ~~was~~ rather a sound idea at buffets and one I have never seen before. The food was excellent, with a native shrimp dish and rice, quite highly seasoned, prepared in our honor.

I had a number of political discussions with various people and there is general discontent with the unrequested arbitration of the United States, Argentina, and Brazil in the present war. The concensus of opinion is that the Ecuadorians are an uncultured people and that the altitude of the country may have affected their minds, and their attempted aggression against Peru is typical of smaller countries who cannot win in a military sense; therefore are lucky to have arbitration of stronger countries to overcome their more powerful war adversary.

About 12:30 dysentery cramps finally got the better of me after a mentally stimulating but physically depressing evening.

FRIDAY  
AUGUST 15th

Today stated in with a request by the missing members of the crew who have all returned that I purchase basketball suits for them! Shortly thereafter one of the sailors who had been the leader in the misbehavior came to me on behalf of himself and two of the oilers protesting against being fined two days pay for each day they were <sup>A.W.O.L.</sup> ~~on~~ duty. After about half an hour's conversation he claimed to see the facts as they existed. Undoubtedly this was merely an attempt to cover up. In order to maintain a better behaved ship, I told the men that the fines would not stand if their behavior from now until the end of the trip is carried out



my

FRIDAY ~~as promised~~, because they claim to have seen the light. Private  
Aug. 15th  
(Cont'd) opinion is that the fines will stand and that the light will be  
a blackout. But it is worth making every effort if we can get  
things back in running order.

Went into town shortly thereafter to go with Vida Cuneo Harrison  
and her sister to luncheon with the Santistevans; the Gardos;  
the Monteros, the DeZavallos and several other people to  
Chosica. This is a most attractive resort about 30 minutes by  
road from Lima, with an altitude of several thousand feet in  
the Andes. Strangely enough the sun shines here all the year and  
is 15 to 20° warmer than Lima. In the latter place the fog and  
mist settles in the valley and lies cold and damp. There is a  
charming hotel at Chosica called the Los Angeles, surrounded by  
little cottages which people rent by the day or week; a swimming  
pool as well, and a very pleasant dining room and bar. The owner  
is now making money although he bemoans the fact he built his  
cottages with living rooms so attractive the people sit in  
them with their own bottles instead of drinking to his profit in  
the hotel. There are also a number of very beautiful villas in  
the neighborhood of Chosica; one of them is the residence of the  
Velardes, Vida's mother and father. We stopped and had cocktails  
and then all lunch at the hotel.

Immediately after lunch we went on to Sr. Wiess's home which is a  
perfectly magnificent villa which he uses three months of the year.  
It is a home that in the States would cost between \$100,000 and  
\$150,000 to build, and we are told that Wiess can well afford  
it, being a gold mine owner, also the owner of the Hotel Bolivar,  
as well as numerous other enterprises. He is first generation  
German descent, self-made man and is extremely interesting.



FRIDAY  
Aug. 15th  
(Cont'd)

We tentatively arranged a party to leave Lima the coming week to go by boat to Pisco, which is an overnight trip. From there we will take automobiles to a town called Nasca, which is about four hours in the mountains, and the scene of the Northern Inca culture and where is also located a gold mine belonging to ~~Viessa~~. Had some trouble getting away because between Peruvian and Cuban farewells it was 45 minutes from the time it started until we left. As a result we were late getting back to the boat and I found to my embarrassment that Captain Quigley and his wife, who had called, had to leave immediately without being able to wait for the tardy host and hostess. We were, however, less than charmed on meeting the Olachoa family, friends of the Botets of Cuba. We had been told two or three would come down instead of which there were 24. It seems it is a very large family indeed and none of them wanted to overlook the opportunity to call. So they came with the usual sons, daughters, girl friends, etc., but fortunately stayed only briefly.

I retired immediately after they left, thinking to get up at 9 o'clock and go into town for a movie and late supper. Unfortunately the dysentery shows no signs of abating so we changed our plans and stayed on the ship. I read while Carola, Dr. Taylor and Mrs. Panerai went to bed.

SATURDAY  
Aug. 16th

Up early and to town where I made my apologies to Captain Quigley. He is a charming man which makes me doubly regretful for my inadvertent rudeness. He was quite understanding and I hope to make amends by having him on board to dine in the near future. From there I went with Dr. LaValle to Mr. Dasso, who is minister of finance, M.I.T. trained, and formerly vice-president of American Locomotive Company. I was supposed to ascertain certain



SATURDAY  
Aug. 16th  
(Cont'd)

facts from him and in order to do so, spun quite a yarn regarding the possibilities of the silk stocking industry being built up for the retail markets in Peru. Fortunately, the idea I presented in order to get the information I sought, seemed to be sufficiently interesting to him, ~~that~~ he assured me there were great possibilities in it and asked that I help his government formulate plans. This, I am glad to do because if these benefits are carried through they will be twofold.

Lunched at the Trocadero very soundly, as usual, and then went to get my suits which, of course, were not ready. Carola did, however, collect her huaco reproduction in gold and it is the most attractive thing I have seen in years. We also were very fortunate in finding two Rolliflex cameras, one the newest model and one slightly older. We bought both and in this way I will at least be assured of the old one and will now go in for being a real amateur camera fiend.

After these rather leisurely commercial transactions we went out to the Country Club and saw a polo game. The horses are good and they play 12 to 14 goal polo, with several rather good plays. This is the first game I have seen since I stopped playing two years ago and I must say it gave me a nostalgic twinge. Carola kindly suggested my age now fitted me for the position of referee which, sadly enough, is probably true. Came back to the ship to prepare for our buffet in the evening.

At 8 o'clock the vice-president of Peru, Larco Herrera, came on board but nobody knew he was vice president. He sat down, talked with Leon about the old Incan civilization, of which Leon said he knew a lot. Later in the evening the other guests arrived, after the manifestation which was given to the president of the Republic of Peru was finished. It seems this was an act of appreciation



SATURDAY  
Aug. 16th  
(Cont'd)

from the people to the president for his very good handling of the war against Ecuador. The manifest was prepared by the mayor of Lima, ~~Gallo~~, and everybody agreed it was a success, but it was said to resemble closely German public demonstrations. It seems ~~Gallo~~ was educated in Germany and has been very much impressed by all German customs. The party went along very nicely with about 30 guests, all of the best Peruvian society who are definitely very high class people. Broke up at 2 o'clock, which is an extremely late hour for this city.

SUNDAY  
Aug. 17th

After a very nice short mass at 1 o'clock I met Leon to go to the races. We found the jockey club again very attractive and a luncheon was given before the races by Lieut. Commander Gaines, the naval attache of the American Embassy. At the lunch were Hugh Hunter, ~~Saldos~~, ~~Dr. DeVoe~~, Dr. DeVoe of the British American hospital, Dr. Voughts who has charge of the guano islands for the Peruvian government and who had secured the permit to visit them, for Rud Boulton, which we did not use on our last trip; "Preacher" Bourn and his wife, partner in a cotton concern working between here and the north; Wells, third secretary of the Embassy with his Mexican wife; the San Aistevans, the Saldos; ~~Esquina~~ <sup>Ensign Quinn</sup> and his French wife, and ourselves. After the races we went to the movies which were pretty old but they all seem new to us after not having gone to a movie for months. Back to the Bolivar for cocktails, which seems to be the essential place in this town to go before retiring. Following this we went down to the grill and looked about and ~~the~~ dear husband had a fit of temperament because of a combination of a poor menu and ~~high~~ decorations. We then went to the Cafe Moury where we dined well.

Then back to the ship. On arrival we found that our berth had been shifted because of the arrival of a guano ship which made its



SUNDAY  
Aug. 17th  
(Cont'd)

presence known in more ways than one. It has a generous odor which can hardly be described as ~~at~~ of roses. So to bed in the aura of the barnyard.

MONDAY  
Aug. 18th

In the afternoon we went to the Bolivar for tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Aramburu, the head of the protocol, and the San ~~A~~istevans. After that they took us over to the palace to visit the president's wife. She was very charming and delighted with our visit and could not have been more friendly, and insisted that we call again and said she hoped on our return to be able to call on us on board. She also told about her experiences at the Ecuadorian front from which she just returned with her daughter. Among other things, she said that the Ecuadorian army had a new stock of dress uniforms and implied it looked as though all the Italians, who have been there on military mission, had managed to sell them all their old ceremonial suits. She also made the interesting remarks that none of the Peruvians who had been wounded in the war had died yet. The trip she and her daughter took to the front has done a lot to increase the popularity of the presidential family in Peru. It is a political move worthy of our own Eleanor. After that we went to the musical teatro to hear the Mexican singer Pedro Vargas who is really very good. He also had with him a couple of girls who sang quite well, as well as a Spanish dancer and guitarist. The theatre itself is perfectly beautiful and could grace any city in any country.

From there we went to the National Club for cocktails. This building, too, is most attractive. Ladies are allowed only as far as the third floor which is reserved for men. It is very old-fashioned in custom and policy, and supposed to be run by ~~an~~ <sup>The</sup> old Peruvian, who will let no new ideas come into the club. It therefore has a great charm and character hard to find elsewhere.



MONDAY  
Aug. 18th  
(Cont'd)

From there we went to the grille of the Bolivar Hotel and had a very pleasant supper which began at 11 and ended about 1:30. Saw the daughter of Pancho Arias of Panama who is engaged to a Peruvian and extended regards of her parents. Also while there met a number of other people we knew. From there, back to our downy couches where Carola found, very unhappily, that she is allergic to ~~one~~ *Guano*.

TUESDAY  
Aug. 19th

Worked on mail in the morning and went on shore about 2 o'clock.

After an hour and a half lunch in the Trocadero I concluded a very large business deal. The owner, <sup>of the restaurant</sup> has given permission for Gustav and the chef to invade the sacred precinct of his kitchen and see how the conchitos au gratin are prepared. This dish can be made with all sea foods and should be a great success at home because it is entirely different from any manner of preparation that I have yet seen. I may be flirting with another period of dysentery but I cannot stay away from the local scallops in any of their forms.

After several dozen telephone calls by Carola we decided to complete our shopping. Picked up a few more small silver objects for Carola's family in Guayaquil, which upset Carola very much, as she would like to send them <sup>only</sup> ~~some~~ old kitchen ware, but the amenities must be preserved. Also went to the tailor for my final try-on and found to my considerable surprise that the suits seemed fairly good. Carola felt like <sup>to e</sup> Bergdorf Goodman after <sup>my</sup> ~~the~~ long sessions in the very narrow fitting room of the Peruvian tailors during the last week. Following this I also picked up four lengths of English cloth which we bought at one of the shops here. These will be taken home for the Chicago tailors to work over. They are much less expense than similar cloth would be in the States and extremely attractive. By this time our feet began to ache and tempers



TUESDAY  
Aug. 19th  
(Cont'd)

grew short so at the end of three-hour session of tramping  
Jiron Union, we got back in the car and decided to spend a  
quiet evening on board.

*The*



WEDNESDAY  
Aug. 20th

Mr. Dasso, finance minister of Peru, came for lunch with Hernando de LaValle. Had a very interesting discussion and pleasant luncheon. Dasso is a man of great intelligence and we discussed the economic situation in Peru for about four hours. He was extremely interested in the suggestion to stimulate industry in Peru by attempting to capture markets used by retailers which are now closed in Europe. He has asked me to give him a memorandum on the subject and said if anything could be worked out he would lend his most enthusiastic cooperation. He likewise is writing a memo and we will put them together and see what happens. He also asked me to work with the Peruvian Embassy in Washington as soon as I return on Peruvian press relations. So the day was not only pleasant but most satisfactory from every aspect.

They left around 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and we had just enough time to get cleaned up and welcome guests for the trip to the Port of Pisco, ~~planned for this weekend~~, from where we will go by automobile to Nasca. Pancho and Ketta Santistevan, Carlos Palacio, Vida Cuneo Harrison, Hernando and Lucretia de LaValle, Ernesto and Maria Saldo came on board and we dined about 9 o'clock while still tied up to the dock, as a matter of precaution. Just at dessert time the ship pulled out from Callao harbor and within twenty minutes she began to move and the guests began to disappear. Within half an hour the ship was really dancing and the guests had completely disappeared after turning all shades from a delicate green to lilly white. We, too, were tired and went to bed as the night grew rougher.

THURSDAY Arrived at Pisco about 9 O'clock and were greeted by Lucio  
Aug. 21st Herros, a cousin of Carlos Palacio, a pleasant amiable man of considerable girth. He brought out the commandante of the port, ~~and~~ an officer in the Peruvian Navy, and with



THURSDAY  
Aug. 21st

Pancho and Ketta, who had survived the night, we sat down to breakfast as none of the rest came up. After a while we went on shore, with Ketta and Pancho, Ernesto and Maria, Saldo, Palacio, Herros, and Aidita, and took cars to Nasca. For the first time in my life I saw a mirage which was a very fascinating sight. We passed the city of <sup>San</sup> ~~Inca~~ that is one of the important ones in the south of Peru and after passing through several beautiful valleys and mountains we arrived at Nasca and went to the hacienda of Mr. Laborda. It seemed impossible to find in the middle of the desert such a comfortable and modern place. We were all fascinated by these gentlemen of the mountains. We had a late lunch. The only survivors by this time were Ketta and Pancho, Lucio Herros, Carlos Palacio, and ourselves.

We went to see the gold mines of Nasca, <sup>by the way</sup> the Sal de Oro, about the biggest operating gold mine now in Peru. It was very interesting and to me it seemed incomprehensible that from the dirty mud could come pure gold. They are producing at this time about \$50,000 of gold a month and they work day and night. The gold comes from a high mountain in the form of rock and dirt and is worked until it comes out at last in pure bars of gold. We visited the Nasca Museum and Leon was presented with an attractive pornographic huaco. Leon made the remark that he was sure, after this visit, from now on any artistic articles that were presented to him would have to be pornographic. We went back to the hacienda and decided after the 5 o'clock lunch to go to bed without dinner and so we did.



FRIDAY  
Aug. 22nd

This morning we were up bright and early and with the same survivors of yesterday went to Huacuer to look for the tombs of the people of the Inca time in Peru. Special permission had been gotten by our friends so we were allowed this privilege. It seems at the moment it is completely forbidden in Peru by the Government for private parties to excavate in this region. After some digging we found a tomb and about a yard and a half deep<sup>with</sup> was a mummy. Happily it was not a rich person because the only gold we could find was in the teeth. But there was a terrible smell which precluded the need to ask if it was a real cadaver. It was a most thrilling experience though. One of the gentlemen, with a wonderful sense of humor, had the idea that as long as we were not going to keep the cadaver for ourselves, to rebury it and make the next finders believe they were the original discoverers. We took the huacos that belonged to this lady and had reason to believe strongly she was a cook because her huacos were very much baked on the outside and we could see food particles on the inside. After that we went considerably farther on to a place where was supposed to be buried the rich people of this civilization, but the short time we had did not permit us to stay long enough to discover anything. These grounds have been excavated so much it gives the impression that millions of ants have been working in the ground.

We went back to the hacienda and had a small lunch of eight courses, of which the first dish was sevice, similar to the raw fish prepared in the Hawaiian Islands. After a very appetizing and big dish of chapcho carapulcra~~at~~ we had a lot of vegetables that they grow in the hacienda, etc., and started back. By this time the rest of the party were coming back to life and accompanied us.



FRIDAY  
Aug. 22nd  
(Con't)

We again had a marvelous ride through the mountains and stopped at a resort where they have medicinal waters, <sup>to have</sup> ~~Anacachina~~, which is a beautiful spot and most unusual. It is a small lake of very deep green color, with water of strong sulphur odor, and around this lake are mountains of sand, which give a very picturesque combination.

We arrived at Pisco about 8 P.M. in the evening and went back on the boat with our huacos that our friends so kindly gave us. We started <sup>on</sup> our way back to Callao, this time with another attractive guest, Mr. Herros, who also is an enthusiast of the sea and owns a small boat himself. Leaving at midnight, the trip back, luckily, was smooth and everybody enjoyed it.

I asked Herros, as a joke on Carola, to ask her permission for me to play polo on the field in Lima. He and Carlos Palacio both did this and suddenly the joke backfired because Carola gave her consent and I found myself obligated to go to the field tomorrow to play for the first time in two years.

SATURDAY  
Aug. 23rd

We arrived at Callao about 11 this morning and were very sorry to see our lovely guests leave to go on shore.

Went to the polo field all dressed in clothes that I never thought I would wear again and, as there was a cup game going on, only had a chance to gallop around <sup>for</sup> ~~with~~ the stick and ball a few moments. Don Benavides was nice enough to let me ride one of his ponies and I enjoyed it very much. After the game I was given one of the ponies that had been used in the game, which turned out to be a little hotter than he should be, <sup>was</sup> and after a few swings at the ball I came back to the sideline. It felt good to ride again and I find myself looking forward to tomorrow when I will have the privilege of playing.



SATURDAY  
Aug. 23rd  
(Cont'd)

This evening we had Rafael Larco, Commander and Mrs. Gaines and some other gringos for dinner and Mr. Larco had the original idea to bring, after dinner, an orchestra of typical Indians complete with native instruments and a very lovely Indian soprano. The evening was extremely pleasant, the music strangely haunting. Unfortunately it culminated in a flashlight photograph of Carola and myself surrounded by Peruvian Indians. If this picture is published in the north I will have to resist a great deal of unkind comment because I was wearing an Indian hat and grasping a large Indian bassoon which made me the momentary chief of the tribe. This, in the States, is considered good form only by presidential candidates. The prominent Carmen Miranda of Peru, <sup>Sra.</sup> Arce, also came on board, invited by Don Rafael and was very interesting and of decided artistic ability. She brought with her a small court of a maid, a husband, and another man whose purposes were debatable, as well as her two accompanists. So about 1 o'clock the evening came to a very pleasant end.

SUNDAY  
Aug. 24th

My desire to play polo is somewhat dampened this morning by a decided cramp in my back from yesterday's <sup>exercise</sup> ~~scrime~~ <sup>scrime</sup>. But being committed, this is a case of the bitter being bitten. Went to the field hoping there were enough players without me. On arrival I found this was unfortunately not the case and as I could do nothing else, I got into my clothes with considerable trepidation, rode out on the field. We started in with Dogny, <sup>Went</sup> in position three, the Argentine professional back, and rather a good two-goal man in #2 position. I had the presence of mind to request I be put up in #1, which meant that I wouldn't have to hit the ball much and could ride to the <sup>Went</sup> ~~forward~~ most of the time. This I was able to do for one period as my pony was



SUNDAY  
Aug. 24th

fairly easy to manage. Coming back after the first period, short of breath, I came up against a most unpleasant surprise. On mounting my second pony and <sup>balloons</sup> ~~out~~ onto the field I realized the horse and I had entirely different ideas. He was very hard to start and once he was started was even harder to stop. He had an odd trait of jumping to one side also. So I spent the second period trying to avoid the other players and while the players rushed back and forth down at one end my pony and I rushed back and forth across the other end of the field. I just managed to exchange waves as we passed one another. At the end of the second period the pony and myself took turns carrying each other back to the sidelines and I fell off to the bench with a great sigh of relief. It seems to me I also detected a very audible sigh of the <sup>other</sup> ~~the~~ players and, particularly of <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ horse, as I left the game.

I began to stiffen up immediately and soon looked exactly like one of the seven dwarfs in Snow White, as I couldn't get my back away from my knees. I was taken by Palacio to the National Club for a massage and hot bath to help get my shoulders off my knees and was relieved but I still couldn't straighten up.

From the National Club, which was extremely pleasant, we went along to the Hippodrome for the races. Here was the same very pleasant group with whom we have been spending the past days in Lima. The Peruvian hospitality is of the most pronounced sort and nearly embarrassing because of its cordiality. Everyone else enjoyed the races tremendously. I, however, had two difficulties. One was that I couldn't get my eyes off the ground because of my aching back and the second was when I did manage to look up I saw my horse coming in last. Peruvian horses are just as brave as those of the United States -- all of the horses I bet on were



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(Cont'd)

brave enough to chase the rest around the track.

At the end of this pleasurable and profitless afternoon we returned to the ship where Carola had asked some people for Sunday night buffet. There were a large number of friends, thinking it was to be a goodbye party because we had planned to leave the next day. However, as we have planned to leave every day for the last week or ten days, I am not now as sure of my plans as other people are. Incidentally, one of the polo players, Carlos Dogny, who knows Steven Fergus, Bill Hammond and a number of other people from the north, and an extremely pleasant and agreeable chap, a good three-goal man, and a good sportsman, came along. Our plans to leave tomorrow rather depend on whether we get the permit from the Peruvian government to return to Peru after the trip is over (the Danish sailors, from a Danish ship which was <sup>There he was</sup> interned here, to be put on board to replace those of the crew who leave in the Canal. As usual, this takes considerable time and my optimism for departure, as planned, is tempered by experience. Learned we can get two oilers and a second mate from the interned ship, which will save Peru the expense of keeping them while they are with us and will in turn save us the trouble of finding that many more men in the Zone.

MONDAY  
Aug. 25th

Today came in beautifully and Carola and I lost no time rushing off to Lima as we wanted to augment her collection of huacos. We huaco shopped and I also presented my outline for commercial developments in Peru to Mr. Dasso. He had outlined his ideas, and the seven-page paper which I presented to him seemed to please him very much. In fact both he and LaValle were extremely complimentary, and we shall put the two together and I will send this along to the north with great hopes something may come of it which will be of value to Peru as well as the



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retail industry in the north. It is a most pleasant feeling when you can combine the welfare of one country with the determined policy of the other and at the same time do it in a friendly ~~and intelligent~~ manner. The stimulating exchange of ideas with <sup>intelligent</sup> men of the caliber of Dasso and LaValle has made this entire outline possible. My only hope is that when the report arrives in the north the men who receive it will have sufficient intelligence to follow it through. I rather think this will occur; once again experience tempers prophecy. In any event it was very pleasant to see that the men who are actively managing the government of Peru have the vision and foresight to immediately accept ideas and to do their utmost to see that they are developed.

We had our usual lunch at the Trocadero and I am looking forward to my regular afternoon of indigestion which it is a pleasure for me to have after such meals. I have secured the recipe for a number of the dishes and in this way can make indigestion standard equipment in the future.

When we returned to the ship we found we had company in the harbor as the Yacht Southern Cross had come in. Inasmuch as the owner's wife is a native born Missourian it seemed that friendliness would indicate a meeting. So, despite trepidations of Carola, I sent over a note saying that I knew <sup>Mrs. Wennergren</sup> ~~she~~ was married to <sup>a</sup> ~~an impossible~~ foreigner ~~the same~~ as I was, and inasmuch as we were similarly situated, would Mrs. Wennergren care to come over and cocktail with us in the evening. We first received a note accepting, then immediately received a visit from the secretary saying that a most exhausting trip to Lima would preclude the possibility of a visit but that she would look forward to seeing us tomorrow. This was most agreeable as I seem to have omitted to mention



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(Cont'd)

that one of the main reasons of our invitation was because Carola had an insatiable curiosity to see the Southern Cross. I had been on board when she was owned by Howard Hughes. Inasmuch as the ship is larger than ours, I firmly expect Carola will want to exchange ours for it because when she sees jewelry, furs, clothes, houses or ships that are larger than the ones she has, she immediately wants the other. In any event we stayed on board, had a quiet evening, and improved the time by scrubbing huacos which we had brought back from Nasca. I sat in the bathroom in a very odd manner indeed and washed century-old plates. We evidently were <sup>ashamed</sup> ~~unfortunate~~ <sup>to</sup> dig up a cook as the dishes were very dirty and this required a great deal of elbow exercise and soap and water. Carola applied shoe polish vigorously to some of the pieces and our dining room looked about the way it did on the previous expedition. However, we think the members of <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ present party <sup>and</sup> ~~were~~ more pleasant.

I seemed to have omitted to mention we did not sail as planned. As usual, we had trouble getting the men cleared and this time our trouble was Danish. However, if we don't sail tomorrow we will sail the next day, or the next, and I have never been in a more pleasant country so find the delay not at all irritating. We have been expecting to receive a delegation of our Lima friends asking why we don't leave when we say we are going to. So at 1 o'clock, tired out, from our scientific huacoing, we went to bed.

TUESDAY  
Aug. 26th

We went in town and had the usual lunch at the Trocadero, returned and went to the Southern Cross at 3 o'clock. I was in an embarrassing position. I almost passed in front of the hostess without even saying good afternoon because I thought she was a stewardess who had come to announce our visit to her ladyship. The person I nearly passed by was a girl dressed in a blue suit



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with a white shirt, a captain's cap, and a little monkey standing on her shoulder. Very luckily she came to me and said she was Mrs. Wennergren and escorted us to the living room. I started to hear right away about countless kings, princesses, duchesses, presidents-and also improved my knowledge of the well known jewelry of the world which, naturally, is owned by my hostess. I found the boat big and beautiful but badly furnished, being overdone in many ways. And, to Leon's great surprise, on our return to our ship, I declared to him I still would rather have the Carola, and that is completely true.

*Manuel Ellering*  
A little after 5 o'clock ~~George Mason~~, a schoolmate from Cornell, came to see Leon with his wife. Again we have plans to sail on the morrow. Tonight we stayed on board because we both were very tired.

WEDNESDAY  
Aug. 27th

At lunchtime there came up our gangway a mixture of velvet, furs, and jewelry, and inside of it all was Mrs. Wennergren. She was accompanied by her sister, who serves as a chaperon, maid, lady-in-waiting, and yes-woman, and the ~~sister's daughter~~ *the sister's daughter*, a Swedish girl. After several rounds of cocktails we sat down to lunch and I kept improving my knowledge of European royalty and also learned a little of the private details of the life of the King of Sweden.

By then it was 4 o'clock and our honored guest was really high, and she arrived at her best by going to the kitchen and giving a couple of hearty kisses to our chef who had been hers when she first took over the Southern Cross four years ago. After ~~bold~~ *her sister* insistence of her sister chaperon, she decided to leave but would



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not do so unless we promised to have dinner with her that evening. Because our papers had not arrived, we cannot sail, so accepted her invitation.

In the late afternoon some of our close friends came to say good-bye to us again because we had told them our plans were to leave this afternoon. We were very sorry to think it would be the last time we would see them at least for a while, but hope it will be only for a short time. Carlos Dogny, who was also on board, declared a tremendous interest to accompany us to the Southern Cross so he was included as it is the kind of thing that amuses him very much. As long as mother is not joining us, we felt we could switch sexes, and have Carlos come along inasmuch as another gentlemen surely would be welcome.

W The entrance of Mrs. Wennergren that evening in her living room was extremely unhappy because when she appeared with two necklaces of diamonds as large as walnuts, Leon congratulated her on her lovely dress and its beautiful trimming. She explained carefully to Leon that they were real diamonds and invited him to see them under a better light because perhaps the light in the living room was not favorable to her best jewelry. She also had an enormous sapphire which she says is perhaps the best in the world and she wears it because it matches her eyes.

Leon and Carlos had a wonderful evening. Each one took turns to see who could say the naughtiest things to this <sup>woman</sup> ~~girl~~ and I have to say that I went through quite a lot of suffering, watching her complete ignorance of the continuous joking which perhaps was due to the several drinks she had already had. Leon reached his peak when he saw a small cucaracha on the floor and screamed to her there was a cucaracha promenading in the living room. She called the captain and the major domo and gave a long speech







WEDNESDAY  
AUG. 27th  
(Cont'd)

in Swedish asking how it was possible that there was a cucaracha in her boat. By this time Leon, who does not understand Swedish, explained that she should not get excited about only one small cucaracha in her living room because, going through the boat, he had seen several.

Arriving in the dining room we were introduced to the odd experience of having the hostess consult with her major domo as to how the people should be seated. After the major domo had thought it over, the result was that the nurse was seated at the head of the table. At the end of dinner she asked the major domo to sing a Swedish song. After dinner Carlos was invited to visit her bedroom and added that the doctor could come too if he wished. They both went to see her bedroom which is a confusion of cushions, two monkeys and a dog. After that they were shown the gymnasium where she keeps two more monkeys. It was one of the most amusing evenings I have spent in all my life but I hope it won't be repeated too soon. She asked several times for me to spend some time with her. After a while Leon remarked to her that as he happened to be my husband and never expected to be her guests, he would feel just a little better if his name were included on one of the invitations.

About 1 o'clock I was filled up with the foolishness and wanted to leave. I must say it was extremely amusing for Leon, Carlos and the Doctor but it left me with a very sad impression. Leon, before going to bed quite tight, made a clever remark when he said that people like that are the ones who make Communists in this world.



THURSDAY  
Aug. 28th

We awoke quite late Thursday and were ready to leave at 3 o'clock. Carlos <sup>DOGNY LARCO</sup> ~~Palacio~~ came on board at lunch time to say goodbye to us and during the lunch Leon mentioned fishing and it ended up in Carlos accepting Leon's invitation to come along fishing with a promise to deliver him to the port nearest his plantation. Carlos thought it was a wonderful idea and immediately we went to the captain and started making plans for a change of <sup>sailing party</sup> ~~records~~. Our first thought was how charming it would be to have Ketta and Pancho with us for a few days and planned immediately to go on shore and try to convince them. Very luckily Ketta's marvelous sportsmanship made my job a little easier because she told me she would try to convince her husband. After a while everything was fixed and we started to make new plans to sail at 6 O'clock, this time with the pleasure of having with us Ketta, Pancho and Carlos.

We left on schedule, first having sent over to the Southern Cross a picture of the Carola and the Southern Cross taken together. Mr. Healy had happened to take it at such an angle that the Carola looked at least twice as large as the Southern Cross and I don't believe this handsome photograph will make Mrs. Wennergren too happy. We pulled out of the harbor and the evening was a very lovely one. Just as <sup>easy</sup> ~~tough~~ as our first leaving had been, so calm was our second, and as usual, good sailors make good sailing. We had a quiet dinner, discussed life and Mrs. Wennergren to the fullest, and all decided that a good name is better than great riches. After dinner <sup>we</sup> ~~I~~ enjoyed the moonlight and the broadcast of the football game while the rest of the guests were picking over the bones of Mrs. Wennergren. This lead the conversation to ghosts and Carlos described very ~~\*\*\*~~ vividly the Lady of the Tomb, known as the Countess of the knife and guillotine, who, in early colonial days, lived in



THURSDAY  
Aug. 28th  
(Cont'd)

*Mich* and we look forward to having her as our hostess as she is described as visiting all new people who come <sup>to be</sup> into *Huacab* ~~and~~ having been buried in holy ground, her spirit moves ceaselessly. Dr. Taylor made a very funny remark that after being for such a long time without a date, even the Lady of the Tomb will be welcome in his room. She is reported as appearing in a long black taffeta gown, a lovely deadwhite face, and cavernous eyes and a knife dripping with blood in one hand. Unfortunately, the only thing we could offer was the ship's ghost of the unfortunate guest who fell over while reaching for a drink and now comes back, dripping with seaweed, for the drink. We are looking forward ~~to~~ tomorrow for fishing and even more to the hunting at *Mich* <sup>best water</sup> and are even offered the possibility of a condor shoot; so between the huacos, condors, ducks and fish it looks as though we would be extremely well occupied.

FRIDAY  
Aug. 29th

This morning came in unfortunately with a slight roll so Carlos and Pancho, who were up at 8 O'Clock, could not start off in the fishboat with me. We were afraid that it would be a little too rough to pick up the boat if any more swell came up; so we fished from the top deck in the morning. Luck was good and for the first time we caught tuna, <sup>by the way</sup> and got four nice fish between 40 and 50 lbs. Pancho lost his first one as Osborn was hauling it up from the water and he was momentarily disappointed but his feelings were assuaged by the second fish caught almost immediately. After noon we were encouraged by the weather clearing and probably will start out in the fishboat.



FRIDAY  
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(Cont'd)

In the afternoon the weather continued rougher than we had anticipated so we continued to fish from the top deck with mediocre luck. The yacht itself was very comfortable and we hardly felt the motion; however, picking up the Carola, Jr. probably would have been rather dangerous. After dinner we hoped to show the movies but the ship was rolling some so we all retired about midnight.

SATURDAY  
Aug. 30th

Today came in with one of the Lobos Islands off our bow. A terrific current had been encountered and three hours before we arrived we changed course 40°. These islands evidently are dangerous in heavy weather with any sort of bad visibility because of the extremely unpredictable current sets. We started out in the morning at 9 o'clock with Carlos, Pancho and myself in the fishboat hopeful of marlin or sailfish. Unfortunately there was no sign of any bill fish. The water temperature was 62° and we got a number of tuna including one weighing 90#, the largest yellow tuna I have ever seen. Also saw a sunfish, some sealion and black fish. There are not many birds around the islands now, probably indicating lack of anchovie, which was corroborated by the 80 or so fishing boats in the vicinity, none of which seemed to be working.

Pancho is most enthusiastic about fishing and was as pleased as a six-year old boy with the fish we caught. Carlos shows his athletic background by picking up extremely rapidly and could undoubtedly give a good account of himself should he get a fair sized fish on the hook.

We returned on board for lunch, found Dr. Taylor just arising which has been standard equipment lately. He gets up about 11 or 11:30, remains up until after lunch, then takes a siesta



SATURDAY from 3 to 7 and manages to stay up for dinner until bedtime.  
AUG. 30th  
(Cont'd) He should be well rested by the time the trip is over.

After a rather pleasant lunch we three started out and fished in the afternoon and found the weather so bad outside we stayed close in and caught about 7 or 8 bonito mackerel. Pancho caught the largest one and we were all very pleased. We returned on board after interviewing the fishermen concerning the marlin. They unanimously report they don't see them there and that they do not occur until rather close to Cabo Blanco. This is strange but the slow flow of the water along the coast may make these fish stay out around the Galapagos this time of the year. Their presence at Cabo Blanco, rather than Talara, verifies the fact that they seem to want to stay in the edge of the cold and warm water rather than in the cold or warm. I still can't reconcile why there are no fish at \_\_\_\_\_ but it is all added information that someone someday may be able to put together.

Had tea and Bill, the barber, came back on the job. He apologized for his alcoholism in Lima and inasmuch as he has been fined his salary for the nearly three weeks he has been delinquent, he apparently has learned his lesson and I will give him another chance. The rest of the crew, incidentally, seem to be making out better and I am hopeful this will continue; however, I am not too optimistic.

Before dinner we all helped concoct pisco cocktails. It seems we errored in a number of places, such as shaving the ice instead of using it whole and using aromatic pisco instead of the ordinary kind. As a result we had a drink which was much better than any pisco cocktail we have had. Perhaps if we continue to break all the rules of the recipe better results will be had. After dinner we showed the movies of the Galapagos trip, then retired, looking forward to getting in a full day of fishing tomorrow.



SUNDAY  
Aug. 31st

An early call brought the information that the weather had freshened up and that it was much rougher out than the previous day. So back to bed until 10 or 10:30, the first long morning's sleep in many weeks. At 10:30 I went up, looked out and the prediction of Doug Osborn and the captain was verified as a full-rigged ship which takes the guano from the islands to the mainland was bobbing up and down at her anchorage.

We lunched on board and, as usual, spent at least half the time kidding Mrs. Panerai about her date with Don Rafael. She blushed like a 16-year old girl, which proves that no one is too old and too quiet in second life to be turned when teased about men.

After lunch Carlos, Pancho, the Doctor, who gave up his afternoon nap, and myself went to the island to look over the guano situation. We were welcomed by the manager of about 200 to 300 men who stay on the island two months of the year gathering guano. The remainder of the year only four men are here as guardians. The manager and several of his helpers put a truck at our disposal to go about two kilometers across the island. Unfortunately the chauffeur was missing. This did not disturb us as Carlos said he had driven trucks on numerous occasions. We got half way up the first hill when the truck stalled and we came sliding down again. Inasmuch as it was a steep hill with a curve this did not give us much confidence in our chauffeur. We started out again, with considerable trepidation. This time we made the hill after only one or two stops and blocked the back wheels with rocks to prevent catastrophe. After that we got across very nicely and to the other side. This island now produces only about 4000 tons of guano but the birds have left in large quantities because there is often very hot weather here. The tops of the rocks are white and encrusted with the residual guano of years. The outside of the island presents a perfectly beautiful view of small inlets,



SUNDAY  
Aug. 31st  
(Cont'd)

coves and juts with high breakers coming up over the rocks. Our judgment in not going fishing was corroborated as we found that two fishermen were nearly drowned this morning and were it not for the presence of another boat they would not have been saved. After crawling over the island and down to a cave, throwing stones at the sea lions which fortunately charged the water instead of us, we returned with the same type of ride that brought us over and came back on board the yacht.

We look forward to a quiet evening tonight, leaving this anchorage a few minutes before dark to get beyond the breaker reef. Then lie in the lee of the island until about 11 o'clock when we will start out for Chicama where we hope to arrive tomorrow where cars will meet us to take us to Chiclin. We are looking forward to this trip tremendously as there are more than <sup>three</sup> thousand workers employed there all of whom live on the various plantations with their wives. This obviously makes a fairly good sized population and the whole system is owned and operated by <sup>the Larsen family</sup> ~~two brothers, the Gilberts~~. (It is supposed to be ~~the largest sugar cane production plantation in this part of the world and is a great opportunity to observe how it is operated.~~)

Incidentally, despite my debatable conduct with Mrs. Wennergren, I evidently have been forgiven because we received a radio today wishing us God speed and offering apologies for not having saluted us because of the guano bird limitations. Inasmuch as we were also thanked for the photograph, the point of this too may have been lost.



MONDAY  
Sept. 1st

Arrived at Port Chicama around 9 o'clock after a very pleasant night's run. This harbor is somewhat more protected than that at Salaverry, thirty miles to the south, and although it makes a slightly longer drive to Chiclin, we felt it to be preferable to anchoring there. The whole party is going on shore so bags were packed and standing in the entresol about 9:30. Carlos Dogny was disturbed because none of his family had arrived; however, honors were duly done, as while we were at breakfast the assistant port captain entered, after a very serious request to Captain McGuire to be allowed to speak to the owner. He saluted and in the most formal manner began his speech which evidently was memorized. He regretted extremely his mission -- he expressed profound regrets that he should be the one to have to come. At this point Carola, Carlos, and Pancho all said that I looked surprised, and their faces were indeed a study, for we had expected a very cordial reception -- and the beginning sounded anything but auspicious. The fellow then rushed on that he was only the assistant port captain and was unworthy to confer all the courtesies of the port, but due to a most grave misfortune a large sugar boat was loading and the captain could not be present to extend all the local good wishes. His emissary offered to do everything in his power; therefore, he trusted the amiable people would excuse the presumption of the mere assistant captain for conveying these courtesies. Our surprise changed to amusement. He was told, with what I hope was equal courtesy, that we appreciated all of the amenities and his presence was an honor. Inasmuch as his speech had been run through very rapidly and he had pause<sup>d</sup> for breath at the end he seemed<sup>d</sup> relieved as did we.



MONDAY  
Sept. 1st  
(Cont'd)

Just as Carlos Dogny and myself were starting for shore in the launch a tug came out with Javier Larco, Carlos' cousin, and Mr. Reimus, who is a partner of the Guildermester firm. We transferred to their launch and our other guests followed us to the pier in the fishboat. We were met by a small troop of baggage carriers and walked the quarter of a mile or so to the port proper.

Port Chicama is privately owned by the Guildermester family who operate the largest sugar plantation in the world. They can grind 2500 tons of sugar a day and produce 700 tons of the finished product. They load about 200 tons an hour at the port and the operation is conducted with German efficiency, although the family is second generation Peruvian. An idea of the size of the holdings is gained when it was casually mentioned by someone else that in the last few years they have borrowed \$2,000,000 from the National City Bank against their property and while this would be a burden in lean years, they probably will be able to pay it back in the next year or so from their profits. This monstrous hacienda starts in Port Chicama on the Pacific coast and runs all the way across the Andes and continues far beyond towards the Brazilian border.

After absorbing some of the above figures in amazement, we got into cars and started our drive to Chiclin. After about half an hour over a very good road, which is part of the Pan-American Highway, we arrived at the first town which lies within the Larco land holdings. They modestly say they are smaller operators than the Guildermesters as their oldest hacienda at Chiclin proper is only 6000 acres. They did mention, however, that they have an adjacent holding to the north of 27,000 acres and that they also have property



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Sept. 1st  
(Cont'd)

extending over and beyond the Andes which is about 210 miles long and 200 miles wide. Upon being further urged they said they were just adding to their holdings, possibly because they felt cramped, and this week were concluding negotiations to take over another 120,000 acre tract. They estimate there are about 10,000 people living on this new land and they plan on putting 40,000 sheep to graze in order to stimulate the wool industry. They have approximately 10,000 to 15,000 Peruvian plantation horses which they sell to the army and about 10,000 Poland China hogs which they have been breeding and developing for the past five years. Cattle also range the land, but sugar cane is the main production crop.

We turned off the road after another half hour's driving, <sup>+</sup> found ourselves going down the main street of Chiclin, which is a combination town and family home and headquarters. After about two miles over a road lined by lovely shade trees we came to a square about a quarter mile in each direction with a church, schools, and a row of identical houses. We were surprised to be driven up to the center house of the row and there told this was the residence of Don Rafael Larco, flanked on each side by exactly similar houses which are occupied by the sons. These in turn are flanked by more similar houses which are lived in by the doctor, schoolmaster, field managers, etc. This is very unlike the usual South American custom of having the owner and his family live in a magnificent home with more or less ramshackle buildings for the employees, and is a result of early social thinking by Don Rafael. There has never been a strike at Chiclin, the workers all seem extremely happy and there are five schools maintained for them and a company hospital, but the feudal system applies with all <sup>the</sup> modern innovations.



MONDAY  
Sept. 1st  
(Cont'd)

Don Rafael is not now active in the management of the plantation but comes there once a month, <sup>to</sup> give orders which are then carried out by his oldest son, Rafael, Jr., who in turn is completely in authority over the other two boys Javier and Constante. Rafael, Jr., told us that the workers have a proverb on the plantation that first comes God and after that the Larcos. He himself is on call all night as when any of the people die they invariably call for him on their death bed to leave their instructions as to what they would like for their family. There are no police throughout the entire land, and only in the case of murder, which has occurred once or twice in the last thirty years, is the guilty one turned over to the national police. Otherwise the law is administered by the Senior Larco or a man to whom he delegates authority. There is no drunkenness on the plantation although occasionally a worker will go to the next village and then is not allowed to return to Chiclin until he is sober. The main punitive punishment is dismissal, <sup>and</sup> but inasmuch as these people are much better treated than anywhere else in the country, this seems to be an extremely efficacious form of discipline.

We entered the house of Don Rafael, Sr., where we were to be guests. We were pleasantly surprised as the inside was much more prepossessing than the exterior. Carola, her mother, and myself were given a beautiful suite of three bedrooms, a living room and a bath all finished with inlaid furniture formerly owned by the Sultan of Morocco. The bathroom is rather primitive and the rooms themselves, while spotless and clean, showed both bachelor and farm life. Perhaps the best way of describing the entire atmosphere is to <sup>mention that</sup> ~~say~~ there was placed next to the bed a very large old-fashioned pot which, however, varied from the usual night ornament in being solid silver!



MONDAY  
Sept. 1st  
(Cont'd)

Our host was extremely interesting. Don Rafael, Sr., was not able to be with us as he is busy publishing his newspaper, LaCronica, in Lima and managing other affairs there which did not permit him leaving Lima at this time. All three of the boys, as also their cousin Carlos Dogny, are Cornell graduates, beginning in '24 and going through the class of '30. Rafael, the oldest, is about 40, weighs about 235 lbs. and is already an archeologist of considerable note. Don Rafael is the titular head of the family ~~although~~ <sup>+</sup> Rafael, Jr., and the other sons refer to him as "papa" with the utmost respect and are still on a salary basis. Rafael, Jr., has a tremendous imagination, great charm and evidences equally great ability. The second son, Constante, wanted to be an artist but conceded to the wishes of his father and turned out to be an engineer. He is shy but extremely pleasant. The youngest, Javier, is very good looking and extremely amusing. All of them speak excellent English and are a curious combination of men of the world and Peruvian land-holder farmers. They have divided the labor, with Rafael supervising everything, having complete charge in his father's absence; Constante has assumed charge of all the agriculture and Javier of all the livestock. They have all spent between eight and twelve years at school in the United States, first at Yale, then at Cornell-and despite this don't seem to find the transition in their lives difficult. On the contrary they seem to prefer the farm life they are living to other types available to men of their *means* ~~ability~~. Rafael gets to Lima quite often. The other two very happily get ten days to two weeks there annually and spend the rest of their time at Chiclin.

After changing clothes we went to the Museum Rafael has built.

We had heard a lot about this museum but never expected to



MONDAY  
Sept. 1st  
(Cont'd)

see anything so magnificent as it is. We have been in both Inca museums in Lima but find this one much superior. Our host took us in the first four rooms and explained everything so clearly that we enjoyed more than ever the life of the <sup>ancient</sup> people of this incredible civilization. In this museum they have nearly 30,000 huacos, also pieces of gold, woven materials, mummies, etc. Rafael has spent twelve years, helped by his brothers, in collecting this material through their own excavations and has studied the complete history of the civilization through these specimens. <sup>he has</sup> ~~Rafael~~ is perhaps the greatest <sup>living</sup> authority on <sup>early</sup> ~~Inca~~ <sup>Peru-Inca</sup> civilization in Peru, ~~now~~. He is interested mainly in the ~~Inca~~ <sup>early</sup> civilization in the north of Peru which is quite different from that in the south. They found just a few months ago a new era, the oldest of all known and have recovered huacos believes to be about <sup>3000</sup> ~~2500~~ years old. It is a passion with Rafael and he has been helped by the workers on the plantation during the few hours they have free from work. The museum is across the Plaza near the houses. It is a very old colonial house on which he is now rebuilding the front.

After the four rooms were viewed we decided to leave the rest for another time because it was nearing 2 o'clock and lunchtime. Entering the dining room we noticed the vast difference between this home and the hacienda at Nasca where we were a week ago. After lunch we went to the place where Rafael is now making excavations. He has found in the last month nearly 200 graves in this location. He has several still open but untouched because he does not want to disturb their contents so he can make a complete study of the civilization. We opened a couple of those of the Salinar civilization, the one discovered by Rafael. He gave us this permission as we were the first out-



MONDAY  
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(Cont'd)

siders who had seen the excavation of one of these graves. He told us every time he touches one of the mummies he experiences a very strange feeling of bad luck and that on leaving these graves he has had several disagreeable incidents occur, because perhaps these old Incas do not want to be disturbed in their sleep. It is possible to imagine our horror on going back to the road, <sup>as</sup> we saw the first car that was ahead of us half way down in a ditch at the side of the road, and some of the party standing nearby. I had a terrible feeling for a moment as mother was in that car and I could not see her. Fortunately nobody was hurt as the car had gone down into the ditch due to soft dirt at the side of the road. After helping get the car out, we started on our way back to the hacienda. By this time Rafael's tales had a real meaning. Arriving there he served chicha, one of the typical drinks of Peru, and then started to tell the most fantastic of all his tales about the lady of the tomb, who was originally the marchioness of the horca <sup>"</sup> cuchillo; that her family had the power to sentence to death anybody they pleased. She was supposed to have lived in the house where the Larcos now live and was so mean all through her lifetime she had so many people killed <sup>that</sup> the Catholic church refused to bury her when she died and for that reason her soul always wanders through the walls of these homes, <sup>she</sup> and has been very often seen after dark with a bloody knife in her hand and dressed in the black gown she always wears. Although the tale was told beautifully, the faces of some of us showed fear. At dinner time this conversation continued, then was enlarged into details of how she has appeared to different guests. One of her observers tried to kill her with a gun but she lifted the bullet from her heart and threw it back at the guest, saying such things



MONDAY  
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(Cont'd)

no longer hurt her. Several guests have had their blankets pulled down and have been shaken by the shoulders, and once a picture fell while this lady was walking in their room and they were not able to find any broken nail or broken cord, or other reason why the picture should have fallen.

After dinner some Indians from the village came to serenade us. They sang the beautiful native songs of Peru and the atmosphere could not have been more romantic. Even if we all were very tired, nobody was anxious to go to bed, perhaps thinking of the ghost lady, or somebody dressed as this lady, prowling through their room. At last we all retired, thinking particularly of our hosts who always rise at 4:30 in the morning to get work started on the ranch. Rafael's amusing tales remained with me and I did not feel like sleeping alone that night so Leon had an uninvited guest in his single bed.

TUESDAY  
Sept. 2nd

This morning at 6:30 I was awakened by Carlos pulling my toe. It seems this is a very late hour indeed to rise at the plantation but it seemed extremely early to me; however, it was time to go out duck shooting so I pulled my clothes on and went out to the porch. There Rafael and Carlos were entertaining the Princesses Teresa of Orleans and Braganza and her sister, Princess Francisca, and their cousin Prince Alexandron. <sup>CZARTORYSKI</sup> They are the great grandchildren of Don Pedro, the late Emperor of Brazil and the <sup>Marquis</sup> ~~elder~~ of the <sup>two</sup> ~~two~~ girls is married to the Count of Paris, royal <sup>heir</sup> ~~heir~~ to the French throne. With their mother, Princess Elizabeth, they left Brazil nearly five months ago on an automobile tour through South America. They obviously have very little money, and are equally charming, and are said to occupy the top position in Brazilian society. The Polish boy is a second cousin, who states he was taken by the Germans into a concentration camp where he spent two months.



TUESDAY  
Sept. 2nd  
(Cont'd)

The Princess Elizabeth and Prince Alejandro's mother are first cousins and both Hapsburgs. He was released from the concentration camp because of their relationship to the royal house of Italy and a personal letter from Mussolini to Hitler. All are obviously anti-Nazi, although the mother was born Bohemian. The two girls are far from beauties -- Princess Teresa is a blonde and is of extremely husky build. Princess Francisco is shorter and darker, and both are very keen sportsmen.

After a very pleasant breakfast we started out to the duck lagoons, which are near the ocean, and arrived there in about forty minutes. From there we walked, finally taking our stands about fifty yards apart so when the ducks flew over the lagoon in our direction, when started by native boys on the other side, everyone could begin blazing away. The birds had been shot over considerably and were flying high with the result everybody was trying for 80-yard shots with guns which couldn't carry over 50 or 50 yards so very few birds came down.

After about an hour of this we again started walking through heavy grass and managed to flush the birds out with better results for the game bag, as they came up within shooting distance. For the most part we got mud hen and coot, as very few ducks were flying, but the two species are known <sup>locally</sup> as duck and are eaten as such. We had had them the night before and found them very appetizing, prepared as they were, and unidentified. After another hour's walk, ~~we~~ saw Rafael who <sup>was</sup> with Princess Teresa and myself, decided we might as well go into the lagoon. The Princess seemed very keen on <sup>wading</sup> ~~walking~~ and although she was a mediocre shot, showed no effects of the previous exercise she had taken. Inasmuch as the lagoon looked about neck deep I



TUESDAY  
Sept. 2nd  
(Cont'd)

thought I would be wise and remain on the point and let everyone else wade in and I could then shoot at the ducks as they came over. Most of the others started from different points converging to the center and found very good shooting by driving the ducks to the center where they rose and flew back over the hunters. Unfortunately <sup>for</sup> ~~from~~ my location, by the time they reached me, they were so high I managed to bag only ~~a few of those who~~ <sup>that</sup> flew low and also had an hour and a half wait, so evidently I had used bad judgment. Javier, whose nickname is Johnny, <sup>came out of the water first</sup> ~~waited with me~~ and he and I started the tramp back. This time, when he suggested my wading through the lagoon, I went with him. We got more duck but I also got more leg weary. After covering a total of 12 to 15 miles walking, most of which was through weeds and water varying in depth from knee to neck, we got back to the starting point where the cars were parked. The rest of the company decided to stay here but Johnny and the Princess Francisco~~a~~ thought that a little further walk might result in more birds-- and I was inveigled to join them. We started out for a short walk and did another four miles, getting probably 25 more birds. We then saw the car with the lunch arriving and as it was about 3 o'clock and we were completely exhausted ~~as well~~ <sup>and</sup> and literally starved, we started the four miles back. This was even more painful than the outward trek and I was glad to hear my complaints echoed by the others in various tongues from Portugese to Polish.

Arrived back at the stand and found a buffet lunch in full swing.

(Carola dictating): Constante stayed at the house waiting for Ketta, mother and myself. About 10 O'clock, after a nice breakfast, he took us to visit the rest of the museum. He was extremely nice in explaining all the details to us. The only



TUESDAY  
Sept. 2nd  
(Cont'd)

room he let us go in alone was the one dedicated to the pornographic huacos and from now on we have a new name for these which is "photogenic" because of the times Leon has tried to take photographs of them. He took us also to the ganja where they raise different animals and <sup>we</sup> saw many types of chickens, angora rabbits, and a tame vicuna that eats cigarets and walks around <sup>on</sup> ~~with~~ a leash like a dog. They have several other specimens of these animals, all very well kept which are used for pleasure as well as for work.

By 1 o'clock we returned to the house and found Dr. Taylor had gotten up a few minutes before and was sitting on the grass in the middle of the park. Princess Elizabeth joined us and altogether we went to the duck shooting grounds, taking the lunch with us for everybody. We were all very hungry so started to eat right away.

After lunch, about 4 o'clock, we went to the Salamanca hacienda where they had a show of the different Peruvian plantation horses for us. These horses have only one gait which is very peculiar. They throw both front feet out as they go along, <sup>at</sup> something between a trot and a pace. ~~It is~~ very easy to ride to <sup>The animals</sup> ~~this~~. ~~They~~ are bred for sturdiness so they can carry the land-owner over the fields all day without stopping. ~~They~~ <sup>The Lamas</sup> have recently imported some Arabian thorough-breds and percherons to improve the breed, which is inclined to be somewhat small. So far they have had good success with the <sup>got</sup> ~~percherons~~ and a number of the mixed Arabian horses <sup>particularly</sup> ~~which~~ are handsome and show all the desired attributes. They also saddled three bulls for those of us who liked to experiment with wild bull riding, and a few of the guests took advantage of the opportunity, lead by Princess Teresa.



TUESDAY  
Sept. 2nd  
(Cont'd)

After that we went to see the pigs. At this time they have about 10,000 Poland China hogs. It was remembered by Carlos that once he was flying over the hacienda and could recognize it only by the black streaks of the immense herds of hogs below. Some of the boars weigh up to 850 lbs., and Javier takes care of them as though they were his children. Their only difficulty comes from the fact the Peruvians like their meat thin and tough, and have objected to the cattle and pigs from the Chiclin plantation because of the fat of the meat. It is very interesting <sup>to see that</sup> ~~how~~ the boars each has a dog which lives with him and is like a guardian. This breed of dog is also native to Peru and those at the plantation have been bred to type as everything else has been. They are about the size of a small Labrador but have short black hair and appear to be a combination of mastiff, bulldog and terrier. They are excellent pig dogs and probably would be good herd dogs for any livestock.

After our visit here we went back to the hacienda where the bathrooms were taken by all of the extra ladies and the gentle men came in to find the hot water gone. Had a very pleasant dinner again dedicated to the ghosts of Chiclin and possibilities of spiritualism. After dinner Leon requested to see the remainder of the museum, as long as our plans for the next morning would not permit him doing so then. He was advised <sup>of</sup> the danger of visiting the museum in the evening because it was then all the souls of the huacos and mummies walked around, but he still wanted to go. Five of us went, and while Leon and Rafael visited the rest of the museum, Carlos, Javier and myself sat in the first room. They were very tired from duck shooting and I found myself talking to the huacos and a lonesome bat that was flying around. Rafael forgot his tales



TUESDAY  
Sept. 2nd  
(Cont'd)

as soon as they entered the museum and Leon had a wonderful hour or more there.

Coming back to the hacienda we were stopped by Leon from playing a joke on Dr. Taylor. Javier declared he had a costume and was going into Dr. Taylor's room dressed as the lady of the tomb. Leon said as long as he was his guest he did not want him to get a bad fright.

WEDNESDAY This morning we awoke before 8 o'clock, everybody very anxious  
Sept. 3rd

to go to the condor shoot. This is one of the most unusual shoots there is. They put in a field (two or three dead horses) and let the meat get ripe. As soon as the condors sight and smell this food they come down. It takes them a couple of hours to get full and then they are not able to rise in the air easily. A couple of natives on horses watch when the condors start to come down and send a message to the house and then everybody starts out to the grounds with rifles. It is very difficult to kill a condor as only a rifle bullet in the head or in the heart will bring them down, and as they are extremely shy birds, the slightest noise will scare them. This was the second time three dead horses were put out for bait because the ones they laid out yesterday had been eaten by the condors late in the evening.

About 10 o'clock we were advised the condors were coming down and we all left for the hunt. We were told to stop each car when the lead car gave a horn signal and then to start shooting. Unhappily this signal scared the birds so badly they rose in a rush and seemed not to have eaten enough to weight them down so they would fly low. One condor was wounded by Leon and another by Rafael but not one came down. We went back to the Salamanca hacienda to console ourselves watching a young



WEDNESDAY  
Sept. 3rd  
(Cont'd)

condor that Rafael keeps there. It is a very mean bird, held by a leash around its leg.

While we were there the natives told us more condors were coming back and even though we had invited the Princesses on board for lunch we could not resist the temptation to try again. When we arrived we found a dog had scared the condors and there were left only dozens of vultures which nobody was interested in shooting.

We went back to Chiclin and, with real regret, put our cases in the cars to start back to the boat. Rafael presented Leon with two harpoons of the Mochica <sup>period</sup> ~~time~~ and three hooks of this same era that he had found in <sup>a</sup> grave of a fisherman. He also gave him a huaco with fishes found in an Indian grave of the same <sup>era</sup> ~~profession~~. He gave me a beautiful head of a chief that I appreciated very much because it represents a middle aged man who is supposed to be the same chief <sup>represented</sup> ~~I had~~ <sup>in a younger body had brought in from</sup> ~~gotten a head in time of when he was young.~~ Constante also presented me with a very cute month-old white angora rabbit as a memoir of their plantation.

We arrived at the boat about 3 o'clock and found the three Princesses and the Prince had been waiting for us on board for over an hour drinking and finishing a jig-saw puzzle. We had a very welcome lunch at 4 o'clock because we were <sup>all</sup> starving. In the late afternoon Doug Osborn tried to identify for Leon various fishes <sup>known</sup> that Rafael has found and is very anxious to <sup>identify as</sup> ~~know~~ to ~~what~~ family they ~~belong~~. The guests started to leave about 7 o'clock. Ketta and Pancho left with the Larcos and the Princesses because they are planning to take the plane to Lima tomorrow morning early.

We left Port Chicama an hour later with only Carlos Dogny as guest.



THURSDAY  
Sept. 4th

Arrived at Cabo Blanco about 3 o'clock and Leon was very excited because a broadbill had been sighted earlier. The fishboat was lowered a few miles before arriving at Cabo Blanco and he searched in vain for the fish. The wind was so strong that he had to turn back shortly. Had a quiet evening on board, then retired.

FRIDAY  
Sept. 5th

Leon and Carlos got off very early to try to fish in the early morning calm. They returned about 10 o'clock with a huge porpoise, supposed to be the biggest ever harpooned. It weighed 820 lbs. and Leon got it mainly to present the skin to Carlos for a pair of boots. He could not go out again because the wind had come up and we spent the rest of the day quietly on board.

SATURDAY  
Sept. 6th

Leon got up at 5:30 to see Carlos off and after accompanying him to shore, where he was to drive to Talara to catch a plane for Lima, Leon tried to do some fishing until 8 o'clock when the wind came up again.

We left Cabo Blanco at 1 p.m. and started cruising out to where we hope to do some squid fishing tonight.



SUNDAY  
Sept. 7th

Morning found us dropping anchor at LaPlata Island where some time ago Father Neptune came on board. The day was gray but warmer than we had been accustomed to for some time. About 9 o'clock Dr. Taylor and myself started out in the fishboat and with memories of the sailfish caught and the marlin raised here we had high hopes. Came back to the boat at 3:30 with neither the hopes nor the fish. There was no evidence of billfish whatsoever and a native fishing boat gave us the information that the fish had gone to the north about two weeks ago.

So the anchor was lifted and we started off for Gorgona Island, about 300 miles northward where we hope to overtake the finny migration. The evening was spent working and the weather grew steadily warmer as we crossed the equator on our trek to the north.

The rabbit, Chiclin, for the first time was put on deck outside in the sight of Polly. She likes very much her white neighbor and gave a long and loud speech of half an hour to this effect. The animal seems to enjoy the warm weather.



MONDAY  
Sept. 8th

The morning was spent quietly cruising. Around 2 o'clock the fishboat was dropped over the side with Dr. Taylor and myself in it, about five miles from Gorgona. We trolled all afternoon and had only one strike just off the small rocks outside Gorgonilla, in the same area where we took the sail and raised the second sail a month ago. Another sail took the bait and put on a beautiful exhibition of jumping. After checking his first efforts, I turned the rig over to Dr. Taylor and about twenty minutes later he had the pleasure of boating his first sailfish. The fish looked very small and we guessed it to be about 70 lbs. but it weighed up to about 90 lbs. so evidently the extra feeding packed weight on during this later part of the season.

Talked to a fisherman here and he told us that the fish, both marlin and sail, came in in about four months, during December and January. He said, however, that he had seen a marlin today. The term albacora is used here as well as in Peru for these fish. This information roughly corroborates that gotten from the fishermen off LaPlata who told us they hadn't seen the albacora for two weeks, although does not coincide with the LaPlata information that the fish had gone north.

In any event we weren't sufficiently encouraged to stay at Gorgona longer so upped the anchor about 7:30 and were on our way to a spot about 180 miles off Cape Mala where the baby sailfish was taken last January. This will give us a chance to complete our paper work preparatory to returning to the Canal. Also will give us another crack at young sailfish and dolphin and possibly other species.



TUESDAY  
Sept. 9th

Looked forward to putting the fishboat over the side but was sadly disappointed this morning as the sea was running in rather large swells so decided to use the outriggers with two baits and a teaser over the stern of the Carola. Raised one sailfish this way which struck three times at the bait but dropped it each time undoubtedly due to the heavy leader and the weighty drop-back of the line as we only used the big outfits.

Fished over the side in the evening getting a collection of about forty small dolphin as well as fifty or so other small fish with the under-water lights and a net. If the report is correct that no one has ever gotten finger-length dolphin before, we have a rare catch. In any event it is quite clear this area is a spawning ground of primary importance. Unfortunately, there was no evidence of sailfish and if we got a small marlin we wouldn't know it for no one has ever found out what a small marlin looks like.

WEDNESDAY  
Sept. 10th

Awakened about quarter of 9 with the news that a cruiser was in sight so went up on the bridge and saw a British armed merchantman signalling to us. She was of the Prince George class carrying four 5" guns and is probably the same one we saw coming through the Canal recently. We hoisted our call letters and then she bore down on us, came across our bow and megaphoned the request for repetition of call letters. We gave her W.G.E.J. and she replied that was listed on her registry for the Chalena. We told her we had been the Chalena until October, 1940. So after asking if the owner was about, being replied to in the affirmative, she expressed regrets, wished us good luck, and cruised on. An exciting experience although disappointing that she didn't put a small boat over to board us. The reason for this was because



WEDNESDAY swells were running very heavy which also made fishing from  
Sept. 10th  
(Cont'd) the fishboat impossible. Trolled for a while unsuccessfully  
and then decided about 12 o'clock that it probably would be  
better to go to the Perlas and get one more day's fishing  
before going into Balboa as it showed no signs of abating where  
we were and in the evening netting didn't look possible.

The usual port difficulties are starting. McGuire and Nagel are  
both trying to figure out how the crew members who are leaving  
are going to be handled. In this instance we are trying to  
forecast all possible trouble, which is impossible. The  
height of nerve was achieved by the third engineer, Christensen,  
who is leaving the ship at his own request to return to the  
States after having said he was going to remain in Callao, and  
being given two months retro-active salary raise on the strength  
of this statement. He calmly asked if he couldn't have his fare  
paid home. It was McGuire's opinion that he was put up to this  
by Prosser who would like the same consideration. It is a cur-  
ious commentary that these men overlook the fact entirely that  
they signed articles to ship for a year, are leaving at their  
own request, and that they have been the source of tremendous  
trouble during their office on board as well as the need for  
financing men to replace them. It looks like more sessions with  
the shipping commissioner but I am hopeful it will all work out.



THURSDAY  
Sept. 11

Fished all day off the Perlas Islands. The water was ideal, the weather couldn't have been more pleasant, and I succeeded in getting nothing. This corroborates my opinion that the fish found in the Perlas are strays and that once again it is on the line which breaks into deeper waters that they will be found in greater quantities. Undoubtedly when the south wind is blowing they are blown in to the Perlas but ordinarily this is not as fine a fishing territory as is supposed.

Came back on board and hoisted anchor around midnight on our way back to the Canal Zone.

FRIDAY  
Sept. 12

Arrived in Balboa, took on fuel at the dock first, then went out to the bouys in the middle of the morning. Chicago mail came in very heavy. Fortunately there was no need to reply as we will get to the north before the letters. Saw Admiral Sadler, who is getting ready to take Mrs. Sadler to Cristobal preparatory to her going back to the States. Was successful in having the next leg of our trip changed from the Caribbean hurricane area to the Pacific side.

Came back to the ship. In the evening we had guests for dinner and afterwards went to the Balboa Gardens to try out luck at Roulette. The management was very angry when they had to pay Leon \$150 winnings although, after his number had come up, they took off more than half the bet he placed, saying it was over the limit.

SATURDAY  
Sept. 13

This was a very busy day, getting ready to go north and also helping mother to get ready to go back to Cuba. We went out for cocktails with the Count of Bailen in the afternoon and had dinner at Bigelow's. We decided to cook our own dinner and naturally Leon was the cook. He prepared a very fancy menu and it would



SATURDAY  
Sept. 13

have been a lovely evening if Alicia Hamel had not been present, making strenuous efforts to approach <sup>Admiral Sailer</sup> ~~Rosella~~ and Leon, having quite a hard time deciding which one was most convenient for her. Came home fairly early.

SUNDAY  
Sept. 14

I went to mass early with mother and came back on board to get ready to take the plane to Miami. Dr. Taylor very conveniently said good-bye to us on board. We were notified the plane was late and when we arrived at the airport found it was delayed still another hour. Some friends came to the airport to see us off, and after bidding mother goodbye, the plane took off at 2 o'clock. The weather was bad and it was another hour before the plane left the vicinity of Balboa and gained sufficient altitude to continue its course eastward. At last at 3 o'clock we headed eastward and, after the preliminary bumps, the trip was pleasant. Along the south coast of Cuba we again struck some stormy weather with accompanying bumps.

At last we arrived in Miami at 9:30 P.M., too late for the 9 o'clock plane to New York that we had expected to take. However, the 10 o'clock plane waited for us and for mail, and we left Miami again at 11:30 on our way to New York. The first two hours were marked with rain storms but the rest of the night was spent as comfortably as could be expected.

MONDAY  
Sept. 15

We arrived in New York around 8 o'clock this morning, after too many hours flying without sleep. Leon took a shower and went to his meeting. I had a massage and went right on to do some shopping. We had a quiet evening with dinner with Freddy in a new restaurant, and went to bed early because we were both dead tired.



TUESDAY  
Sept. 16

Leon continued his meeting and I my shopping. In the evening we went to see "Panama Hattie" and afterwards we met <sup>Maggie Belmont</sup> ~~Maggie~~ and <sup>her daughter Joan</sup> ~~her~~ at the "21" Club. From there we went to the Stork Club alone where we found A. G. Atwater and several other friends and continued on to Jack White's until nearly 5 A.M.

WEDNESDAY  
Sept. 17

Leon was up early and to his meeting, and I started arranging with Mr. Shane for my new re-entry permit, which was not an easy job. I then continued my shopping and in the evening we went to see "Pal Joey", a very entertaining show. We then met Robert Levy at the Beach Room of the Monte Carlo night club, where we also found Ella Logan and many other friends and spent an enjoyable evening; then to Rubin's and to bed at our usual New York hour.

THURSDAY  
Sept. 18

After our standard day, we went to see "Lady in the Dark," with Freddy and Lois. I found this show the best of all the ones we saw on this trip, and probably as good as any in the past. We then went to the Stork Club and met Brad and Marvin Warner and some other friends, who accompanied us to the Morocco which opened the previous night. Then again to Jack White's and to bed nearly at a time when most people get up. Got news that mother had left Cristobal on the Jamaica on her way to Cuba.

FRIDAY  
Sept. 19th

Noel and Skippy came to have breakfast with us this morning at the hotel. After the usual day we had to break a date with Andy and Mana Goodman because Herbert Swope called and said Harry Hopkins was spending the evening with him and wanted us to have dinner with them. We went out to Herbert Swope's Long Island home about 7 o'clock and had a very interesting evening. Besides Herbert and Harry Hopkins there were Lyette Schanz and Bernard Bernick



FRIDAY  
Sept. 19  
(Cont'd)

Mr. Hopkins several times repeated he was very anxious to come down south and spend some time with us on board. I hope he will do this because I always find him very interesting.

SATURDAY  
Sept. 20

This morning we tried to get reservations on a plane to Balboa but it was not possible. We then decided to leave by train for Miami this afternoon. We left New York at 6 o'clock enroute to Miami.

SUNDAY  
Sept. 21

Spent all day on the train, as usual reading and playing gin rummy, and sleeping. Arrived in Miami at 6 o'clock, went out for dinner at W. Restaurant, and then to see Orson Welles' picture "Citizen Kane." I found it very interesting because of the new technique employed, but naturally it can be improved a lot as can any new experiment. After going to several places, we went to bed at 3 o'clock.

MONDAY  
Sept. 22

We rushed out of bed at 5 o'clock after only two hours sleep and to the airport to take a plane to Balboa. This time we had to go the long way, via Barranquilla. We left Miami at 7 o'clock, stopped at Cienfuegos, Cuba, around 10:30, and arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, about 1 o'clock where we had a very amusing experience. The officials asked all the passengers for their passports, even though it was only a twenty-minute stop, and nobody was allowed to leave the station. As soon as we left the plane they called Leon and myself to a private room and an English officer asked Leon if he was Panamanian. Leon replied his passport was sufficient answer that he was American, and the officer said because Leon and myself had been in Panama so much he thought perhaps we were Panamanian. After that he asked both of us several questions about what we thought of the Canal, if we were



MONDAY  
Sept. 22  
(Cont'd)

friends of certain Italians whom they <sup>collected</sup> ~~suspected~~ in Panama, and repeated several times that he thought we should have a very good knowledge of the Canal, and asked what we thought of the present situation. Leon answered that he hoped the officer knew more about those things inasmuch as we were travelling for pleasure and did not pay any attention to what was going on. He asked me a couple of times the reason for my travelling, and I replied it was quite natural for me to travel with my husband. After a long conversation he thanked us and we rushed back to the plane on our way to Barranquilla, where we arrived after ten hours of flying. We had the very disagreeable experience to have the pilot practice landings and check his instruments for thirty-five minutes, up and down over the Magdalena River, before letting us out. It was bumpy and the plane banked at a 45° angle most of the time. We were extremely angry and when at last we reached the airport, told the pilot we were going to report him to the company. He apologized and explained the Colombian government does not allow any practicing when passengers are <sup>not</sup> on board, but that with the pleasant weather he wanted to check his instruments in case they ran into a storm later. It was extremely hot in Barranquilla and we went to the Hotel del Prado. To our surprise it was a nice hotel, much better than any of the hotels in Panama. They gave us a nice home-cooked dinner and we went to bed early.

TUESDAY  
Sept. 23

We had to go to the Pan-American office to get our landing card for Panama and found our visas for Panama had expired and they sent us to the Panamanian Consul to get new ones. Luckily, Mr. Mendez, the consul, was very nice and when he heard we were friends of Mr. Fabrega he immediately gave us the required visas. We took a ride of a couple of hours around the city and came back to the hotel for lunch. The city is fairly nice



TUESDAY  
Sept. 23  
(Cont'd)

and has a residential section with some good homes. It is quite a commercial place and the government is building some schools and ~~some~~ <sup>good</sup> public buildings. We went to the airport again about 1:30 P.M., which is nine miles from the city, and left for Cristobal at 3 o'clock. We had a pleasant flight and arrived at Cristobal at 5:15 in the afternoon. Went around to do some shopping and had dinner with Mr. Myron Black, a passenger of the Barranquilla plane, who represents the Isbrandtsen Steamship Company with whom Leon has had some dealings. We took the 10 o'clock scooter to Balboa and invited Mr. Black to stay over night as it was impossible to get a room on either side at hotels. At last we arrived on board about 12 midnight and it looked like heaven to us, after all we have been through in the past few days.

WEDNESDAY  
Sept. 24

Mr. Black left early on his way by plane to San Jose, Costa Rica. After a quiet day on board, just resting, we had an early dinner in the evening for several of our friends. (SEE INSERT NEXT PAGE)

THURSDAY  
Sept. 25

Leon went out to see Admiral Sadler in the morning, and returned about 3 o'clock. Captain and Mrs. Mack came on board for dinner and then we played bridge. (SEE INSERT 2nd PAGE FOLLOWING)

FRIDAY  
Sept. 26

In the evening we went to the Ehrmans' house to a party in celebration of Ruthie's birthday. Came home at a respectable hour.

SATURDAY  
Sept. 27

We had tea with Admiral Sadler at his home and after that went to a dinner at the Corozal Officers' Club with Major and Mrs. Ballentine, then to the Union Club with Colonel Connell and his wife and some other friends, and had quite a late evening.



(INSERT)

Sept. 24th  
(Cont'd)

We had the surprise of seeing lying off our starboard side a French converted merchantman of about 5000 tons flying the flag of DeGaulle and the Cross of Lorraine at her bow, with tri-colors at her stern. She carried what appeared to be four-inch guns, fore and aft, as well as anti-aircraft batteries and depth charges. She had had a companion which had sailed the day before we returned, a French light cruiser, <sup>but smaller than,</sup> similar to the light cruisers under the command of Admiral Bidwell. These consisted of three 7500 to 10,000 cruisers of the Trenton class. The Admiral's flag was up on the Trenton when it came back into port this same day. The English light cruiser Despatch was likewise in evidence and rumors had it that the Diamede was in the vicinity as well. Coupled with the challenge we had received from the Prince George, around the 11th of September, there is one conclusion that seems fair to draw from all this activity. The report of the German raider near the Galapagos is probably well founded. Conversation, however, with various Navy people, as well as any considerable thought on the subject, leads one to the conclusion that the raider is in all probability not in the immediate Galapagos area which is capable of, and receives, constant plane patrol from the Zone. It is likely the ship was operating some 400 to 500 miles off the Galapagos but in the sea lanes leading to the Canal. There has been a report from Ecuador that a number of whales have been washed up on the beach. The supposition is that these may have been killed by depth charges, so it is probable the raider has either been sunk or is by now far off.



Sept. 25th  
(Cont'd)

*In the PM we went to a cocktail party given by Admiral Bidwell which was most amusing.*  
(INSERT)  
Among the Navy officers of this party, which was given for the Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air, who did not appear, were Admiral Bidwell and members of his squadron. *He* ~~himself~~ is a very agreeable and personable man who appears to have tremendous vigor and probably equal ability. After several cocktails, Lieut. Commander Tucker made a rather curious remark to the effect that on our next trip we might find ourselves unofficially attached to Admiral Bidwell's squadron. Whether this meant that we will be used as a decoy duck or whether it was said in jest is rather an interesting question. I followed the principle that I am trying to learn in dealing with the Navy, to let the remark drop without questioning it. This is a proved Navy technique.

*to*  
~~In~~ my observation of commissioned personnel, I can't find a great deal to recommend it beyond the rather distraught air of dignity with which it endows both parties of a conversation. Admiral Bidwell, after two cocktails, also offered Carla the opportunity of changing her flag from the yacht to the cruisers, pointing out that she would gain the advantage of tonnage by so doing. By which, I presume, he meant ship tonnage, as he himself is rather a spare individual.



SUNDAY  
Sept. 28

I went to early mass and then we had a large number of guests on board for lunch, all of them of the diplomatic corp and close friends in panama. In the evening we had Admiral Sadler, Commander and Mrs. Brown, Commander Bigelow, and Commander and Mrs. Merryweather for dinner, and unhappily I caught ptomaine poisoning and had a very unpleasant evening. I felt sick all through the night without any sleep.

MONDAY  
Sept. 29

Captain Dillen came for lunch, as well as Mrs. Mack. At 2:30 all the guests who are going on the cruise, arrived -- The Crawfords, Emmie Ehrman, the Mexican minister, Sr. Breceda, and his wife, and Captain and Mrs. Mack. We left Balboa at 5:30 P.M. ON our way to Coiba Island. After a couple of hours of not too rough sailing, Mrs. Breceda got very seasick. The rest of us had dinner and went to bed fairly early.

TUESDAY  
Sept. 30

About 5:30 Leon had the fishboat lowered and he and Captain Mack and Mr. Crawford fished until about 7 o'clock. We arrived at Jicaron Island about 6 P.M. The sea-sick people started to come to life and we had a nice dinner and went to bed.

WEDNESDAY  
Sept. 31

Leon went fishing early with Captain Mack and Mr. Crawford while the rest of us stayed on board. The fishing party returned about 6 o'clock with the report they had seen many sailfish but had been unable to land any. After dinner we all went to bed fairly early.

THURSDAY  
Oct. 2

Leon went out in the fishboat with Captain and Mrs. Mack about 6:30. The Carola and the rest of the party went over to Coiba with the intention of visiting the prison colony. We arrived there around 9:30 and went on shore, surprised to find the administrator of Coiba is a brother of Mr. Fabrega, minister of agriculture of Panama. Also a nephew of Mr. Fabrega was there and Mrs. Crawford found the boy for whom she had brought



THURSDAY  
Oct. 2  
(Cont'd)

presents. We all visited the prison and hospital and everybody felt sorry for the people who are here. The place is very primitive and it must be a bad life here. Went back on board about 12 o'clock and returned to Jicarón to pick up the fishboat. We anchored until after dinner, then started on our way to Port Armuelles about 10 p.m.

FRIDAY  
Oct. 3

Arrived at Port Armuelles at 7 o'clock, all had breakfast together and then went on shore to say goodbye to the Crawfords, Emmie Ehrman, and the Brecedas who leave the ship here and return by plane at 10 o'clock to Balboa. This is a small plane that used to belong to William Randolph Hearst and is owned by Mr. Gelibert, who also pilots it, is mechanic and everything. He has only a half-Chinese girl as stewardess. He told <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>that</sup> story ~~about~~ a few weeks ago when he took off, ~~the~~ the oil indicator stopped working and he turned to the passengers and said he was sorry but if it did not start working soon they would all be finished. After a few seconds he told them it was working again.

For lunch we had some of the United Fruit people on board, including Jerry Barron and his wife. Then we had them again for dinner and heard many amusing tales of Port Armuelles, and also some history of our former guest Dr. Taylor who spent a year and a half here. He is the brother of Conrad Aiken, was adopted by a woman whose name he took, and whose heir he hopes to become. They also told stories of possible revolution, counter-revolution, separatism and general dislike of the United States, which is clearly evident at Port Armuelles, by all the natives.



SATURDAY Left Port Armuelles at 6 A.M. and cruised along to Point Baria.  
Oct. 4

From here we turned the corner into the Gulf of Dulce and cruised past Golfito, another United Fruit port. This has been developed in the last few years by the company and they hope it *will* ~~be~~ be valuable property soon. However, the shortage of ships has brought things temporarily to a standstill. The gulf has tremendous possibilities, both offensively and defensively, and after looking it over for a short time we turned the corner off Matapalo head and started out for our next marker, Sal si Puedes Point where, if the weather permits, we will lower the fishboat and troll along. Also hope to get some bridge in with the Macks and <sup>to</sup> ~~will~~ enjoy a quiet day.



October 4th In the afternoon Andy Mack and myself took a 12 to 15  
(Cont'd)

mile ride along the coastline photographing as we went and then joined the ship, which was lying in a very comfortable anchorage in Sierpe Bay. We had no luck fishing, although we saw a very interesting coast. After dinner we finally got in our bridge game, which couldn't have been more pleasant.

October 5th This morning we went to Cano Island; observed and photographed  
SUNDAY it.

We also doubled up and trolled as we went, raising a sailfish which, unfortunately, took my bait so Andy missed a chance to get his second fish. I had it in the boat in about fifteen minutes. It weighed 101 lbs. This keeps our record of fish near islands intact. They seem to be the most natural grounds in the world along this coast and I think it a fair statement that no island surrounded by fairly deep water can be fished for several days consecutively without sailfish being found. In season these same areas probably would be equally fertile in marlin. It is odd that we haven't seen one of the latter for weeks now and I am afraid ~~it is so~~, that they are definitely out of season at this time of year.

Andy and I returned to the ship at dark and again spent a very pleasant and quiet evening at bridge and drifted along at slow speed towards Puntarenas.

MONDAY I turned in at 2 this morning and was up again at 5 to get a look  
Oct. 6th at the northernmost of the two islands called Cano, and then we worked our way into Puntarenas proper. The Gulf of Nicoya was a magnificent sight, the moon shown brightly down until the sun came out and even then the silver faded slowly as the gold turned to hot yellow. We arrived, as we had radioed, around 7 o'clock but after lying off waiting for a pilot, we finally



MONDAY  
Oct. 6th  
(Cont'd)

proceeded in under our own navigation around 8:30. We slipped between the two scuttled Axis ships, not without fear that the salvage work might have placed new obstacles in an already difficult harbor. Fortunately our pessimism was unwarranted, for we came safely to anchor a little before 9. Still no one came near us and we felt like a plague ship. After a short time a tug on its way out to the "Eisenach," the German member of the scuttled pair, hailed us and said officials would be out shortly and that our time was an hour faster than shore time. This lifted the plague worry from our shoulders and shortly the authorities arrived and cleared us. Mail was opened and answered and then our first visitor arrived -- Captain Olsen of the S. Olsen Shipping Lines, who through a subsidiary company, is performing the salvage job on the sunken ships. With him was Mrs. Olsen and they asked for Commander Mack. Inasmuch as Commander Mack's presence on board us was not generally known, this gives rise to some rather interesting questions. With what seemed a very self-conscious attitude, Olsen invited us over to the ships to watch the salvage work and seemed surprised when we all immediately accepted. We went over armed with cameras, looking, I imagine, like a combination of Fifth Columnists and Japanese. I was generally glad of the opportunity because I had never seen work like this in progress. I spent the next hour jumping from scaffold to scaffold on the "Eisenach" which is partly resting on the bottom and partly above the water. I fear that this type of work would make me very dizzy and result in my toppling off. However, <sup>the</sup> ~~heights~~ <sup>heights</sup> were successfully dispelled as we all had to act like the children of a contortionist married to a trapeze artist. We took a lot of pictures which turned out splendidly, all but one which I had hoped for the most. Carola attempted to



MONDAY  
Oct. 6th  
(Cont'd)

photograph me lying on my stomach on a boom off the side of the ship, photographing the diver as he went under to the hold of the ship in a four-knot current. I was disappointed as I hoped this would prove that life <sup>beginns</sup> beings at 40.

After this decidedly interesting morning we took the Olsens back on our ship for lunch and then went on shore to look at the town. Carola immediately telephoned her previous ardent and aged admirer, Sr. Alberto Echandi, at San Jose. This 70-year old swain was duly enchanted and to my considerable surprise, which did not seem to disturb Carola's complacency, said he would make the seven-hour/round-trip from San Jose to lunch with us the following day.

Following a call on the governor, we went to the Olsens for dinner and met our former playmate from San Jose, Weston. He is just as darkly mysterious as ever and we are back again in the atmosphere of international espionage. After dinner we saw about 1000 ft. of movies that the Olsens had taken of the salvage work as well as of a gasoline explosion and consequent burning of a coastwise trading ship. The movies were all in color and extremely interesting, but our appreciation of them was somewhat marred, by <sup>an</sup> underlying current of questioning and cross-questioning that was taking place. The Olsens and Weston turned out to be very friendly, contradicting each other in minor details of what was obviously a pre-arranged story.

Came back on board the ship around midnight to find that the Grace Lines agent had, with the usual impertienence, ordered a launch from the ship to take himself and a party of friends on board to look at the yacht. This was partially my fault as I told him he might come on board with his brother the following morning when our launch came in. As usual, good impulses should be stifled at birth, as he brought a party of about fourteen and



MONDAY  
Oct. 6th  
(Cont'd)

when ferrying them the bow of the launch was slightly damaged coming up to the pier. The landing here is difficult with a straight ladder reaching up about fifteen feet which is the only means of access to the pier proper.

TUESDAY  
October 7th

Got up early to take <sup>a</sup>Avril and Andy Mack to the plane. We first were routed through customs so as to clear the pajamas in which the Macks had slept. After 30 minutes delay we went to the Grace Line office, checked the plane time and were assured it left 30 minutes after the time we called. Also gave the agent a small idea of my opinion of him, then drove to the airport. We arrived there, found a very long field about 200 yards wide. It was completely covered with weeds and grass to a height of a foot or more and there was no one in sight. A low shed with a projecting airplane wing was the only thing which marked it as an air field, outside of the statement of the cab driver that this was the only one in town. A few cows grazed close by and the local cemetery afforded a most appropriate background. The Macks were also made to feel more comfortable when told the wing of the plane came from one of the Taca ships that had crashed into a lightpost at the side of the field. Although the flight to San Jose is only twenty minutes, the small plane which makes the trip regularly has only the most primitive navigation instruments and, of course, there have been a number of bad smashups as the terrain is very mountainous and there are no intermediary landing fields.

After surveying the field in solitary grandeur for about an hour — a car arrived containing two men and a fish dangling from the side. On being questioned, they said the plane never left until 10 or 11 o'clock, that they had come out to give the fish to the pilot as a gift and that we should just rest quietly and everything



TUESDAY  
Oct. 7  
(Cont'd)

would work out all right. In a few minutes more the Olsen party, complete with Weston, arrived and we were told the plane would be in shortly. Then ensued a most amusing duel of cameras; Weston taking pictures of us at the same rapid rate <sup>with</sup> ~~at~~ which we took pictures of Weston and his party. Suddenly the field became alive with activity. The small plane arrived which was to take Captain Olsen, his wife, Weston, and the Macks to San Jose, but also there came from the north of Costa Rica a primitive Ford tri-motor. Finally everything was straightened out, we bade a regretful farewell to the Macks and a less regretful one to the Olsens and Weston. The plane left the ground safely enough and we heaved a sigh of relief. We left before the tri-motor Ford <sup>took off</sup> ~~went away~~ but first had a look inside to see its motley cargo of chickens, machinery and ~~a~~ beraggled humans, including one poor woman lying sick on a mattress on the floor. Evidently she was being taken to the hospital at San Jose. We got back on board the ship, hoping to rest and clean up as Sr. Echandi was not expected until 2 P.M. - but were surprised by his arrival an hour early. He brought with him his son and we had a very interesting lunch and visit. He told us the entire story of the scuttled ships as set forth in the official Costa Rican government report. Likewise, told the dramatic story of German influence in Costa Rica as well as the situation in our legation in San Jose. He talked and talked, Carola pumped him and pumped him, and after four hours of what seemed to be a question-and-answer game, he took his departure. He seemed disappointed that we did not return to the capitol with him and made us promise to visit him on our return.

Carola and I spent a quiet evening on board. Later she initiated me into the mysteries of Russian bank. Caught up on some of the paper work and went to bed early.



WEDNESDAY  
Oct. 8

Went on shore in the morning in search of a map of Puntarenas. The best we could get was a large scale map of Costa Rica, which is at least more detailed than the Hydrographic charts. We also saw Echandi, Jr., who still looks very unattractive with his black eye received in a brawl some days ago. There was no evidence that the "Eisenach" is going to be raised today, as prophesied by Olsen before his departure nor was there any sign of Mr. Weston, which also had been promised, therefore we took time by the forelock and sailed around noon. The ship dropped me off in the fishboat off Cape Blanco and then went slowly back to anchorage in Ballena Bay where photographs were taken. I stayed out and trolled over a 35-mile area, saw a number of sailfish jumping, but none took the bait. Came back to the ship late, in complete darkness, and

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with prospects of more lessons in card games after the work is over.

One of the curious sidelights of Puntarenas is the standard reply which is given when a location of a building or home is asked. The inquirer is told to go "100" or "200", or "350" right, then "50" or "125" to the left. The word yard is never mentioned but is always implied. There evidently are no street numbers nor names and everyone paces off the distance when in doubt.



WEDNESDAY  
Oct. 8

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We came back to the ship for a quiet dinner. Both Carola and I rejoiced at being alone for the first time since we left Jacksonville in April. After dinner we went on with paper work and with prospects of more lessons in card games after the work is over.



THURSDAY  
Oct. 9th

We awakened this morning to find ourselves approaching Cape Velas. The bay was beautiful with a light northeasterly breeze. The sea sparkled brightly in the sun and the water was a brilliant deep blue. According to plan, the fishboat was lowered and I went off from the ship around 9:30. The yacht itself <sup>glipped</sup> ~~steered~~ up the coast, stopping in one or two bays, and finally reached anchorage in Culebra Bay. I went farther outside, surveying a few islands and, in water that should have been teeming with sailfish, found not a sign of one. About 2 o'clock I had covered the 25-mile trip which had been outlined and came alongside the yacht. The anchorage was everything it was supposed to be. The bay itself gives complete shelter, has a gently sloping bottom extending from the shore which makes an ideal anchorage.

The sand of the beach is black with oil and someone probably will take a great deal of it out of here some day. We had the opportunity of seeing this beach when Carola and I landed in the afternoon and went up to visit the several native houses which comprise the settlement. Mercedes Corea is the matriarch who resides here over a flock of six children and several grandchildren. She explains that her husband is very old and ill. She herself is a poor, thin, old woman of 60 and looks 100 but, with her age, she has a great natural dignity and an ease in meeting people which is lovely to see. Her children are completely subservient and to <sup>water</sup> ~~see~~ her dominate the situation, holding a cigaret in her claw like hand, is an unusual and worthwhile experience. She and Carola got along famously and after we had left a few supplies, Carola showed herself a great diplomat by leaving on most friendly terms without being kissed, which seemed an imminent peril in the latter stages



THURSDAY  
Oct. 9th  
(Cont'd)

of the meeting. We came back on board the ship in time to hear a report of the Panamanian revolution and feel rather fortunate that we have been so close to it and yet are a good week away today. Arnulfo Arias undoubtedly deserves everything that happened to him <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ it may be that the dragon's teeth have again been sown for the United States. We will undoubtedly be given the entire blame for the revolution and this probably is just agitation against us. What it will cause in other countries in South American in the future may be unpleasant. However, there seems to be very little ~~choice~~ for our government. Arias was definitely pro-Axis, and his latest act in refusing permission to arm Panamanian ships could not be allowed to go unchallenged.

Spent a very quiet and restful evening and were charmed with the news that Herbert Barker, and Red Armstrong, as well as the McCormick, will be joining us shortly.



FRIDAY  
Oct. 10th

We left our anchorage in Culebra Bay around 6 in the morning and were anchored in Cocos Bay by 9. This is a beautiful natural harbor although it would be exposed to northwesterly winds during certain periods of the year. There is a small settlement on the beach. Carola and I went on shore around 10 o'clock to attempt to run down a rumor of a 50-acre land purchase and colonization by Axis nationals. Spent our usual several hours exchanging amenities with the primitives and could find no trace of the colonization rumor. The settlement is connected by telegraph with a small town which lies several miles inland. People who live here all are satisfied with their lot. Why, is nearly impossible to understand because of their lack of what even the sharecropper in the United States would consider the barest necessities. They have enough to eat because nature is generous, but there is no variety in their diet nor in the daily monotony of their life. It may be, of course, that this begets a tranquility of spirit. To the visitor from outside it resembles more closely animal-like acceptance of living.

Returned to the yacht and then cruised slowly along the shoreline, photographing, writing, reading, resting. The night was beautiful and we turned in reasonably early so as to be up early for arrival the next morning in La Unión, Salvador.

SATURDAY  
Oct. 11th

Once again we waited in vain for a pilot to lead us into a rather tricky entrance to La Unión harbor. After a decided delay, Captain Nagel took the ship to anchorage without local assistance and shortly thereafter we sent the launch in for the authorities. We were then given clearance by a very pleasant assistant port captain and doctor who did the honors quickly.



SATURDAY  
Oct. 11th

Shortly after that General Luis Andreau, Commandant of the port, came on board and presented his compliments. We had an extensive and interesting visit with him. He is rather grandiloquent and verbose, which qualities, translated into Spanish, result in overpowering sentences thoroughly interleaved with adjectives. He alternated between protestation of friendship for the United States and condemnation of England and Russia. He likewise made a number of comments directed against the Jewish coffee brokers of Costa Rica who, according to him, deprive the Costa Ricans of their natural revenues. In these latter statements he sounded as though he had been influenced by German propaganda because some of his phrases were curiously reminiscent. He finally left with our promise to call on him and give him the opportunity of showing us his community.

After lunch we went on shore, had a delightful walk down the dock and a short section of railroad track, disputing the right-of-way with a switch engine. After considerable terpsichorean effort we reached the Grace Lines office and found there was no possible way to get<sup>to</sup>/the town proper unless we took the workmen's train which was not due to leave for several hours and which would then return to the dock immediately. Therefore, we called the General to express our regrets at being unable to return his call and were duly horrified to hear that he would come out to bid us farewell. We returned to the ship and decided if the General came out we couldn't possibly get rid of him for two or three hours so we had a launch put over the port side, as we were now starboard side to the dock taking on water. Just as it came to the gangway for us the General put in his appearance. We practically



SATURDAY  
Oct. 11th

pushed him back on shore, saying we could not consider being so impolite as not to call on him; therefore, if he would just wait for us at the other dock we would be over directly. He seemed surprised and chagrined and gave every evidence of expecting unlimited entertainment on board. We made the trip to the town proper in a few moments and then were lead through the hot and nearly dead town. The streets are rough cobblestone and the few sidewalks rear into the air at odd angles, and the people shuffle by in a tired way. We had coffee in the General's home. <sup>which</sup> ~~It~~ was a very old Colonial house. The first thing that caught our attention was the patio with all kinds of odd animals; a beautiful guacamayo was sitting very proudly on a stick. At its side a green parrot was perched. A little farther, standing in a tree, was another green parrot busily screaming, "General, General, General lo Buscan." In a corner, under a cover, was a tame <sup>siguiente</sup> ~~ardilla~~, which immediately showed a very strong liking for Leon, and in the center of the patio a cage full of different kinds of local birds added their notes to the concert and general screaming. The other side of the patio was filled with chickens and turkeys and ducks so that business was combined with pleasure. Going into the only large room in the house, on the first floor, we found the most amazing combination of living room, dining room, pantry, library, resting room, etc. The General immediately offered us a cup of their magnificent coffee. Leon nearly sat on a cat that was resting in the chair that the General offered him. We were extremely interested in the conversation of this amazaing man who reviewed the history, geography and relgion of the world and interspersed it all with comments on nobility and people whom he could have had no possible knowledge. I was very amused by his answer when I asked him why, liking animals as he apparently does,



SATURDAY  
Oct. 11th

that he did not have a dog. He said he could not consider having an animal that came to him without being called; that he wanted only those animals that he could look for when he pleased and otherwise they stayed away.

When we were leaving, he again accompanied us to the dock and on the way stopped and introduced us to a Swiss shopkeeper, called Rank, who said he had been a resident of Costa Rica 35 years and still doesn't like it. Nearby was a Palestinian shopkeeper whom we met through the General. Accompanied by these and a collection of native Costa Ricans, a cocktail of nationalities, we were serenaded as we walked down to the pier by the sourest brass band it is possible to imagine. About 15 men in army uniforms all blew manfully into horns. Everyone seemed to play a different tune but the result charmed the inhabitants who clustered around to listen. We got back on board the ship safely and were ready to sail at 8 o'clock. Unfortunately, our plans did not coincide with those of the barber who was on shore with one of the oilers. After having blown the horn a number of times we finally sent the local police out to pick up the missing members. I was in favor of sailing, but it seems the Costa Rican law makes the ship's agent responsible for crew members left behind. Hence the agent, with great presence of mind, postponed the presentation of his bill until the police presented the barber and the oiler. The oiler came on board steering a zig-zag course but the barber was sober enough to listen to my unexpurgated opinion of him. Later in the evening he remarked that he didn't like my comments which was cause for repetition of them, and resulted in his request to be left at the next port. Inasmuch as he had already been fired, this seemed to make it unanimous. His foot slipped, fortunately for me, before his razor, and he will be shipped back as soon as



SATURDAY possible. The aggravation of shaving is not as great as the  
Oct. 11th aggravation of the barber.

By the time the lines were cast off a squall had come up and we had the dubious prospect of leaving a poorly lighted channel through extremely narrow straits. With these unfavorable conditions, Captain Nagel did a good job of seamanship and within an hour we were at sea again.

SUNDAY We arrived at LaLibertad at 6 o'clock where we had stopped at  
Oct. 12th Carola's request that she was anxious to see San Salvador, the capitol, which is only a short distance inland by road. After waiting for a couple of hours, we saw no sign that the local people had seen us so we sent in a launch. The people at the dock took a good look at the launch but no message was sent back to us. We blew the horn for the double purpose of calling back the launch and at the same time to see if we could raise signs of official life on shore. At last about 9 o'clock we decided to go on shore ourselves. Arriving near the pier, several people screamed that we should wait for them to open the shed so a bo'sun chair could be swung down to lift us up to the dock because landing is extremely dangerous and there was only a long steel ladder to climb up.

We then saw running down the pier a fat port captain. He asked us rudely what we wanted. We screamed from the launch, above the roar of the surf, that we wanted to go on shore and the necessary papers were on the ship and he could see them there. He screamed back that we should go immediately back to the ship and wait for his arrival to give his permission for us to land. By this time we had given him the name of our friend at LaUnion, General Andreau, saying it was at his suggestion that we had stopped at LaLibertad, to go to the capitol. He answered that General



SUNDAY  
Oct. 12th  
(Cont'd)

Andreau was nothing to him and that he pays no attention to his orders. By this time Leon, who was on his fifth day of dieting, was screaming his best Spanish to the captain that he did not give a damn to go on shore or visit the capitol, and that he should not bother to come on board because we were leaving his unfriendly port right away. We went back to the boat and when the anchor had been lifted, the captain of the port came alongside with a number of other officials. From the top deck Leon and myself asked him what he wanted and he said he was coming to clear us so we could land. He had found a poor mulatto employee of the ship's agency, on whom he blamed everything, saying he had not been advised of our coming in time. We told him we considered his attitude offensive, and we were leaving because of his discourteous way of receiving us. The smile he wore disappeared when we mentioned that a report would be made regarding his attitude and also that General Andreau would be notified of what he thinks of him.

We left about 10 o'clock and had one of the most beautiful cruising days we have had in a long time. The Salvador coast is beautiful and this, together with completely calm sea, a beautiful sun, and a warm, lovely breeze made one of those days you dream of at sea. We arrived at San Jose, Guatemala, around 5 in the afternoon. After a short time the officials came on board and, as compensation for our aggravations in the morning, they turned out to be very attractive and friendly. A young educated port captain put himself at our disposal and brought the welcome to us of his ~~own~~ President and said he felt flattered to have us call at his port. The rest of the officials were very well informed and militarily behaved, making exemplary seconds to their charming chief.

*El Salvador*



SUNDAY  
Oct. 12th  
(Cont'd)

The Grace Line agent here is a very peculiar Englishman by the name of Hunter. He lost no time in telling us that his wife was a White Russian who had been caught in Paris when the Germans invaded it. She fled to Lisbon and as a result of her experiences is now in an insane asylum. From his conversation and general attitude once in a while one cannot help but feel that perhaps the husband should spend some time with the wife. His background is extremely interesting, however, because, according to his story, he was with the British army in the last war until 1917 when he was detached and became a ~~legion~~ *lieutenant* officer for the American Expeditionary Forces. In 1919 he was again detached from the A.E.F. and was sent to Russia as a military observer with the White Army. After spending some time with Denique <sup>him</sup> until his collapse, Hunter went with the Red Cross in the Balkans and then with a war relief group in Russia. He finally came to Central America, via a few years in Paris. It is remarkable how such a background has produced what seems to be a completely sterile brain.

We spent a very quiet evening preparing all the mail to be sent to Chicago tomorrow.

MONDAY  
Oct. 13th

Received a very early visit from the port captain who was bringing the permits for Leon and myself to go on shore. It is very interesting the severe rules they have at all of these ports now for people even to go on shore to take a walk. They generally allow only passengers on shore, who are checked in and out of the dock very carefully. Around 10:30 we went on shore, after being lifted in the bo'Sun chair to the pier, for a return call on the port captain. He took us to his private home on the second floor of the port building and introduced his young wife and three children. We noticed that the children were unusually well



MONDAY  
Oct. 13th

mannered and very cute. Then he took us to see the launches of President Ubico. President Ubico seems to be very fond of boating and fishing and has several launches for each purpose. He comes down to San Jose quite often and goes out either fishing or riding in his speed boat. It was very amusing to see the launches for the president's guard. They have speed boats to follow the president and a couple of launches to follow the presidentail launch when he goes fishing.

We went to Mr. Hunter's home and there heard some more of his experiences. Then back to the dock where we again used the lifting chair and again Leon's face was a bit perplexed because the rope looked like perhaps it was designed only for the average 150# Guatemalan, who seldom reaches even that weight. Back on board it felt like heaven. Sometimes the aggravation and discomfort we go through on these shore expeditions are worthwhile because of the marvelously comfortable feeling we have on returning to what we <sup>refer to as</sup> ~~call~~ "just <sup>we call it</sup> ~~our~~ two rooms" but ~~it is~~ home.

At 5 o'clock Captain Rodriguez Lopez and his wife and Mr. Hunter came on board for tea. We gave them a very complete cross-examination on all possible subjects of interest and they stuffed themselves with highballs, tea, and cake, and everyone was happy although bored. The Commandant again referred to the president's love of fishing and, having seen our fishboat, was very sure that we should send a radio several days in advance of our next stop here as he felt General Ubico would like very much to come out on a fishing expedition with us. This is all we would need to complete our memoirs. It is very easy to visualize the situation where a dictator president loses a large fish, after considerable effort, and then amiably orders the execution of his host. Don't know whether to be charmed or appalled with the prospect. I am



MONDAY  
Oct. 13th

afraid it holds a fascination, as the spider for the fly, so if we come back this way we will try to make the suggested arrangement and let nature take its course.

The guests left as all guests must. We spent the rest of the evening quietly ruminating and writing. The pictures of our ascent by chair, which were taken by Healy today, turned out very well. We are having them reproduced in quantity.



TOESDAY  
Oct. 14th

This morning found us at Champerico where we waited a short time and then had the usual deluge of port officials. It was as well here, however, that many came because we entertained them on board for three or four hours and all the information desired was forthcoming. The town itself looked frightfully unattractive and as there was no need of undergoing another chair lifting experience to the dock, we did our job by long distance. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we sailed for the next port.

WEDNESDAY  
October 15

It began to blow around 3:30 in the morning as we entered the Gulf of Tehuanepec. This gulf has the same evil reputation as the Bay of Biscay and other windy waters of the world. It is supposed to be caused by a pass through the mountains which lets the wind pour through from the Gulf of Mexico and, from what we have seen, the reputation of the place is justified. We hugged the shore, as we had been warned to do, and consequently had only a 30 to 35 mile wind. Had we stayed out 40 or 50 miles and attempted to make a direct tip-to-tip crossing of the gulf in a direct line we would have had our hair blown out and probably experienced a lot of uncomfortable roll. In any event around 10 o'clock we arrived off the breakwater of Salina Cruz. We had sent along a radio the previous evening advising the agent of our arrival and although we had requested a reply, we received none until the moment of our arrival, then we were asked to corroborate our arrival time we had mentioned in our first message so we received no further message and after waiting for two hours without a sign of pilot, agent, nor port official, we decided to be on our way. It was still blowing hard and we felt that lying here longer would be flirting with fate so on we went. After several hours more of wind we eased around



Wednesday  
Oct. 15th  
(Cont'd)

the other side of the gulf and it dropped off and soon it was smooth and pleasant again. We continued to sail over lovely and tranquil waters.

Thursday  
Oct. 16th

This morning came in bright and calm and about 10:30 we saw the islands that mark the harbor of Acapulco loom up. We again sent along a message to the agent and after blasting outside and waiting for a few moments, we profit<sup>ed</sup>ing by experience; inasmuch as no pilot, no agent nor port officials were forthcoming we proceeded to anchorage in the harbor. Once there, with the anchor down, they all came on board and stated that while pilotage could be had, no one ever used a pilot because the charts were so clearly marked that the entrance could not be mistaken. The officials here, however, were very pleasant and courteous and made everything extremely easy. The harbor itself is beautiful, slightly reminiscent of Rio de Janeiro, inasmuch as it is surrounded by hills and a few islands and a number of bathing beaches tucked away in front of the high land.

We went off to explore one of the beaches after lunch, which is known as the afternoon beach because the sun there is more pleasant at that time. We found it very lovely and peaceful. After sunning ourselves for a while we got in the car which we had rented and drove around the city stopping in one or two bars as well as for an interview with Pancho Morino, the local fisherman. At one of our stopping places, the Mirador Hotel bar, which is beautifully located over the sea, we saw a most unusual and interesting sight. Two native boys, after rushing around a little and showing themselves in the crowd, stood on rocks projecting over an arm of the ocean, which rushes into the land at this point. They first dived from a height of



Thursday  
Oct. 16th  
(Cont'd)

about 50 feet, then one climbed high up on the rock cliff to a point 105 feet over the water. He stands there silhouetted against the evening sun and waits until the surge of the sea into the inlet will permit safe diving-and then literally flies out into the air over the rocky sides. He enters the water far below with hardly a ripple-then swims rapidly out, climbs back up the cliff and ascends the 100 steps which bring him up to the hotel where he solicits the few pesos which give him his livelihood. This is one of the most spectacular feats Carola and I have ever seen. We came on board the ship in the evening for a quiet dinner and to bed fairly early.

Friday  
Oct. 17th

As soon as we got up this morning we went on shore and had our chauffeur drive us up to the morning beach. He drove us among the hills, before arriving at the beach, where are located the best residential sections of Acapulco. There are several very attractive houses, the largest part of them owned by Mexicans who come here from Mexico City to spend some months during the winter season. The one that especially attracted our attention is a house of an English lord that is built on a high rock over the sea -- one of the most attractive places I have ever seen for a house and reminds us very much of the house of Mr. Wolf in Vina del Mar, Chile, which is internationally known. Another very attractive house is that of a United States citizen which is built on a hill a little inland and is known as the stern of the Queen Mary because it is built like the stern of a ship.

The morning beach is called calelli and is even more attractive than the afternoon beach. It is smaller but the sand is extremely fine and white and the water is really delicious. There we found a young couple from the United States that we



Friday  
Oct. 17th  
(Cont'd)

had seen at the hotel the previous afternoon called Struckenburg from St. Louis. We invited them to come on board and have lunch with us. It was really a worthy invitation because they were so grateful that the girl had tears in her eyes when she thanked us and said goodbye. In the afternoon the wife of the governor, Sra. Catalana Caldo, sent a message asking us if they could come on board and see the boat. She came on board with the commander of the army in this district and his wife and several other friends. They were pleasant and brought a couple of beautiful typically Mexican presents for us. We spent the evening quietly on board with thousands of small fish jumping around the boat in the water.

Saturday  
Oct. 18th

The day came in beautifully, clear, and hot as all the days have<sup>been</sup> since we have been in Acapulco. After a little preliminary skirmish, Osborn succeeded in getting fishing permits, came alongside with Pancho Marino, the local fishguide and we started out around 10:30. Pancho was very insistent that we couldn't find sailfish unless we went out 25 miles; that the water close in was not particularly good. After going out about five miles, Osborn, Slim and myself all voted the water perfect and started to troll. Pancho turned out to be right because we didn't raise a thing and around 10'clock we went out another 10 miles and got into very active waters. Schools of tuna, porpoise, and even a whale were sighted. We saw three sailfish jumping at a distance and finally one came up, took the bait in a very eager way. Unfortunately the line had been reversed on the reel and wasn't wetted down so on the first run it sank into the rest of the line and broke with a loud pop and the fish swam off to take someone else's hook.



Saturday  
Oct. 18th  
(Cont'd)

About half an hour after this I received a very disturbing message over the radio telephone. It seems Washington and Admiral Sadler are a little concerned about the situation and therefore ask that the yacht report back to Balboa by the first of November. The message was extremely vague. As there was no indication from the telephone message nor from the message received on the ship as to why the recall was given, I became concerned as to whether we were becoming involved in diplomatic difficulties or whether we had done something that was not to the liking of the Navy officialdom. On return to the ship I found the message scribbled on a piece of paper by the vice-consul. It had come through Naval radio and the vice-consul had scrawled it on a scrap of paper and handed it without envelope to the captain. Fortunately the latter did not get panicky and ~~after-receiving-information~~ until I receive confirmation from Shane by wire I look forward to sitting and worrying as to why and wherefore. Spent a quiet evening on board and went to bed early.

Sunday  
October 19

Carola and I got up early and once again went out to the beach after she returned from mass. It was even lovelier than before. It is natural, without as much as a lifeguard, but fully equipped with most enthusiastic bathers. There is a real spirit of carefree enjoyment. We again saw our friend the General and the various ladies in his party; his wife being absent, he was playing around with a couple of attractive young Mexicans. However, this probably is just local fun and frivolity. We came back on board after several hours of soaking and sunning and after lunch returned on shore. Went down first to visit the home built by <sup>Lord</sup> ~~Henry~~ Murray of Scotland which was completed



Sunday  
Oct. 19th  
(Cont'd)

just after the war began and as a result the owner has never  
seen it. He might be surprised <sup>to see it</sup> as it is <sup>now</sup> occupied by eight  
people, all of whom are relatives of the man who sold the  
land. We understood the owner has the house for sale but  
the real estate agent said it was not for sale. Our opinion  
is that the owner probably is anxious to sell but the agent,  
who lives in it, is equally anxious that it not be sold.  
However, the house, while beautifully located on a cliff over-  
looking the ocean, is badly designed and laid out so we were  
satisfied with only looking and then going our way. We then  
took a drive to, Pie de Cuesta a little settlement at the mouth  
of one of the large lagoons.



INSERT  
OCT. 18th

The telephone message which the vice-consul had received from Mexico City having been sent out to the ship in such a disorderly way aroused our curiosity, so in the evening we went in to call on him. He showed up a little late and a little drunk, apologized for his condition, said he was expecting Dr. Otto Roehr and Mrs. Helen Thomson to dine with him, and asked us to join the party. We were glad to do so as we had heard Roehr named as Hitler's agent for Mexico, Acapulco being as famous for German activity as Guadalupe is for Japanese. Havron then left us to sober up. Shortly thereafter Mrs. Thomson appeared, and Havron came down and introduced us and accepted her explanation that Dr. Roehr had not understood he was invited. The whole thing obviously was a plan of a man to send his mistress to work on the American Consul; and she seemed rather upset that we had broken in. We had a very interesting evening, and immediately after dinner picked up Roehr at his home and went to the ship where we all drank together for four or five hours; Mrs. Thomson and Havron showed their liquor. ~~Immediately~~ Roehr proved to be <sup>the</sup> real German. In the course of the evening Havron gave all manner of information, including the arrival of our only patrol ship along this coast, the U. S.S. Barnegatt. This information seemed interesting enough, <sup>so</sup> that it confirmed our plan to go to the capitol to give it to our ~~State Department~~ <sup>Naval Attache</sup> there.



MONDAY  
Oct. 20th

In the morning we received the expected corroboration in the mail regarding the ship, and a pleasant letter from Colonel Knox so we will have to move from here shortly. The opportunity, however, of seeing Mexico City and checking further on ~~our~~ <sup>the</sup> local situation is too good to miss so, after the customs inspectors came on board to look at our luggage ~~which~~ <sup>consisted</sup> ~~resulting~~ only in each taking a scotch highball and handing us the customs stamps, we went on shore and stopped at Havron's office before leaving so he could relay the radio to Admiral Sadler. I didn't like the idea but thought it was better to have him do it inasmuch as he had received the radio from the Admiral. <sup>P</sup> By now we have learned to travel somewhat comfortably so started off in slacks, with a package of sandwiches and a thermos jug of tea. Gustav even packed a small carton of ice-cream.

Our immediate destination was Taxco, 5½ hours away and 6000 feet higher. The road was magnificent and had recently been re-surfaced and we stopped at several picturesque towns enroute, enjoyed the scenery to the fullest. It is gorgeous, lush, rising from the rank sea level vegetation to the rich slopes and valleys and then to the mountains which were not so austere in their grandeur as those in Peru. People live a poverty-stricken but evidently rather happy life, sanitation is extremely evident by its absence and life seems to roll on with no more trouble than with those of better circumstances.

We arrived in Taxco at 6 in the evening and went directly to the Hotel LaBorda which is situated atop a hill overlooking the entire town. The city was fascinating, with the light of the sinking sun falling down on the red tile, ~~of~~ <sup>which</sup> the entire town ~~is built~~. We had a very nice dinner and inasmuch as there is very little to do in this place, went to bed after talking by



Oct. 20th  
(Cont'd)

telephone with friends in Chicago,

TUESDAY  
Oct. 21st

We arose early and went into Taxco, looked at the church and photographed it thoroughly. We got one magnificent picture of the inside, then went to Sprattling's silver <sup>shop</sup> ~~works~~. The old silver mines of Mexico are still being worked here and the Indians have acquired, over the many years, a great facility for shaping the white metal. An American named Sprattling came here and his artistic manner has definitely improved these native ~~useful~~ products. We were, however, disappointed at the shops, because the prices seemed very high compared with those in Peru, and the workmanship also was not as fine as Peruvian, running more toward sharp edges and fancy work in contrast to the heavy inornate Peruvian pieces. We drove through the town after our stop here and photographed several local groups, quite charming in their simplicity, had it not been that each asked for a peso for being photographed. On our way at 10 o'clock over more miles of picturesque roads. The scenery was beautiful despite the cows and burros that insisted on coming into the road and sleeping there.

We arrived at Cuernavaca around 11:30 and stopped at the American Express Hotel, which is the old house where Emperor Maximilian used to come for weekends. It is an extremely charming Spanish-Colonial construction and the gardens are beautiful. We then visited the palace of Hernando Cortez. The most interesting part of this rebuilt palace, which is now a government building, is a big door completely wood carved. The rest is pretty standard and in bad taste -- they are covering the walls with new paintings picturing the life of this hero. We left here without too much regret and went on to the capitol. I lost a bet on the way due to a traffic jam as I had anticipated



Tuesday  
Oct. 21st  
(Cont'd)

getting there at 1 o'clock and we were fifteen minutes and \$5.00 late. We were pleasantly surprised on arrival at the Hotel Reforma to be shown a magnificent suite, beautifully furnished in a most modern hotel. As no mail was awaiting us we had a nice lunch in the Anglo-French hotel <sup>Maner</sup> ~~Maner~~ and then picked up a guide and our car and started on our usual visit of <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ city. We went first to the former palace built for Maximillian, which, after him, was used by the various presidents until some few years ago, and now is a national museum called Chapultepec. The name comes from the insect called chapulin of the locust family. This location was notorious for these insects and in remembrance of them there is a fountain in the middle of which is fashioned a large locust. The building itself is furnished in a variety of styles from Louis XVIII to Brunswick-Balke-Collender, who installed for one of the later presidents, <sup>Maker</sup> a bowling alley which I duly photographed to send along to the Bensinger family. It is a perfectly ~~gasty~~ place, but rather interesting, and the purple tile walls of some of the bathrooms, which were renovated with a wide contrast of colors, and equally hideous inlaid marquetry of which Maximillian and his bride seemed very fond, make a very profound combination. After leaving here we drove to see the several residential districts which are quite attractive - but the city itself is disappointing, rambling in area. Certain of the homes are beautiful but the whole effect is marred by the attempt at modernization of an aged city. There is none of the mellow feeling that is found in the smaller places and the various revolutions the country has undergone may well be the basis for this fact. We ~~drove~~ back to the hotel, tired, and found a call awaiting us from the Naval Attache. We made the mistake of having a masseuse sent up who turned out to be



Tuesday  
Oct. 21st  
(Cont'd)

a German born woman who beat Carola unbearably--and I was rescued by the arrival of the Naval Attache. The masseuse told Carola, after getting a look at me, that I was very dark complexioned and Carola said I was just suntanned. The masseuse said, in a very understanding way, not to worry about that, that she doesn't mind if a person is not white because she has as her best customers the Chinese and Japanese ministers. ¶ The Naval Attache, Lieutenant Harold Braman, a former newspaper man in Central and South America, is extremely intelligent, speaking fluent Spanish and very well posted. He gave us the added information regarding the change in our mission and was extremely interested in Acapulco. He opened the conversation by saying they had not been entirely satisfied by the State Department's representative and asked if I could give them a report on him. Naturally I had hoped for the opportunity to <sup>discuss</sup> ~~prove what is a~~ <sup>this</sup> woeful picture and <sup>so</sup> went into complete details. He asked if we would mind remaining another day and talking with the State Department's Travelling Inspector who would be in Mexico City tomorrow. By the time this conference was finished it was 10 o'clock. He apologized for keeping us and quite evidently didn't realize we hadn't dined. ¶ We bound<sup>d</sup> out to a restaurant at an address that had been given us where typical Mexican food was supposed to be served. The place, called Mitla, looked like a teashop, the proprietress of which had travelled in Mexico. The whole thing was saved, however, by the typical food and by the pleasant waitresses. The food arrived in what was evidently blue-plate special style. Carola and I ate it, found it interesting, but we were not very enthusiastic. It was highly spiced, very strongly flavored and extremely monotonous. The outstanding feature was the garlic soup in which two eggs were broken. This is a very fine dish



Tuesday  
Oct. 21st  
(Cont'd)

indeed if you are going to be in solitary confinement for a few days, inasmuch as you become a public menace with it on your breath. However, as every one practically lives on garlic in Mexico, it is perfectly safe to use it. After dinner we took ourselves and our indigestion, to the night club where we had the doubtful pleasure of seeing a pair of singers whom we had suffered through in Peru some months ago. The rest of the show was equally mediocre so after a short time we took ourselves, <sup>plus</sup> ~~with the~~ indigestion, back to the hotel and to bed.

On the way back to the hotel this afternoon we stopped at a bar and saw nothing interesting excepting Angelus d'Orn of Havana. We had an old home week and made a date for the next day for cocktails.

WEDNESDAY  
Oct. 22nd

Early in the morning I got from the Cuban Consul the address of the Miguel Parragas whom I knew were in Mexico. I talked to Silvia at the Ritz, where they were staying, and made a date to meet them for cocktails before lunch. After making several telephone calls to Chicago, we started our tour around the city. We went first to the cathedral, which is big and has some valuable articles, but is kept in bad repair because of the several revolutions and religious persecutions in Mexico. After that we went to the National Museum, where we saw several Mayan and Aztec huacos which we both agree are much inferior to the ones made by the Incas of Peru. The jewelry worn by the Empress Carlota, wife of Maximillian, is attractive. After a stop to see the construction of several old churches, we drove to the Church of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patroness of Mexico. This church is supposed to be built in the place where the virgin first appeared to the people. This is <sup>the</sup> best



WEDNESDAY  
Oct. 22nd  
(Cont'd)

kept church of all Mexico because the faith of the Mexican people in the virgin is so strong no revolution is able to make any difference in the way they take care of this church. It is enormous and has rooms at the sides for museums pieces where they show several of the presents given by kings and emperors to the church. There is a typical little market just outside, in the street, and all the surroundings are charming. We drove back to the city and arrived at the Ritz bar at 1 o'clock. This place today is the most popular in Mexico City. At the same time we arrived, Leon thought he saw a couple he recognized crossing the street. He caught up with them and they turned out to be Mr. and Mrs. George Maillard. Mrs. Maillard formerly was Marion Logan and worked with Leon 13 years ago in Mandel Brothers. After that she became a well-known stylist and after a couple of other marriages, married Maillard two years ago. After cocktails the Parragas and Mrs. d'Orn and ourselves went to the DaCuba restaurant, another typically Mexican place, to have lunch with the Maillards. They had arrived in Mexico the day before and planned to stay for several months but in the course of the conversation, and after some cocktails, Leon convinced them that Peru would be much more interesting as long as they knew Mexico so well-and the exchange of money <sup>has</sup> would be more favorable, and the country had much more to offer. Leon also convinced them to join us the next day and start their trip immediately to Peru. We left around 4 o'clock and Leon and myself drove to the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco. After a long drive of nearly an hour, during which Leon became impatient, we found a built-up tourist place where dirty canals were full of little boats to take the tourists for a ride. It seems this originally was used by the Indians



WEDNESDAY  
Oct. 22nd  
(Cont'd)

to take their vegetables to the city from this location. But they are closed now and are not used for this purpose, but only as a tourist attraction. Therefore, most of the atmosphere is gone. We were told that Sunday is the day to see them but later learned that Sunday they look as bad and besides are full of people. Went back to the hotel and then to Paolo restaurant to meet the Maillards for dinner. Leon had a lot of reminiscing to do of his crash in the airplane with Mrs. Maillard who was with him and they made a definite date to come down and join us in Acapulco. After dinner we went back to the El Patio again and then met the Parragas and Silvia's sister and stayed until quite late.

THURSDAY  
Oct. 23rd

When we awoke in the morning we decided we had seen the city, inasmuch as the guide knew no other places to go. Leon waited for an appointment with Mr. Hosmer, the State Department Inspector. He turned out also to be a most intelligent man, and I was shocked at finding two such men in our service in the same country, but it is a relief to know this, and that ~~the~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~attendant~~ dangerous incumbent in Acapulco will be removed. After a pleasant visit we went along to lunch at the Paolo restaurant as the Mexican food was too much for us and Paolo is very excellent. After lunch we returned to the hotel, packed and finished the telephoning to New York on the financial plan, ~~and~~ <sup>Then phoned</sup> to Chicago to find that our change in sailing makes it impossible for Drs. Barker and Armstrong and the McCormicks to join us. This probably is best as we are so indefinite now the guests would only complicate matters.

We went along to the bull fight, leaving our bags in the car, and enjoyed the next two hours tremendously. The bullfights themselves were mediocre, as the Thursday afternoon fights



THURSDAY  
Oct. 23rd  
(Cont'd)

are devoted to the amateurs who are trying to become professionals. Only one of the six boys showed any ability. He was a pupil of a well-known fighter and his grace and ability were <sup>in</sup>marked contrast to that of the others. This retinue had one thing in common -- courage. As in every other sport, the type that is awkward is boring to watch, but in bullfighting the more awkward he is the more he risks his life, ~~and~~ with the result that a very primitive <sup>iv</sup>urge keeps the audience constantly interested. We succeeded in getting some splendid pictures, although the camera stuck after only about 18 shots.

*of the fight,*  
We left at 5:30, before the end, so as to get over the worst of the mountains before darkness. We got to Taxco where we planned on spending the night. Received a telephone call from the Maillards that they would meet us the next day and we spent another pleasant evening in this lovely hotel. The air is cool and fresh, the beds comfortable and we were up in the morning for another breakfast of <sup>the</sup>home-baked bread and fresh eggs which are a real treat for us. *after so long it was.*

We stopped at Spratling's place just for a moment to pick up the elaborate silver belt and a couple of little gifts for friends in Panama which we had ordered on our way up. Perhaps. Fortunately, we found a number of other things that looked much better than when we first stopped there, and included a very nice silver water pitcher, some paper cutters, some salt cellers, and several other things which seemed to us quite attractive. Leaving, we started on the long journey back to Acapulco and while the scenery was still beautiful, having just come over the road it had lost its first charm. Arriving in Acapulco towards evening, we found we would have to check our luggage out of the customs house. It seems that the Mexican



THURSDAY  
Oct. 23rd  
(Cont'd)

mercury smuggling, and other possible smuggling, has caused this law to be put into <sup>the books</sup> ~~effect~~ but local officials do little to actually enforce it. We went to the customs house after considerable argument and were immediately waved out without them even looking into the bags. We came back to the ship, delighted to be home again. Went over the mail, which had arrived, got off the last letters and then waited for the Maillards to arrive around 9:30. They had, had a difficult time getting their papers in order but seemingly were successful and we <sup>re</sup> assured their passports would be waiting for them in Panama. After a few highballs, we all turned in around 10'clock with prospects of sailing in the morning.

SATURDAY  
Oct. 25th

We awakened early and after various details were cleaned up lifted the anchor and put out to sea. As the Acapulco harbor receded we were once again impressed by its charm and beauty. It is a sleepy, tranquil, lovely place, beautiful bathing beaches and lovely surroundings. I think, with a congenial group, it would be a delightful place to visit, <sup>in</sup> and fishing + sailing. Unfortunately Mexico City is ~~so~~ far removed in time from everywhere else, except by air.

We left Mexico with the impression that its countryside is as beautiful as it is possible to see but so far as the capitol is concerned, there are many others which are far more attractive and worthwhile visiting.

Oct. 26th  
to 30th

As we stood out to sea the weather was fair, although there was a long rolling Pacific swell. We started a number of tranquil lazy days, on our way to the South, one much the same as the next. We skirted the Gulf of Tehuantepec, again experiencing the wind which evidently marks this locality continuously. Another day brought rain, which is quite unusual at this time



Oct. 26th time of year. Outside of this, little of interest occurred.  
to  
Oct. 30th Carola and I spent most of the time working on our reports and the Maillards were very easy guests to entertain. We arrived at Coiba Island the evening of the 29th, where we stopped, put the fishboat over and I tried for two hours to get more sailfish because I had been so encouraged by our previous efforts here. We probably came at the wrong time because we raised nothing. Returned to the ship at 6 o'clock and went along to Balboa.

THURSDAY  
Oct. 30th After we had cleared quarantine and waited for the pilot we were surprised and pleased to see the Erie loom up on the horizon. We hoisted the QKF welcome and they in turn sent up the same flags to us and we look forward very much to seeing Andy Mack again. Shortly after that our pilot came out and we went into the bouys. The Erie and ourselves seem to hold some irresistible magnetic attraction, one for the other, for our pilot started to cut in front of the Erie's bow and only full speed astern on the Erie and full speed ahead with us saved a collision. The fault was clearly our pilot's. It seems amusing we should be so consistently Erie conscious.

When we arrived at the bouys and finally had the lines made fast we dressed and were just about to go on shore when Andy Mack and Averill came alongside and we had a few drinks together and decided to spend the evening together. It was too late by then to leave the ship to see the Admiral, so they went along and made an appointment with him for me for the next day. ~~and~~ George Maillard went on shore to get everything in order for his sailing which is also scheduled for tomorrow. About 8 o'clock the Macks came back on board, had hors d'oeuvres and a few drinks and <sup>we all</sup> went on shore to the Rancho for supper, where



THURSDAY  
Oct. 30th

we sat, half in and half out of the rain, and saw Ben Welles and began to get all the news of the revolution that had taken place here. About 1 o'clock we left the Rancho and went to Kelleys where our revolution information was enhanced by shouts of long live ~~Arnulfo~~ <sup>Pancho</sup> Arias. The picture looked like trouble - so we left at 2 o'clock.

FRIDAY  
Oct. 31st

Up early and went along to the Admiral's at 10 o'clock with my reports. I was fifteen minutes early for my appointment and was immediately ushered into the office and didn't leave until 1:30, to my considerable embarrassment. However, as long as Sadler is satisfied, I am too, and I learned more of the Panamanian story - and that our Government had nothing to do with the situation. There are a number of theories, one that the two LaGuardias met with their brother-in-law, Boyd, quite by accident - and heard that Arnulfo Arias had just left to go to Cuba to see his lady love. Immediately, assuming that he had done so without permission, they threw the first vice-president in jail so that he couldn't appeal, and <sup>James</sup> ~~Jamie~~ LaGuardia, who was second vice-president, held the office for an hour and then turned it over to the other LaGuardia. The second story is that Arnulfo Arias realized he was about to lose power and had been collecting all the large denomination bills in Panama for some weeks and even had gone deep in the \$20 bills and put them together to total 55 pounds <sup>in weight</sup> ~~than~~ and was told that was what he could get away with if he left the country immediately. In any event all the stories are good. Most amusing there are five revolutions which were pending, one at Chiriqui which we had reported; one directed by Pancho Arias, who went to Peru to attend his daughter's wedding, and the one which succeeded, as well as two others. Pancho Arias is a very



FRIDAY  
Oct. 31st  
(Cont'd)

disappointed man, <sup>as</sup> ~~and~~ the play has been taken from him. Being <sup>now</sup> a close friend of the United States, this may <sup>now</sup> change his stand and he may align himself with Peru, as his chosen candidate is Rios, Ambassador to Peru, and third vice-president, who refused to hand in his resignation as did all the other incumbents.

Pancho Arias made a point of asking Carola for the address of Cuneo Harrison in Havana, hoping possibly that both Carola and myself would repeat the fact that he was interested.

After handing my report to the Admiral, we discussed the possibility of the Navy taking the ship over and went over all the correspondence concerning it. I have made my point clear, and Admiral Sadler agrees with me, that I <sup>am</sup> ~~should~~ be willing to turn the ship over-but not at a loss <sup>neither</sup> ~~nor~~ do I want any profit. This message was sent to Washington and my opinion is that it will not be turned over at this time. This naturally will please Carola and myself ~~and~~ inasmuch as our present plans are to go to Cuba and stay in the harbor there. Someone, however, seems quite anxious to utilize our services in some capacity, and I asked for some time to think it over, <sup>+</sup> to find the work thought most desirable to me ~~and for the best~~. Naturally I am very glad to have the Admiral's advice and will be guided somewhat by it. He is, as always, gracious and gentle.

After leaving his office I made a date with Anson Bigelow for the evening, then returned to the ship. Carola went into town and made a number of telephone calls to friends and several dates for the evening. In the evening the Loizagas, Bigelow and Alicia Hammel came out for dinner. The Maillards were extremely busy all day getting their papers arranged. At last they came back to the boat with everything done and left on the Copicia bound for Guayaquil about 10 o'clock. The rest stayed on board until quite late.



SATURDAY  
November 1

Leon and myself went on shore together, I to church, it being All Saints Day and Leon to see the Admiral. Again back on board for lunch. In the afternoon we went to call on the Admiral and Mrs. Sadler and spent a couple of hours there. The Arias, Loizagas, Alemans, Macks, Mr. Arosemena, and Emmie Ehrman came on board for a late dinner and after that we went to the Union Club where it was the usual Saturday night dance. There we found a number of friends and had a very charming evening. One of the most amusing things I heard about the revolution of Panama was the opinion of Mr. Arosemena, who is president of the Revolutionary Party, who said he had definitely proved that the United States had paid a large sum of money to the Cuban girl friend of ex-President Arias to make him go to visit her in Cuba and in that way give them a chance to get rid of a very unfriendly neighbor; that the manifestation which took place at about 8 P.M. in the evening, included only a small group of people who marched up and down to give the effect that they were desirous of a change but that this merely was for atmosphere. He expects trouble because it is extremely unusual for a government composed half of the Arias followers and half of the new regime to coordinate their efforts. The Revolutionary Party is dissatisfied <sup>and</sup> ~~with~~ the Arias friends are furious. Only Uncle Sam is momentarily happy with the results.

SUNDAY  
November 2nd

Carola went to church this morning, then we both stayed on board the rest of the day, catching up on the diary and taking life generally easy. Went on shore about 8 o'clock



SUNDAY  
Nov. 2nd  
(Cont'd)

thinking to spend a quiet evening alone and go to a movie. Unfortunately at the Tivoli we ran into Alicia Hammel and Anson Bigelow who insisted on joining us and taking us to the Union Club for dinner. Hammel, according to the Peruvian minister Loizaga and the Admiral, is unquestionably in the pay of the Axis. The suspicion is that before Arnulfo Arias was thrown out, she reported directly to him as it has been definitely proven he was in the pay of the Germans through the Argentine. The American ambassador has positive proof of this. Izazza, Arnulfo's private secretary and a former consular agent, also is supposed to have been receiving considerable Axis monies. This is the only possible explanation as to why Arias was so brazen to the United States, as he had far more to lose than to gain unless he was being paid rather well for his stand. Incidentally, now that he has left, a man named Villalba who was formerly the European contact, is supposed to be returning to Panama to take responsibility for the Axis work here, and Arias supposedly was given <sup>the rest of</sup> Central America to <sup>play</sup> Mad Mullah to as many of the Latins as will let him.

Came back on board the boat early and left Hammel and Bigelow to their secrets, he probably divulging nothing of importance-but it is a frightening picture nevertheless. Hammel herself, as a spy, is a great disappointment. She <sup>ach</sup> ~~likes~~ glamour and is successful only in being a little tawdry. The other local woman spy, Carolina Miller, is completely the washerwoman type with no brains.

MONDAY  
Nove. 3rd

This is Panama's Independence Day and we stayed on board by ourselves all day quietly and delightfully. In the evening we went to the Union Club to a farewell party given in honor of Abdiel and Dora Arias <sup>who</sup> leave for <sup>the United States</sup> ~~Cuba~~ in ten days or so.



MONDAY  
Nov. 3rd  
(Cont'd)

<sup>delight</sup>  
This was a ~~bright~~ful evening for me, sitting between Mrs. Loizaga and Mrs. de Prado; the rest of the table included Carolina Miller; Colonel Arias, a famous bore and brother of Abdiel, and a number of other non-English speaking, extremely stupid people. Things were brightened, however, by the news that in the morning the Count of Bailen, while extremely drunk in the Union Club, had said Panama was under the boot of the United States. He was told that Spain certainly was under the boot of Hitler and one word lead to more. Bailen was eventually ushered out of the Club with a few threats to throw him in the ocean. The diplomatic corps is agog at such blatant insolence to the country in which Bailen was supposed to be a diplomatic representative. It should work out advantageously for the United States, however, as Bailen has been at the bottom of a lot of Axis propaganda here. Having just been told the story by ~~John~~ <sup>Naib</sup> Coca and ~~Miller~~, I was taken aback when Bailen came up to our table, accompanied by his constant companion, Maria Richardson, who immediately sat down beside me, taking Coca's seat. Bailen affectionately embraced me, obviously still under the influence of liquor. Fortunately Coca came back and moved Maria Richardson so that I was one removed from Bailen for the evening. The evening wore on hour by hour. The president, followed by his entire cabinet and their wives, entered with ruffles and frills from the orchestra and the national anthem and then things went along dully until several of the ladies of the presidential party rose to go to the ladies' room. The orchestra, thinking the president was leaving, immediately started more ruffles and frills and launched again into the national anthem, at which the ladies impressively walked across the dance floor. The whole thing was very reminiscent of Jack White and the "18" Club. When the orchestra saw their error they stopped in mid-anthem, the ladies proceeded and the room rocked with laughter.



MONDAY  
Nov. 3rd  
(Cont'd)

Shortly thereafter I danced with the lady on my left, then the lady on my right, then Carola, the guest of honor, then found myself sitting in solitary splendor so began to table hop and finally around 3 in the morning found myself at the bar with a New York woman named Mrs. S. Spalding. She had flown down some papers of Tito Arias which had to do with the new statutes Panama was considering putting into their constitution which carried more unpleasantries. It probably has been stopped but as usual the method used was incredibly stupid. About 4 certain of our party came out to the Carola, including Tito and Hermodo Arias, the New York gal, Julio Ernesto Huertematte, and Juan Boyd. Gustav was just getting home so we had bacon and egg sandwiches, a few more drinks, and a marvelous sunrise, as our guests left about 7 o'clock.

TUESDAY  
Nov. 4th

Ernesto Fabregas and his wife and Julio Huertematte came on board for lunch and I presented the Peruvian economic plan whittled down to Panamanian size. All of it was planned to find out something as to Ernesto's present stand and to my surprise I succeeded. He approved the idea most heartily, and then proceeded to cut Julio Huertematte's throat from ear to ear saying not to depend on Julio that he was pro-Axis and would be surprised at his, Fabregas', change of policy. In other words, he realizes that the time has come to play ball with the United States but he will have to offer up a sacrifice to indicate his change of heart is sincere. He told me of Julio Huertematte's extreme pro-Axis attitude, presumably hoping I would carry the message back that he is ready to let Julio walk the plank. Incidentally Gladys Huertematte is being openly accused of being in the pay of the Nazi party and reporting to the Costa Rican German minister. I seriously doubt this, but don't completely disbelieve anything any more. Of course, the other possibility of Fabregas' statements is that he is setting a trap to see what I will take



TUESDAY back to the officials, but in any event it is all most interesting  
Nov. 4th  
(Cont'd) and a petty type of power politics.

After they left we just had time to dress and go along to Ann and Bill Vanderbilts for dinner where we met a very attractive couple named Paine, as well as Lieutenant MacIlvaine, who was John Hamilton's <sup>aid</sup> ~~aid~~, and is now one of Dillen's Dicks. We reminisced about Jane Mason, and then Gene Markey came in and we really had an old home week. When he lived in Chicago he was in the circle of the Jim Simpsons, the Leander McCormicks, and a thousand other people who are equally good friends of ours. We evidently crossed and recrossed paths in the last ten years but had never met and he couldn't be more attractive. It is the first time I have had a chance to talk with anyone and really laugh, in other than a sedate Latin manner, in so long I was overjoyed. We were then asked to go over to Bailen's place by Mommy Richardson, who was present. We managed to tip off the Vanderbilts and Markey, who knew nothing of the previous day, with the result none of us showed up—and it probably is just as well as the whole Isthmus is rocking with the scandal. Bailen probably will be recalled by request of the Panamanian government, and his home certainly was no place for myself and two Naval officers to appear. Ben Welles also was there for dinner and has just filed his article on the Colombian air fields, which should cause quite a stink and stir. He unfortunately isn't as well documented as he should be, in proving rather conclusively what the president referred to as air fields, are merely potential rather than actual, and this fact may be played up to the general embarrassment of the United States.

After leaving the Vanderbilts we went to the Union Club with Markey and found the rest of the party who had fled from the Spanish legation and suddenly we all discovered it was 1:30 and ran home.



WEDNESDAY A group came on board for lunch that we had invited Monday night,  
Nov. 5th

including Carlos Brin, former Panamanian ambassador to the United States and who naturally has been recalled with the change of government; also John Gorin, Mrs. Wagner, who works for the Panama American, and Lieutenant Reed and Gene Markey. We yarned about fishing, heard the latest tidbits which are reverberating about Bailen and the editorial about him in this morning's paper, although no specific name was mentioned, and all in all enjoyed ourselves immensely. Emy Ehrman and her sister Anita Crawford were with us and they told us their brother, Pepe, was the last loyal Arnulfo Arias man and was the lone voice that shouted "Viva Arnulfo" when the ship came in from Cuba. Pepe<sup>h w</sup> has three trucks hauling sand across the Isthmus on contract-so from<sup>sub</sup> secretary of treasury to subcontractor in one administration, seems to be the typical success story down here. If it weren't so funny it would be tragic.

In the evening we went to the home of the Mexican Minister, Mr. and Mrs. Breceda who invited us to their 20th anniversary. This was a dandy little affair, followed by bridge which I played with the Chilean minister, ~~Del Palma~~<sup>Mugica</sup>, whom we met the last trip. The bridge was not too bad, but not too good, all in Spanish with Spanish cards -- a confusing combination for a tired American. However, one very handsome bit of work was done by Carola who stuck close to Breceda, who incidentally hates Bailen and<sup>so</sup> showed her a letter of explanation Bailen had sent to the Secretary of Foreign Affairs of Panama, with a copy to the dean of the diplomatic corps. It was a fantastic document and accused the Panamanians of saying (first) that Spain was under the boot of Hitler--and that he therefore gave an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a boot for a boot. He continued to stated that the incident was unimportant and could not have been made to assume any importance except by malicious people. In other



Blaming

WEDNESDAY words, if anything happens to him he will have an out, to the  
Nov. 5th  
(Cont'd) government of the United States. I was very much surprised to  
see Breceda in plain dress as he always wears a flock of medals  
to the Union Club, from stem to stern, he being the only one so  
bedecked with the glorious regalia. I had expected also to see his  
home similarly decorated. In any event finally fled around 1  
o'clock for home.

THURSDAY Went into the Admiral with information regarding Fabregas and the  
Nov. 6th  
Bailen statement. Therefore was received very promptly, after a  
short session with Dillen and his Dicks. Incidentally this latter  
department more and more impresses me as not being able to catch  
a cold. Before I was received by the Admiral I had a conference  
with Captain Dillen and Vanderbilt, Ballentine, Sullivan, Ober,  
Blaming and of the lot Blaming has real ability and Vanderbilt has  
integrity. Outside of those two observations I didn't get much  
out of the meeting except to know that Dillen, as expected, was  
delighted with our pictures and was very complimentary about the  
report form. The Admiral kept me from 12 to 1:45. He suggested  
several things for the future, first the possibility of my acting  
as liason between the Navy and the Rockefeller Committee, which  
suggestion I set forth for him and he approves. Then <sup>he</sup> surprised me  
completely by saying if my commission would be forthcoming, he  
wanted to recommend me as Naval Attache to Panama. Why Panama  
would need a Naval Attache is a mystery and I so stated. He said  
that was just a title to cover valuable work similar to what has  
already been done. Another job he mentioned was assistant Naval  
Attache to all of Central America which is now being covered by  
one man who is badly overworked. In any event it is nice to know  
that he is interested and he was again extremely complimentary  
about what had been done. He further stated the Navy had received



THURSDAY an affirmative reply to my rather sassy commentary sent last  
Nov. 6th  
(Cont'd) week regarding the yacht, telling him all preliminary tests were  
to be made here and if the figure I have set on the ship is accep-  
table I am to turn it over to them. Inasmuch as the testing and  
inspection has already been started it may be our days on board  
are limited. Both Carola and I naturally will be brokenhearted;  
however, the situation being what it is, it would probably be an  
extremely difficult task to keep the yacht operating -- the constant  
crew problem <sup>confronted with</sup> ~~without~~ the added difficulty of mechanical upkeep, and  
extremely limited range in which it would be possible to operate ~~and~~  
all combined with the major question of bad taste in keeping her  
in the water at this time. It may be, therefore, that the alter-  
native which we are faced with is not an alternative but the only  
course left. I have tried to benefit by my experience with the  
Buccaneer to simplify and expedite whatever decision is made.  
Dealing with the Navy I feel this is well nigh impossible, but once  
again I hope the philosophy I am trying to get on this trip will be  
effective--and so I will let nature take its course instead of trying  
to force it. Also <sup>was</sup> given a copy, by Admiral Sadler, of his cover-  
ing letter to the Chief of Naval Operations which again included a  
complimentary sentence on our last report. As this same statement  
was present in regard to my first report but missing on the second,  
I was glad to see it reinstated although the work done on the second  
leg of the trip I consider most important, or at least it could have  
been. The fact that our governmental red tape prevented an intel-  
ligent man being placed as press relations officer in the Peruvian  
embassy, may have resulted in the colossal bull made on the Peruvian  
air plane deal. Once again we forget that we can slap a Latin in  
the face if we are in full dress suit with white tie, for it is then  
considered a matter of honor, but if you even flick his cheek and



THURSDAY  
Nov. 6th  
(Cont'd)

are dressed in overalls, he feels unspeakably degraded. What we did in this deal was with the iron fist without any glove at all, let alone a velvet one. However, this is all theory but interesting in retrospect.

After my conference with the Admiral I went along to the Union Club where I found Carola visiting with Markey and we had another ~~little~~ <sup>old</sup> home week, then came back to the ship. In the evening we went to the Union Club to dinner given for us by Ernesto Fabregas and his wife. Present were Jaime de la Guardia who has shared in the family rise to president, although he is only a cousin. He has been recalled after 18 years in Cuba and is now chief surgeon at the hospital. These family revolutions really are lovely things but it looks ~~like~~ <sup>as tho</sup> the de la Guardias are slightly more numerous than the Ariases were. Fabregas' brother-in-law and sister were also present, as well as Julio Huertematte, despite my presumption that he ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> to be the <sup>new</sup> fall guy; also the newly appointed Cuban Charge d' Affaires who undoubtedly is very funny in Spanish, but he talks incessantly which dulls his wit for me. I once again found something to tell my grandchildren when they ask what I did in the last war. I shall tell them, with a cold look, that I danced with the wives of cabinet ministers-and if they don't look impressed I will tear them limb from limb. The pain and the agony of this whole procedure is one that entitles me to the Navy Cross. Came back on board the ship about 1 o'clock and to bed.

FRIDAY  
Nov. 7th

Up early and worked on papers. The inspection of the Carola which had been conducted by Navy officers resulted in a satisfactory report, at least from a Naval viewpoint. It is nice to know the ship is in good shape at least. I have an appointment to see Admiral Sadler at 10:30 tomorrow, have written a letter to Colonel Knox putting myself at his disposal if he wants me, with or without



FRIDAY  
Nov. 7th

commission or yacht. I have written a similar letter to Harry Hopkins as I feel after these last six months I can be of very real service—and I have a strong desire to do so. Also heard from home about Chatham Park. It looks as though I will have to up my investment to \$150,000, but at least I won't take an immediate loss but take this step rather contrary to Hyatt's advice but it is one that is absolutely essential. It ~~should~~ be a good hedge against inflation, and certainly gives me a chance, where today I have none.

This evening we are going to have for dinner the Ecuadorian minister, whom we have slighted this trip for the Peruvian minister, because they don't mix. We will have to hide all the Peruvian silver which we accumulated in Lima before he arrives. Also the de la Guardias will be represented, <sup>and coming.</sup> Julio Ernesto Huertematte, Colonel Connell and his wife, and Kempie Taylor and his wife, whom we have not yet met, <sup>and coming.</sup> We are looking forward to seeing her! *Particularly after the Diaz incident*



FRIDAY  
Nov. 7th  
(Cont'd)

When Mrs. Taylor arrived we saw that what we had heard was more than true. She looks like his mother and is extremely nervous. Dr. Taylor, during the evening, told Leon he should release some publicity about the work we have been doing, because people had started to talk about Leon being just a playboy, living on a yacht and doing nothing during these hard times while everybody else is working. Later we found the real reason of his worry of our reputation -- he is extremely bored with his medical work -- and is trying to have us release some publicity about our work hoping to derive some personal glory from it and get a job in the Intelligence Division. *As our work has to be kept quiet, this is his typical behavior.*

SATURDAY  
Nov. 8th

We spent a quiet day on board. Gene Markey had cocktails with us and then at 7 o'clock we went to the Crawford's home where they had a cocktail in our honor. From there we went to the Chilean legation expecting to stay only a short time, because they were having a concert by a Chilean pianist. When we arrived we heard the concert had already started so sat on the stairs for a while, not wanting to interrupt, but Leon, who had had plenty of cocktails, decided a piano was not the thing he was going to hear tonight, so we went to the Union Club, where we stayed until quite late.

SUNDAY  
Nov. 9th

I got up to go to church, sleepy as usual, and came back to finish preparations for our luncheon. We decided to have the luncheon on the boat deck aft and had tables placed along both sides of the afterhouse. There were about thirty-six for lunch in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Sadler and it was very successful. Several guests asked us if it was true that right after lunch the boat was going to be taken over by the Navy. The rumor is current about an exchange of letters with the Navy about the boat and people immediately spread the rumor that it is sold. We were very



SUNDAY  
Nov. 9th  
(Cont'd)

lucky that it did not rain and the last few guests didn't leave until about 7 o'clock. We went on shore with Gene Markey, stopped for cocktails at the Tivoli where we found Lieutenant and Mrs. Samuel Rockwell -- she is the daughter of Frank Busch of Leon's law firm of Taylor, Miller, Busch and Boyden. We then had a very nice dinner at the Ranch and went to bed early.

MONDAY  
Nov. 10th

Spent all day on board and went in the evening to the Ortiz de Zevallos for dinner. After dinner we played a murder game with Leon as the deceased and Gene Markey the detective. All in all it was a very pleasant evening. *h) one scandal etc.*

TUESDAY  
Nov. 11th

Today is Armistice Day and we again stayed on board quietly. In the evening we had dinner with the Bueno de Prados, and played bridge and poker after dinner. Leon was angry because he had such good cards and the poker limit was 5 cents. During the evening everybody commended the decision of the Secretary of Foreign Relations of Panama in declaring the Count of Bailen persona non grata. Everybody considers this the most dishonor that has ever been handed anyone in the diplomatic corps here. *Sanchez*  
*he seems to think he had something to do with this.*

WEDNESDAY  
Nov. 12th

Leon went on shore in the morning to see the Admiral and had a very pleasant talk with him, then to the consulate to renew his passport. At 6:30 a group including Andy and Averill Mack, Lieut. and Mrs. Samuel Rockwell, Ensign and Mrs. Sedwick, Lieut. and Mrs. Merryweather, and Gene Markey, who has been spending most of his time with us, came on board for cocktails. Everybody seemed to try to get full as quickly as possible, then went to the Erie where Andy and Averill had a dinner in our honor. We had a very pleasant dinner, especially Leon and Gene, who went through it without knowing exactly what had happened after heavy doses of pisco sours. After dinner Mack had a movie but unhappily it was



WEDNESDAY the same one I saw several months ago when we were in Peru.  
Nov. 12th We then had a few drinks at a party at Fort Amador for one of Andy's officers who has been transferred, and then to bed.

THURSDAY Had a quiet lunch on board with Gene and at 6 o'clock went to a  
Nov. 13th cocktail party that Ann and Bill Vanderbilt gave for Dr. and Mrs. Jorge Boyd. We saw there a number of friends and also the new Peruvian Charge d' Affaires in Cuba who was passing through Panama on his way to Havana. It seems Cuneo Harrison's pro-Axis speeches have angered the United States Ambassador in Cuba who has even refused to shake hands with Harrison. The opinion is that Harrison, who is leaving on vacation, will never return to Cuba. We came on board and had for cocktails and dinner the group who were on board last night plus Mr. and Mrs. Midenzi, Panamanian friends of Gene Markey whom he met in Hollywood and Lieut. Commander and Mrs. Marshall. Mrs. Marshall is the sister of Cecil B. de Mille's wife and could not be a more charming girl; likewise, <sup>her</sup> husband who has just been assigned the command of a new destroyer and is leaving in a few days.

After dinner we showed some of our Galapagos pictures that were liked very much by everybody and enjoyed <sup>by</sup> a very nice sleep by Andy Mack, as the different dinner wines made him appreciate the softness of our ~~Turkey~~ seat on the quarterdeck and the fresh sea air.



FRIDAY  
Nov. 14th

Stayed on board quietly all day. Gene Markey has moved on board and has been spending as much time as possible with us so we have had an amusing time with Hollywood reminiscences. Carola has had all her movie magazines come to life because Gene knows the innermost secrets of all the stars and is particularly friendly with the Hornblows, she being Myrna Loy, ~~and~~ <sup>he</sup> mentioned they may be in Cuba for Christmas in which event we probably will see them as he says they are most attractive. Went to Admiral and Mrs. Sadler's for dinner, which was another gay little affair to say goodbye to the Ariases. After dinner a small poker game was started and it was all very comfortable and dull. The only interesting spot was the fact that Bigelow is in thorough disgrace because of de Hamel, and Mrs. Sadler, with her stooge Mrs. Brown, are outspoken in their determination to be rid of him. They still boil with indignation because he invited Alicia to the Navy Day party and there can be no question that he has been frightfully silly, to say the least.

We stopped at the Tivoli to pick up Gene who had gone to a dinner for some ex-Chicagoans, the Philip Reeds. He was formerly vice-president of Armours in Chicago and has since moved to Boston; <sup>They</sup> ~~and~~ came down with ex-Governor Allen and some people named Reece to attend the wedding of his son who is an ensign in the 15th Naval District. Likewise, ran into Newton Perry's wife who has come down to get her daughter married to another ensign. We invited the whole party for lunch <sup>Monday</sup> ~~Sunday~~, then returned to the ship.

SATURDAY  
Nov. 15th

Went on shore about 1 o'clock, Leon mad because we were expected at the Chilean legation for lunch, and Gene equally provoked because he was expected at a wedding in the afternoon. We stopped at the Tivoli to have cocktails and immediately



SATURDAY  
Nov. 15th  
(Cont'd)

Alicia Hamel came up to say goodbye to us and to advise that she will be at the Savoy-Plaza in New York and at the Mayflower in Washington, names which we will remember to avoid. At least we made the Chilean legation one hour late, keeping all the ministers waiting for us. This lunch supposedly was in farewell of the Ariases and the Mexican minister and Mrs. Breceda, who are leaving Panama. <sup>The Brecedas</sup> ~~They~~ are smart, leaving before being asked to, due to an old argument that they had with a sister of the present president of Panama. We had a very nice Chilean luncheon, and too much chocolate <sup>followed by coffee & good hardy, & hints here.</sup> We then went to the Tivoli and after a few drinks were joined by Mrs. Connell who looked very fetching in a black and yellow dress, and as though she had just stepped out of a third-class handbox. Because of her, I was lead back to the boat protesting. We had been invited to the Reed wedding and, inasmuch as no Spanish was to be spoken, Carola put her foot down and I wasn't allowed to attend. We went back to the ship where Gene <sup>soon returned,</sup> ~~and I~~ crammed ~~ourselves~~ with champagne and Virginia ham, and after comparing notes we decided we should have merged the best features of the Chilean legation and the Reed wedding, and attended both. Due to one thing or another, presumably the life of the last months, I composed a little song, the first line of which goes, "The Haitian legation is waiting for you." This we managed to put to bad music and have every intention of singing at the drop of a hat.

In the evening we went along to the Connells for cocktails at their home, then to the Union Club where they were giving a dinner. The only good thing about that was that our sterling chauffeur Church has a sister who works there as a cook, ~~and~~ <sup>From</sup> the hors d'oeuvre served she should be driving the car, and Church should be the cook. Gladys Huertematte has returned from the North and was



SATURDAY  
Nov. 15th  
(Cont'd)

there with Julio Ernesto. She is as pretty as ever and I sincerely hope the story about her being a spy is true, otherwise I will be faced with <sup>the</sup> a frightful situation that Mati Haris exist only in books, because all the other agents of espionage <sup>I have met</sup> are horribly unattractive. Julio Ernesto is as Nazi-minded as ever and now is shouting for the America First Committee. We went along to the Union Club for a most frightful evening. The food was even worse than usual. Tito Arias had brought along a washed-out blonde American woman whom he had kept in Paris some years, and who is supposed to have been Ambassador Bullett's girl, which is undoubtedly a local story, as he has a reputation of being intelligent. Carola was very happy sitting next to Hermodio Arias, age 21, and she indulged in a little cradle robbing. About 1 o'clock our party of three yawned at the top of our lungs and rose as one person saying a pleasant goodnight. Our thoughts that it was pleasant, were rudely set upon by our hostess, who by this time was deep in her cups, <sup>said</sup> that she didn't like the fact we were leaving, saying it was a grave reflection on her party. Although this was the only intelligent thing she had said, we were insistent and finally got away, closely followed by Captain Tommy Symington, ordinarily a very dull dog, but in this case faster on the pick up than usual.

SUNDAY  
Nov. 16th

I went to church as usual and at 1 o'clock, over Leon's bitter complaint, we went to Ramona LeFevre's luncheon in our honor. This jolly little affair was at the golf club where 300 or so people were waiting to see Sam Snead and three other professionals. This fixed everything beautifully, as we thought we were <sup>^</sup> safe ~~a half~~ hour late, but arrived in time for an hour's wait before lunch. During this time a roaring series of tomato juice cocktails were



SUNDAY  
Nov. 16th  
(Cont'd)

<sup>luncheon.</sup>  
served, which were better than the alcohol cocktails which seemed to be a mixture of vinegar and grape juice. Present were a pair of new diplomats -- the newly appointed Argentine minister to Japan and his wife. Neither of them, of course, spoke English and I found myself saddled to her because no one else seemed to want to have much to do with her. This may have been due to the fact that she and he both are known to be strong Axis sympathizers-- and everyone in Panama is being somewhat discreet these days after the Bailen incident. After about twenty minutes of very strenuous Spanish with the lady I found she was born a Yugoslav, and the height of something was achieved when she looked at me and commented on my Spanish. This shaped itself up roughly as follows: The Yugoslav wife of the Argentine minister to Japan said, in Panama, that I spoke Spanish like a Hungarian. This international cocktail combined with the heat and crowd was too much for me--so I tried relaxing at the table next to Bueno de Prado <sup>with</sup> ~~and~~ Ramona at my other side. <sup>The latter</sup> ~~She~~ is an interesting woman who was once engaged to General Douglas MacArthur, during the time he was a lieutenant stationed in Panama. All of this was some 40 years ago and although he also seems to have walked off and left her, she remains strongly sympathetic to the United States, and is one of Admiral Sadler's best sources of information. This does not make her a more charming luncheon companion, however, and after her pet hobby of monkey<sup>s</sup> had been conversationally exhausted and she had nothing further to say about her lost love, words trickled away in a very thin stream.

After luncheon we left for the ship as soon as possible which, unfortunately, was not until nearly 5 o'clock. Found Fritz Gahagan who had just returned from the North and took him out to the boat on the strength of his statement that he is a very good friend



SUNDAY  
Nov. 16th  
(Cont'd)

of Gene Markey. This might be true ~~except it was later proven~~ <sup>for Fritz let him to for Gene</sup> ~~to be a one-sided friendship.~~ <sup>who</sup> Gene said he knew Helen Gahagan, Fritz' sister, ~~very well~~ but that Fritz himself he had never known particularly well. This started our evening off beautifully, and around 6:30 we went to the Stewart Browns, for a very large and fancy affair, indeed, at which were present all the luminaries of the Canal Zone and Panama. Curiously we met for the first time Governor and Mrs. Edgerton. She made quite a speech about this fact -- it was so pointed that I said we had never called because I did not presume the English Colonial system still prevailed where casual visitors left their card at the governor's mansion. She immediately replied that by presidential order they were never allowed to call unless the visitor first called on them. I explained to her very carefully that we made it a practice never to call until we had met people and everything <sup>then</sup> seemed very amiable. We also began saying our good-byes to a number of people whom we probably shall see for the last time on this visit. A young lieutenant named Ben Warren introduced himself as a friend of Beth and Jim Simpson from Detroit and brought fairly recent news from the North. There is a curious custom here which blossomed at this party. Guests were invited for cocktails, then served hot supper at 6:45 which was urged on all ~~the guests~~ no matter what their state of appetite was. We managed finally to miss the supper and started to leave about 9:30. Carola, however, evoked the tremendous admiration of Gene and myself by spending an hour and a half from starting time before we finally left. She undoubtedly did a fine job of saying goodbye to everyone for both of us -- so all I could do was shift from one foot to the other and finally got back gratefully to the ship, to turn in early and not regretfully.



MONDAY  
Nov. 17th

Had lunch on board today for General Andrews, Admiral Bidwell and the wedding party from Boston and Chicago; Captain Sowell and Commander Behrends came with Admiral Bidwell, and Colonel Draper with General Andrews. The wedding party, plus Pauline Perry, arrived en masse, and a very pleasant time seemed to be had. We had luncheon on the owner's deck on small tables, which is something neither Carola nor I can understand why we did not do more of previously. A slight shower fortunately did not arrive until dessert. Admiral Bidwell and his officers arrived at 12:30 for 1 o'clock lunch and remained a little later than the other guests, leaving around 6 o'clock. The high point of the day was after all the guests had left Gene and <sup>the Admiral</sup> ~~he~~ a very nearly took a swim in the bay and even went so far as taking off their coats and shoes. Bidwell is a very able officer, very charming, youngest of the Admirals, and outspoken in his criticism of Admiral Sadler's administration. It seems the Navy planes are kept on the Cristobal side and Bidwell strongly recommends their patrol of the Pacific coast as well. He mentioned that the sister ship to the Concord, the Milwaukee, was the one that had picked up the German ship off Brazil which was flying the American flag. Likewise implied that his squadron of three light cruisers were on the constant lookout for the raider thought to be operating about 1000 miles off the Canal. General Andrews is a very attractive man who appears very able. He is supposed to be extremely popular with the ladies and these rumors appeared correct because all the women guests on board did not let him alone for a minute. Gene Markey rather slyly was doing a little flirting with Mrs. Reece, Jr. who paid him only desultory attention because her time was taken by the gold braid on Colonel Draper, a very attractive man of South American type. Markey sourly remarked that he could plainly see he is no longer a producer and likewise <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ standards



MONDAY  
Nov. 17th  
(Cont'd)

down here have been considerably lowered <sup>as</sup> ~~and~~ the only things he could recommend about her was that she was white, had fairly nice ankles, and a husband in Iceland on one of the destroyers. Gene declared after eight weeks in Panama Miss Paco begins to look extremely gracious and acceptable, although she still doesn't <sup>quite</sup> compare with Hedy LaMar.

We went for cocktails at 7:30 to Bill and Nancy Marshalls. We really hope to see them again because they are a most attractive couple. They are gourmets who love food and served a most attractive cocktail whose recipe I copied on a card. After there we went to the Union Club where Gene gave a goodbye dinner for us. We had a very pleasant evening with a group of less formal people and were really sorry it was our last day in Panama.

TUESDAY  
Nov. 18th

We were up at 7:30 awaiting the guests who are going to transit the Canal with us. Averill and Andy Mack came aboard about 8:30 to say goodbye to us. At 8:45 the party came, including Admiral and Mrs. Sadler, Mr. and Mrs. Ortiz de Zevallos, Mr. and Mrs. Bueno de Prado, Anita Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Loizaga, Commander and Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Doyle, wife of Captain Doyle who replaced Captain Picking as commander of the submarine base at Coco Solo, and her house guest, Mrs. May. These latter two asked to be invited and inasmuch as Mrs. Doyle's husband is a <sup>full</sup> ~~captain~~ <sup>etc.</sup> ~~commander~~ we could hardly do otherwise. Mrs. Sadler was very relieved when she saw that Averill and Andy Mack were not going to cross the Canal with us. Besides her personal dislike for Averill, she is extremely worried about Averill's mind which, it seems, has gone berserk several times, the last time in California when she attacked an Admiral's wife at a party and nearly choked her to death. Naturally this does not make Mrs. Sadler more comfortable when Averill is present. It is really



TUESDAY  
Nov. 18th  
(Cont'd)

a pity that this fact, along with several others, probably will stop what might have been a brilliant career for Andy Mack.

We started through the Canal at 10 o'clock and at 3:30 we were tied up alongside the dock at Cristobal. This is the fastest that any boat has transitted the Canal in the last three years and, as Leon said, it is going to be difficult from now on to travel without an Admiral on board.

Shortly after leaving Balboa some of the guests started playing bridge and another group played poker. Leon, myself, and Gene took turns entertaining Mrs. Sadler. We gossiped all the way through and heard many interesting stories. At dinner time the toasts were started by the Admiral making a very sweet talk about our first meeting in the Galapagos, commenting on Leon as the young man, and finished very sweetly that he will never forget Carola and her penguins. The toasts continued and were ended after half an hour when Gene Markey made a very gracious toast to the steak, saying he will never forget the ones he has had on board the Carola. We accompanied all the party to take the 10 o'clock train and it was very amusing to see Gene walking with a bird cage containing two bugle birds that I had gotten for Mrs. Sadler in Cristobal. He walked up and down the station platform with the cage in his hand, probably hoping for a photographer to happen by.

After the party left Gene, Leon and myself went to the Washington Hotel where we met Fritz Gahagan by appointment. After several drinks we went to the Atlantico Night Club. By then the three men were feeling pretty high and a strip tease girl was called to the table saying that a Hollywood talent scout was interested in her act. We were very sorry to see Celinda, the Spanish dancer of San Souci here. She was a nice girl, and it was



TUESDAY  
Nov. 18th  
(Cont'd)

disheartening to see her going down. We called her to the table and, comparing this girl with the one we knew in Cuba, we could hardly believe she was the same -- it was almost a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde transformation. I did several congas and rhumbas with Gahagan and raised some public comment, as well as the anger of Leon. At last we left the Atlantico Club and, arriving at the boat, Leon had an argument with the taxi driver who insisted taking him to Pier 18 when the boat was at Pier 9.

WEDNESDAY The drinking boys had a terrific hangover and I had quite a cold.  
Nov. 19th

We had lunch on board with Gene, although Fritz Gahagan was also invited but was refused admission through the pier gate -- this side seems even more strict than at Balboa. After lunch Gene left and at 3 o'clock we cast off our lines and almost rammed a freighter tied to the opposite dock due to the carelessness of our pilot. Only quick thinking by our captain prevented a collision as we missed the freighter only by inches. About 4 o'clock we were out in the Caribbean again and as usual it was rough.

We will never forget the time spent in Panama and I am sure we will always look back at it as being one of the most interesting experiences that can happen to anyone. We are both really sorry to leave even though we would not like to stay there permanently.

THURSDAY: Stopped off Roncador Cay, where we visited some five or six months ago, for a little fishing without luck.  
11/20/41

FRIDAY: Anchored on the shoals off Rosalind Bank while Leon fished without success.  
11/21/41

SATURDAY: Cruised all day and arrived off Cabo Frances, Cuba, about 10:30 M.  
11/22/41



A4-3/Yacht Carola/Int/aw  
Serial No. C1847-16

Yacht CAROLA - Cruise from the Canal Zone to the West Coast of Mexico.

CONFIDENTIAL

4. The Yacht Carola's connection with the Fifteenth Naval District, as set forth in reference (a) was terminated by reference (c). The enclosure is therefore the final report Mr. Mandel will submit.

F. H. SADLER

Copy to:  
Mr. Mandel ✓

CONFIDENTIAL



Confidential



REFER TO No.

A4-3/Yacht Carola/Int/wjd  
Ser. No.

OFFICE OF

COMMANDANT FIFTEENTH NAVAL DISTRICT

BALBOA, CANAL ZONE

756

CONFIDENTIAL

C1650-16

September 24, 1941

CONFIDENTIAL

From: Commandant, Fifteenth Naval District.  
To: Mr. Leon Mandel, c/o Yacht CAROLA.  
Subject: Itinerary for the Yacht CAROLA from the Canal Zone to Guatemala.  
Reference: (a) Comfifteen conf. ltr. A4-3/Int/st Serial No. C1182-16 of June 26, 1941.

1. Your attention is invited to paragraphs 1, 2 and 3 of reference (a) which are applicable to the itinerary suggested in this letter. In addition, we will appreciate it if, as standard practice, you note and include in your report the time, position and course of vessels sighted as well as the arrival and departure of vessels at the ports you visit.

2. Wherever possible, please secure maps of cities visited and mark thereon the location of cable and telegraph offices, police station, city hall, power plant, etc. When you put in at any port it would be helpful if you could give the names of any prominent persons living there and comments regarding their political sympathies and anti-U.S. activities, if such is the case.

3. From time to time we have received rumors of irregularities in schedules of certain coastal merchant ships under foreign flag. It has been said that ships were not where they were scheduled to be at a given time, that they have been observed lying off shore at night, signalling or receiving signals from remote parts of the coast. Will you please observe and note any reports of such activities, particularly in the vicinity of Remedios Point, near Acajutla, El Salvador.

4. Below is given a suggested itinerary for the Yacht CAROLA after leaving the Canal Zone. Any particular data required in addition to the information requested in paragraph 2 above is indicated under the place to be visited. It should be borne in mind that many reports coming into this District must be classed as rumor until independent investigation can determine their accuracy. Your investigation is helpful in assisting us in classifying and evaluating such reports. You doubtless will find in some cases that the reports are pure fiction. It is valuable for us to know this.

CONFIDENTIAL



A4-3/Yacht Carola/Int/wjd  
Ser. No. C1650-16

CONFIDENTIAL

CONFIDENTIAL

Subject: Itinerary for the Yacht CAROLA from the Canal Zone  
to Guatemala.

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5. ITINERARY

Observe CONTRERAS, SECAS and other islands north and northwest of Isla COIBA, Panama, in passing, for any unusual activity enroute to:

PUERTO ARMUELLES,  
PEDREGAL, PANAMA

General monograph material on these ports is desired. Any information regarding the Public's attitude toward the present Panamanian Government would be of interest.

GULF OF DULCE, COSTA RICA

A report has been received that late in June 1941 a light apparently sending code messages was seen in MATAPALO HEAD just southeast of GOLFITO. Please investigate this if practicable, and the possibility that this gulf is being used as a hideout or supply base for Axis ships. Observation of the low sandy stretch of coast (about 12 miles) from SAL SI PUEDES POINT to LLORENA POINT is suggested for any unusual activity.

PUNTARENAS, COSTA RICA

General monograph material and any special information regarding activities of several fishing boats operating from this port and employing preponderantly Japanese crews is desired, among the more important of these is the AMANO. Secure information on extent of salvage operations on SS FELLA and SS EISENACH scuttled at PUNTARENAS.

GOLFO de NICOYA, COSTA RICA

The western shore of the gulf borders an uncultivated and almost uninhabited region, and is seldom visited. It is requested that this shore, particularly BALLENA BAY, be observed to determine if there is any unusual activity which would indicate that Japanese (reported to be active in and around PUNTARENAS) or other Axis nationals are using this area as a base.

CONFIDENTIAL



A4-3/Yacht Carola/Int/wjd  
 Ser. No. C/650-16

CONFIDENTIAL

Subject: Itinerary for the Yacht CAROLA from the Canal Zone  
 to Guatemala.

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GULF OF CULEBRA, COSTA RICA

It was reported in October 1940 that Germans and Japanese had purchased fifty acres of land near CULEBRA BAY for purposes of colonization. Please investigate and report whether it was actually purchased and if any colonization has taken place or if it is being used for some other purpose. Suggestion is made that, if practicable, this entire gulf from POTRERO BAY to CAPE ELENA be examined - bays, islands and beaches as well as PORT CULEBRA. The latter is said to have one of the finest harbors in Central America.

LA UNION, SALVADOR

LA UNION (CUTUCO) is the principal port in El Salvador. It is requested that information be gathered as to the availability of foodstuffs in fairly large quantities within a short distance of this town; also the extent to which natives support the reported anti-Red attitude of President Martinez.

SAN JOSE, GUATEMALA

There have been various recent reports that Germans from other parts of Central and South America are gathering in GUATEMALA for an important conference. Any information regarding the accuracy of these reports and persons expected to attend; if such a conference is held, is desired.

CHAMPERICO, GUATEMALA

Information is desired on the water and food supply of this port with the leading personalities living there.

F. H. SADLER



From: Leon Mandel

To: Commandant, Fifteenth Naval District

Subject: Cruise of the Yacht Carola from Balboa, Canal Zone,  
to Mexico - September and October - 1941

This report is divided into five general sections, as follows:

- |                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| 1. Panamanian Waters  | A - Panamanian Islands<br>B - Port Armuelles  |
| 2. Costa Rican Waters | C - Gulf of Dulce<br>D - Sal si Puedes Point to<br>Llorena Point<br>E - Cano Island<br>F - Puntarenas<br>G - Gulf of Nicoya<br>H - Gulf of Culebra<br>I - Cocos Bay |
| 3. Salvadorian Waters | J - LaUnion<br>K - LaLibertad   |
| 4. Guatemalan Waters  | L - San Jose<br>M - Champerico  |
| 5. Mexico             | N - Mexico City<br>P - Acapulco   |

There has been strict adherence to paragraphs 1, 2, and 3, reference (a) of the Directive. In this report are included time, position and course of vessels sighted, as well as arrival and departure of ships at ports visited.

Wherever possible maps of cities have been secured and marked according to instructions. Additionally, all information has been included in this report regarding prominent persons living in ports touched and their comments regarding their political sympathies and anti-United States activities when such was the case.

All suspicious points mentioned in the Directive have been carefully checked, as well as other places which showed potentialities for suspicious reports. Every attempt has been made to clarify and evaluate reports mentioned in the Directive, as well as to trace rumors which have been heard in various places visited.



Detailed logistics have been appended in all places where verbal or written instructions requested them. They are omitted, or given only in part when the Directive or verbal instructions so directed.

The report attached herewith contains information which should be of particular interest in three aspects. First, the political situation in Panama, as observed immediately prior to the change of the Arnulfo Arias regime with implications gathered then which may have present meaning. Second, the salvage operation on the scuttled ships S. S. Fella and S. S. Eisenach in Puntarenas harbor. Third, the observations made in detail in Mexico which must be regarded as extremely inimical to the best interests of the United States. The first two situations were to be verbally reported to the Commandant by Commander A. R. Mack who left the party at Puntarenas to return to the Fifteenth Naval District. In the third case, the recall of the party made the immediate presentation of the report possible.

Beyond these three points which are considered of urgent interest, the report is momentarily negative. Extensive photographs have been attached in the event this situation changes and because this material may not presently be available.

LEON MANDEL

Confidential



From: Leon Mandel

To: The Commandant, Fifteenth Naval District

Subject: CRUISE OF THE YACHT CAROLA IN PANAMANIAN WATERS -  
September and October 1941

**Confidential**



Confidential

From: Leon Mandel

To: Commandant, Fifteenth Naval District

Subject: Cruise of the Yacht Carola in Panamanian Waters -  
September and October 1941

In accordance with the instructions and itinerary outlined in the Commandant's letter of September 24, 1941, the reporting party observed the following islands northwest of the Island of Coliba, Panama, enroute to Port Armuelles, where a stop was made.

Jicaron  
Jicarita  
Montuosa  
Ladrones

Contreras  
Secas

Specific information concerning each place follows in this report and for purposes of reference is paragraphed alphabetically. This information includes the attitude of persons contacted, presence of any persons whose activities are worthy of note, report of vessels observed in these localities, and identification of any suspicious vessels.

Detailed political information gathered at Port Armuelles was to be reported to the Commandant verbally by Commander Mack who returned to the Fifteenth Naval District after the party arrived in Puntarenas.

LEON MANDEL



PANAMANIAN ISLANDS

Confidential

The Islands of Jicaron, Jicarita, and Coiba were under observation on September 30th, October 1st and October 2nd. No untoward activities were noted. Ships, as listed, were observed taking departure from Jicarita light on a Balboa course. There was no other movements of any vessels which might be deemed suspicious.

Montuosa Island was passed at night (October 2nd), close in. A small fishing vessel was seen anchored off this island, properly lighted and in no way suspicious in appearance. The Islas Ladroneas were passed the same night in heavy rain squalls and nothing was observed in their vicinity.

LEON MANDEL



## VESSELS SIGHTED:

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September 30, 1941:

- 12:30 A.M. Cargo ship, steering northerly direction - Lat.  $8^{\circ} 15'$  N. Long.  $79^{\circ} 39'$  W.
- 12:35 A.M. Cargo ship, steering northerly direction - Lat.  $8^{\circ} 15'$  N. Long.  $79^{\circ} 39'$  W.
- 1:38 A.M. Cargo ship, steering northerly direction - Lat.  $8^{\circ} 5'$  N. Long.  $79^{\circ} 41'$  W.
- 6:35 A.M. Armed ship, steering northerly direction - Lat.  $7^{\circ} 16'$  N. Long.  $79^{\circ} 59'$  W.
- 10:30 A.M. Cargo ship, steering easterly direction (Calmar Line) Lat.  $7^{\circ} 10'$  N. Long.  $80^{\circ} 20'$  W.
- 11:10 A.M. Cargo ship, steering easterly direction - (Luckenback Line) - Lat.  $7^{\circ} 07'$  N. Long.  $80^{\circ} 20'$  W.
- 1:16 P.M. Coast freight vessel, steering easterly direction - Lat.  $7^{\circ} 09'$  N. Long.  $80^{\circ} 57'$  W.
- 2:44 P.M. Union Oil Tanker, steering easterly direction - Lat.  $7^{\circ} 07'$  N. Long.  $81^{\circ} 13'$  W.
- 4:13 P.M. Cargo ship, steering southerly direction (Luckenback Line) - Lat.  $7^{\circ} 10'$  N. Long.  $81^{\circ} 36'$  W.

October 3, 1941:

- 12:27 A.M. Fishing schooner anchored off northeast side of Isla Montuosa - Lat.  $7^{\circ} 29'$  N. Long.  $82^{\circ} 14'$  W.



B. PORT ARMUELLES, PANAMA

Confidential

People Contacted: Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Barron  
Mr. and Mrs. Trafton  
Mr. and Mrs. Twiddle, and other United  
Fruit Officials  
Marcus Gelibert, Pilot and Owner of Airplane Co.  
Nicolas Sagel, Port Captain  
Customs Inspector  
Panamanian Employees of United Fruit Co.  
Dock Workers  
Plantation Workers

Port Armuelles was visited by the reporting party on October 3rd and a short trip was made, under the auspices of the United Fruit Company officials, to one of their farms back of the village proper. A map of the town, Exhibit A, is attached, and a detailed harbor chart, which is in greater detail than the Hydrographic Office charts, is attached as Exhibit B. No logistics are appended, in compliance with verbal instructions from the Fifteenth Naval District Intelligence Officer, in an interview on September 27th.

The attitude of the inhabitants of Port Armuelles may be divided into two categories; first that of the United States citizens; second, that of the Panamanians. The United States citizens who are employed here by the United Fruit Company are perturbed because a Mr. Blair, formerly the manager, was replaced about a year ago by Mr. Myrick. The latter is said to have brought in many of his former employees from Honduras and there is considerable unrest as a result among the older United States employees at Port Armuelles. All of the people interviewed seem to feel a revolution is probable in the Chiriqui area. They also feel that such a revolution against the present Panamanian government would meet with the approval of the United States authorities. They say that the Panamanians have become far more insolent in their attitude in the last year and a half; that the government, as it is now constituted, encourages laborers to strike against the United Fruit Company and tells them that all the benefits they have gained are directly attributable to the government. This incitation of labor is done openly and is extremely common practice.

The port captain, Nicolas Sagel, formerly was the governor of Chiriqui and was located at Ciudad de David. The position that he now has is more lucrative in graft, and the implication is strong that he is completely bought by the United Fruit Company. Despite this, he is not at all sympathetic to United States interests. He is willing to take money but also willing to harm United States interests when he has the opportunity. The former governor is now the mayor of Port Armuelles. Prior to that time he was the lightmeter inspector.

The Panamanian attitude is a curious and rather dangerous one. The people all feel that they are called upon by the present government to do things they do not wish to do. For example, they all have



## Confidential

to buy a picture of President Arias at a cost of 50 cents. They also are compelled to vote, although the local officials are installed before the balloting takes place. They are also told that they will be put in jail if they do not vote as they are instructed. That this is not bluff, as stated by several of them, seven men who refused to vote in the recent election were immediately thrown in jail for a short period. The various officials at Port Armuelles were holding office in the last weeks of September although were not to be balloted on until October 5th. Therefore, most of the natives do not favor the present government and are encouraged in this feeling by the United Fruit Company officials.

There is likewise a strong separatist movement for the establishment of a Republic of Chiriqui. This has been an existent feeling for an appreciable period, supposedly sponsored by Pancho Arias, presidential candidate Alfaro, and other politicians who were defeated by the present president in the last election. However, the separatists and those who oppose the government are generally anti-United States in feeling. The United Fruit Company rules but there is Panamanian hatred against it and the United States government. Common anti-United States cause is made by all of the natives and the recent establishment of an observation post and other United States Government activity at Ciudad de David has resulted in marked native opposition from all groups.

There is a rumor that President Arnulfo Arias will not be allowed to continue in office for any length of time. The observation of the reporting party is that if he is removed through the influence, direct or indirect, of the United States government he will gain in strength with the Panamanians. Equally, if a native separatist revolution is successful, it is probable that it will have as a basis anti-United States sentiment. This is despite the fact that Pancho Arias is supposedly very friendly to the United States, as it is felt the situation may go completely out of his control because of the interests of certain of the other politicians involved.

Meetings are reported at Ciudad de David which are attended by the malcontents above-mentioned, and these are supposed to have been taking place fairly regularly over the last year. During the labor trouble that has occurred in the last year or year and a half, sabotage by the natives has occurred rather frequently; spikes being driven in the rails of the United Fruit railroads and a number of cars derailed as a result. That the present government has knowledge of the embryonic revolution tendencies in this area is evident by the questioning indulged in by various government officials when inhabitants of Chiriqui have come to Panama City. Pepe Ehrman was one of the government officials specifically mentioned in this connection.



Pictures of Port Armuelles and vicinity are not appended to this report as it is understood the Fifteenth Naval District has complete photographs on file of this district.

LEON WANDEL







From: Leon Mandel

To: The Commandant, Fifteenth Naval District

Subject: CRUISE OF THE YACHT CAROLA IN COSTA RICAN WATERS -  
October 1941

**Confidential**



Puntarenas, Costa Rica  
October 7, 1941

Confidential

Dear Admiral Badler:

I am taking advantage of the fact that Commander Mack will see you in the next twenty-four hours and therefore am asking him to take with him this informal report today.

The report proper goes along and so far I think covers everything requested. Two things have been noted, however, which both Commander Mack and myself felt should be reported to you immediately. The first concerns itself with the political activity at Port Arauelles; the second, the Olsen Shipping Line which is supervising the salvage of a scuttled merchant ship at Puntarenas. In connection with the Olsen operation the reappearance of Weston, the suspected agent formerly reported at San Jose, seems interesting. Commander Mack and myself have talked over both of the above situations at some length. They, of course, will be completely covered in the formal report but I felt this supplementary letter was indicated.

The Costa Rican Minister of Foreign Affairs, Alberto Echandi, and Mrs. Echandi, from whom we hope to get certain information, are coming from the capitol today to lunch with us and probably remain overnight. We will be here another day or two and after that proceed toward La Union, stopping enroute.

Carola joins me in kindest personal regards to you and look forward to seeing you on our return to Balboa.

Sincerely yours,

Leon Mandel



From: Leon Mandel

Confidential

To: Commandant, Fifteenth Naval District

Subject: Cruise of the Yacht Carola in Costa Rican Waters -  
October 1941

In accordance with instructions and itinerary outlined in the Commandant's letter of September 24, 1941, the reporting party made stops and surveyed the following places in the Republic of Costa Rica:

Gulf of Dulce  
Matapalo Head  
Golfito  
Sal si Puedes  
Llorena Point (CAND ISLAND)  
Puntarenas  
Gulf of Nicoya  
Ballena Bay  
Gulf of Culebra  
Port Culebra  
Cocos Bay  
Cape Velas  
Potrero Bay  
Cape Elena

Specific information concerning each place follows in this report and for purposes of reference is paragraphed alphabetically. This information includes the attitude of persons contacted, presence of any persons whose activities are worthy of note, report of vessels observed in these localities and identification of any suspicious vessels, and any evidences of colonization of these areas by Axis nationals.

General monograph material concerning Puntarenas and the S.S. Fella and S.S. Eisenach, scuttled in this harbor, has been given in detail. Photographs of this entire area have also been appended in considerable number because of possibilities stressed in the Directive.

Detailed information gathered at Puntarenas was to be reported to the Commandant verbally by Commander Mack who returned to the Fifteenth Naval District after the party arrived in Puntarenas.

LEON MANDEL



C.

GULF OF DULCE, COSTA RICA

Confidential

This gulf was surveyed briefly by the reporting party on October 5, 1941. The town of Golfito is a United Fruit Company port and is the outstanding point of habitation in the gulf. There are, likewise, a number of small settlements around the shores. The gulf is well protected and the harbor in which Golfito is located seems to offer decided advantages which could probably be developed by a careful survey.

There seems to be nearly unlimited good anchorage as well as a number of beaches which might be utilized for aircraft landing. It is hardly probable that any anti-United States activities could center in the close vicinity of Golfito and there was no suspicious evidence to be seen elsewhere in the Gulf of Dulce.

This area was carefully observed for lights at night and none were seen either the night of October 4th nor 5th.

Photographs attached.

LEON MANDEL



Gulf of Dulce (Cont'd)

C-2

Confidential

VESSELS SIGHTED:

October 4, 1941 Passed fishing vessel, steering southerly  
2:45 P.M. direction - Lat. 80° 51' N. Long. 83° 51' W.



N SHORE RUNNING NORTH FROM MATAPALO HEAD

**Confidential**



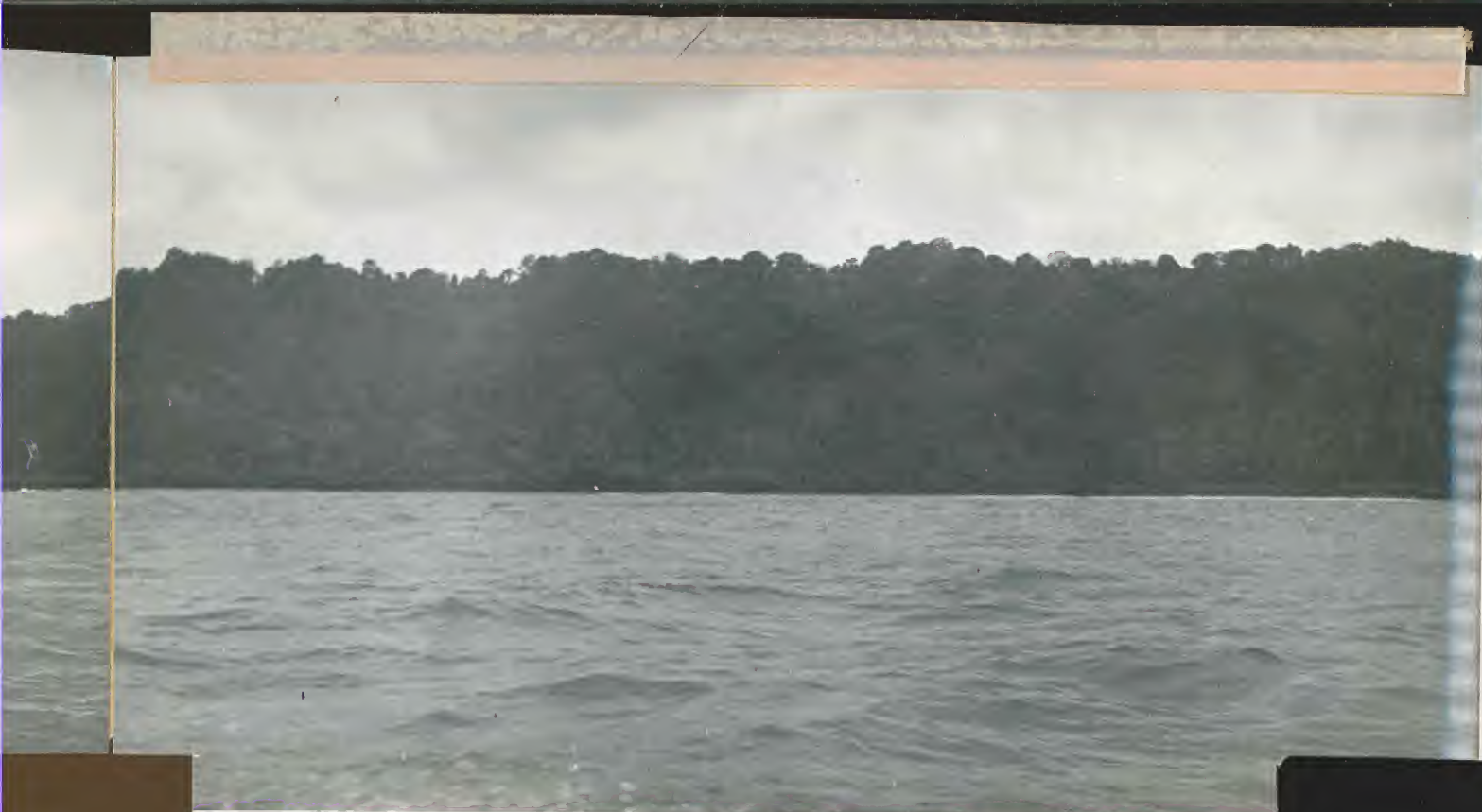






MATAPALO HEAD





N SHORE RUNNING NORTH FROM MATAPALO HEAD





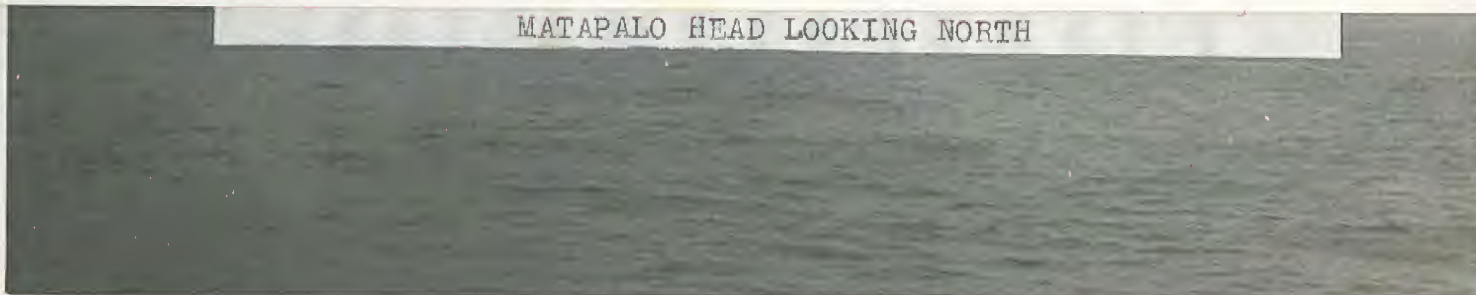




MATAPALO HEAD LOOKING NORTHWEST



MATAPALO HEAD LOOKING NORTH



MATAPALO HEAD LOOKING SOUTHEAST

Confidential





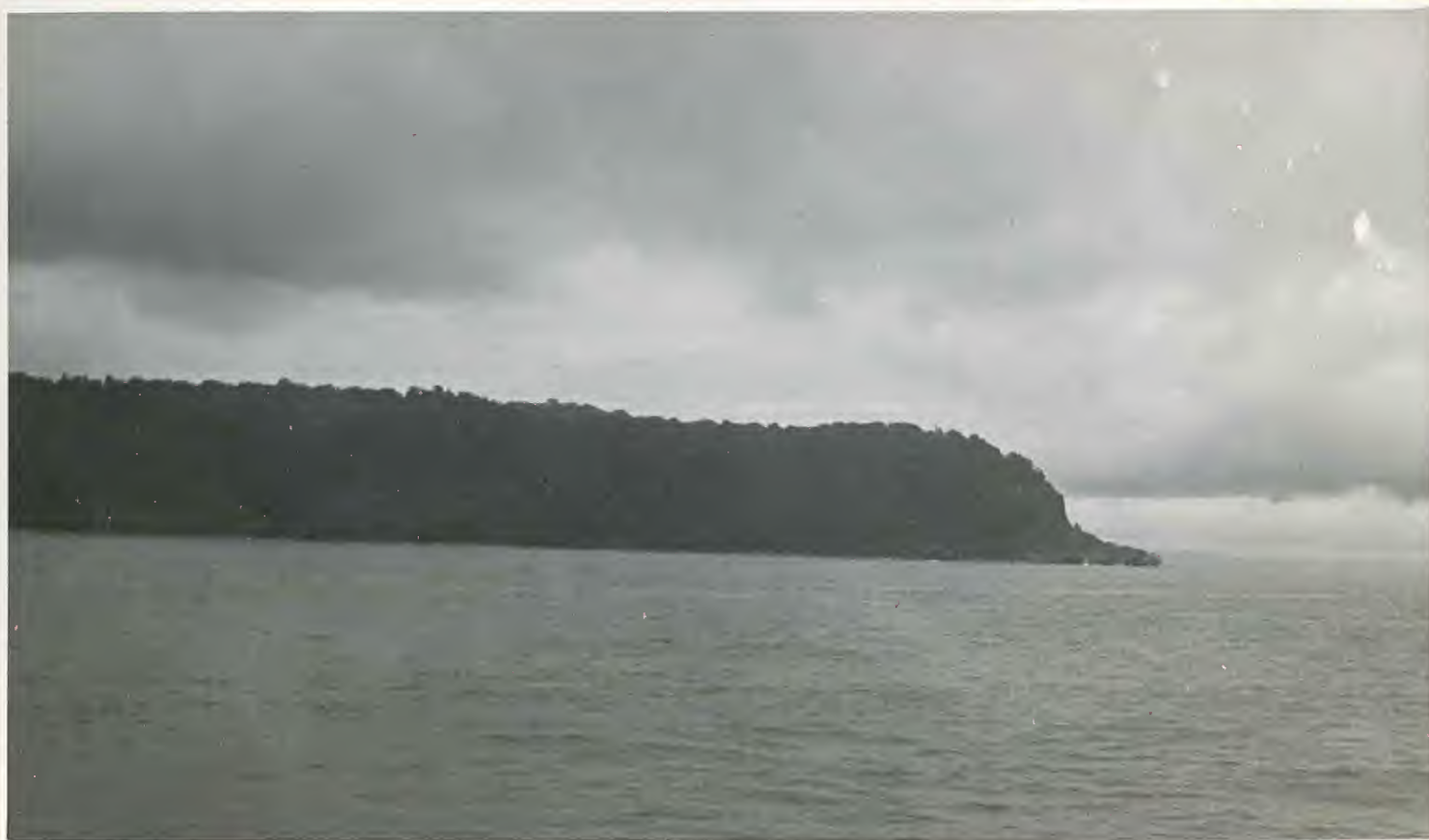
MATAPALO HEAD LOOKING NORTH



MATAPALO HEAD LOOKING SOUTHEAST

Confidential





MATAPALO HEAD LOOKING SOUTHEAST

Confidential



E.

SAL SI PUEDES POINT TO LLORENA POINT, COSTA RICA

Confidential

The shoreline between Sal si Pudes Point and Llorena Point was surveyed by small boat for a distance of approximately twelve miles on October 5, 1941. The coast is fairly rough in outline, slowly shoaling from eight fathoms, a distance of about three miles out, to half a fathom or less a mile from shore, with consequent heavy breakers making for extremely difficult landing under normal conditions.

The beach shows some habitation with about a dozen huts and signs of occupation noted. Approximately three huts and two lean-tos, which were uninhabited, were also noticed by the reporting party. All of the habitation is within five miles of Sal si Pudes Point.

In back of the beach is coastal plain, through which several small streams run and where probably are located the villages from which the beach inhabitants come. The only transportation of any kind seen were several native cayucos, small in size, noted on the beach. A waterfall located about one mile from Llorena Point, as well as one fairly large stream running near Sal si Pudes, seem to give ample fresh water supply. Coconut palms and some bananas were noted along the shoreline in this area.

The difficulties of landing along this beach proper would effectively seem to preclude this area being used for any military or naval purposes and there was no evidence of suspicious activity.

Photographs attached.

LEON MANDEL



Confidential

## VESSELS SIGHTED:

October 5, 1941: Coastwise freighter, steering northwesterly  
4:30 A.M. direction - Lat.  $8^{\circ} 36'$  N. Long.  $83^{\circ} 53'$  W.

8:35 A.M. Fishing vessel, steering northerly direction -  
Lat.  $8^{\circ} 48'$  N. Long.  $83^{\circ} 51'$  W.

10:30 A.M. Tugboat towing steel scow, steering southerly  
direction - Lat.  $8^{\circ} 48'$  N. Long.  $83^{\circ} 54'$  W.

11:50 A.M. Passenger ship, steering northwesterly direction -  
(United Fruit) - Lat.  $8^{\circ} 45'$  N. Long.  $83^{\circ} 52'$  W.

October 6, 1941: Type unknown, steering southeasterly direction -  
12:20 A.M. Lat.  $8^{\circ} 45'$  N. Long.  $84^{\circ} 07'$  W.

1:20 A.M. Fishing vessel, steering northwesterly direction -  
Lat.  $8^{\circ} 54'$  N. Long.  $84^{\circ} 06'$  W.

5:00 A.M. Fishing vessel, steering northerly direction -  
Lat.  $9^{\circ} 25'$  N. Long.  $84^{\circ} 12'$  W.





SAL SI PUEDES POINT LOOKING NORTH

SAL SI PUEDES POINT LOOKING SOUTHEAST

SHORELINE TWO MILES NORTH OF SAL SI PUEDES POINT SHOWING NATIVE HUTS

TYPICAL SHORE BETWEEN SAL SI PUEDES POINT AND LLORENA POINT

**Confidential**





SAL SI PUEDES POINT LOOKING SOUTHEAST

SHORELINE TWO MILES NORTH OF SAL SI PUEDES POINT SHOWING NATIVE HUTS

TYPICAL SHORE BETWEEN SAL SI PUEDES POINT AND LLORENA POINT

**Confidential**





SHORELINE TWO MILES NORTH OF SAL SI PUEDES POINT SHOWING NATIVE HUTS



TYPICAL SHORE BETWEEN SAL SI PUEDES POINT AND LLORENA POINT

**Confidential**





TYPICAL SHORE BETWEEN SAL SI PUEDES POINT AND LLORENA POINT

**Confidential**

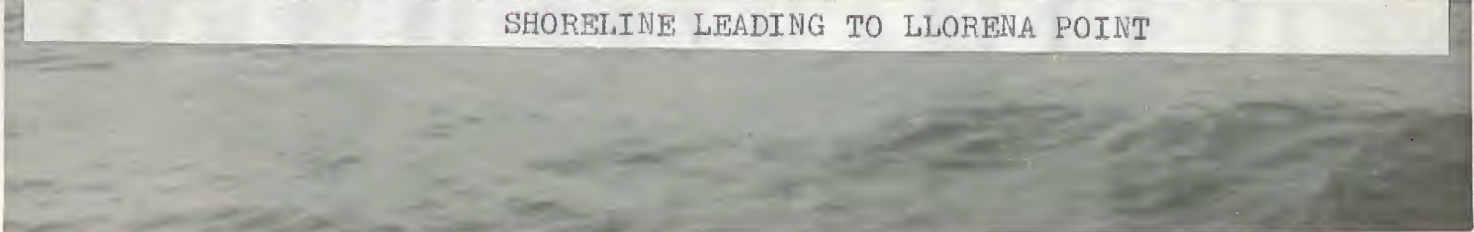




SHORELINE LEADING TO LLORENA POINT FROM SAL SI PUEDES



SHORELINE LEADING TO LLORENA POINT



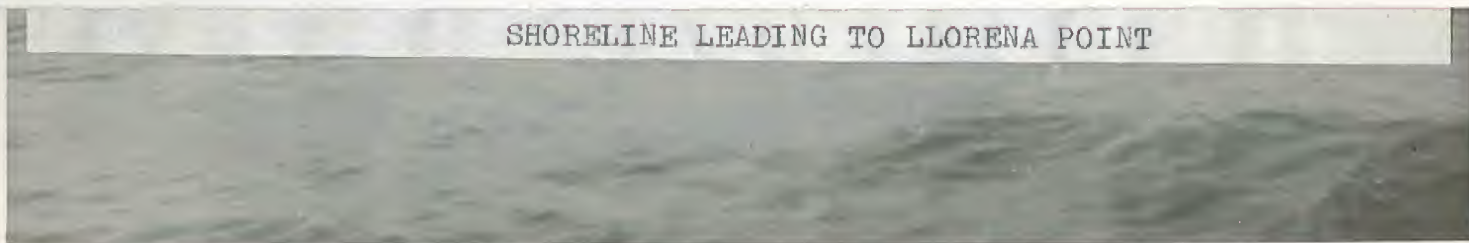
SHORELINE RUNNING NORTHWEST TO LLORENA POINT, SHOWING WATERFALL

Confidential





SHORELINE LEADING TO LLORENA POINT



SHORELINE RUNNING NORTHWEST TO LLORENA POINT, SHOWING WATERFALL

Confidential





SHORELINE RUNNING NORTHWEST TO LLORENA POINT, SHOWING WATERFALL

Confidential



D.

CANO ISLAND, COSTA RICA (Lat.  $8^{\circ} 45'$  N. Long.  $85^{\circ} 53'$  W.)

### Confidential

Cano Island was observed from all sides on October 4th and 5th, 1941. There were no signs of habitation. A waterfall was noted on the south side of the island and heavy vegetation covered the entire island. There is a small beach on the east side of the island which would afford landing under good conditions.

The light on this island is powerful and of about twenty mile visibility. It was recently erected and is tended by the United Fruit Company, and requires servicing only once every six months, for which purpose a small party is sent to the island from Port Armuelles. A small segment of the light is blind, on the northeast side.

No activities, other than those mentioned, were noted in the vicinity of the coastline from Sal si Puedes Point to Llorena Point and Cano Island over a period of 48 hours.

The Cano Island under study herein is Latitude  $8^{\circ} 43'$  N, Longitude  $85^{\circ} 53'$  West, and is the southermost of the two islands called by this name.

LEON MANDEL





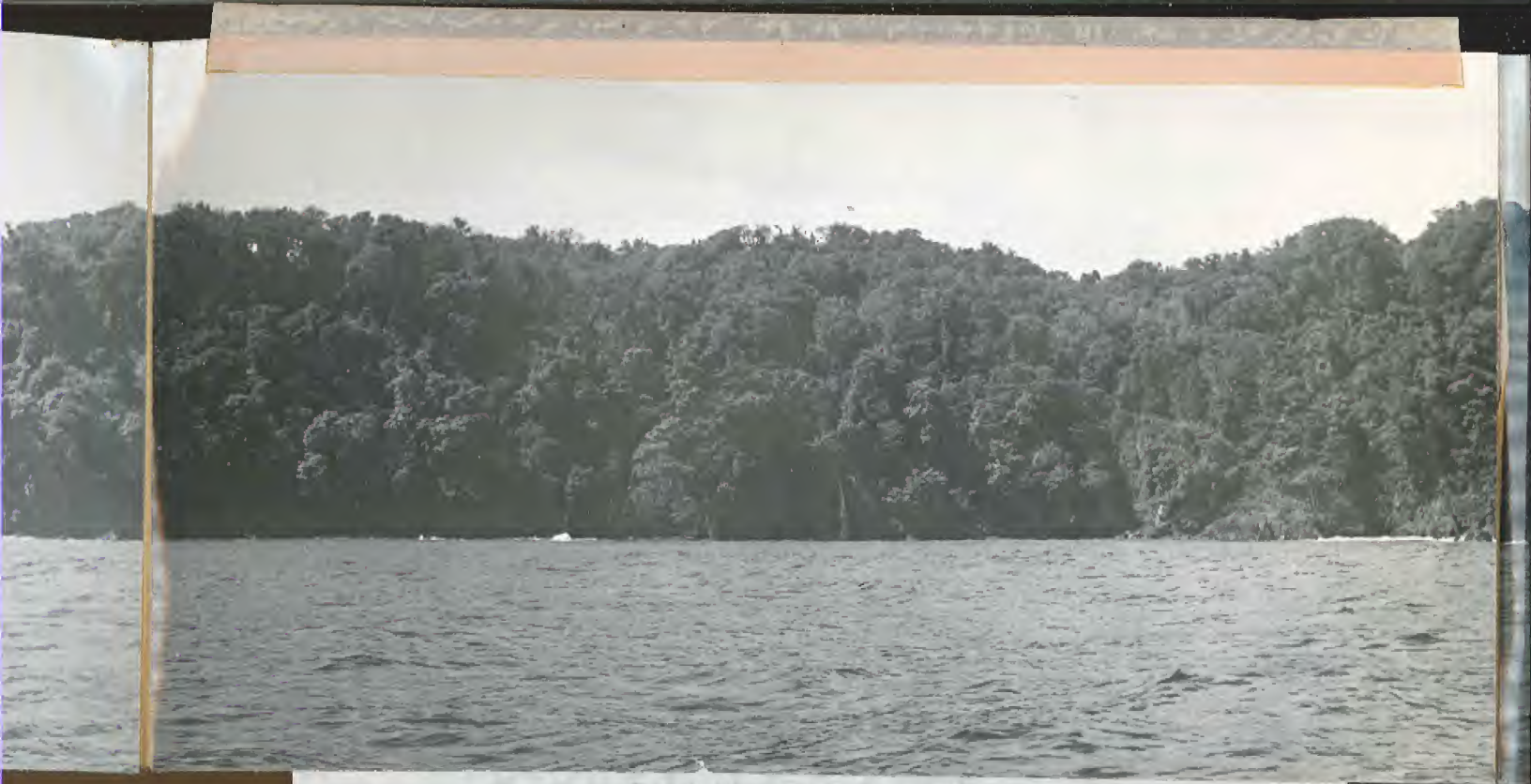
LOOKING WEST AT CANO ISLAND

**Confidential**









LOOKING WEST AT CANO ISLAND



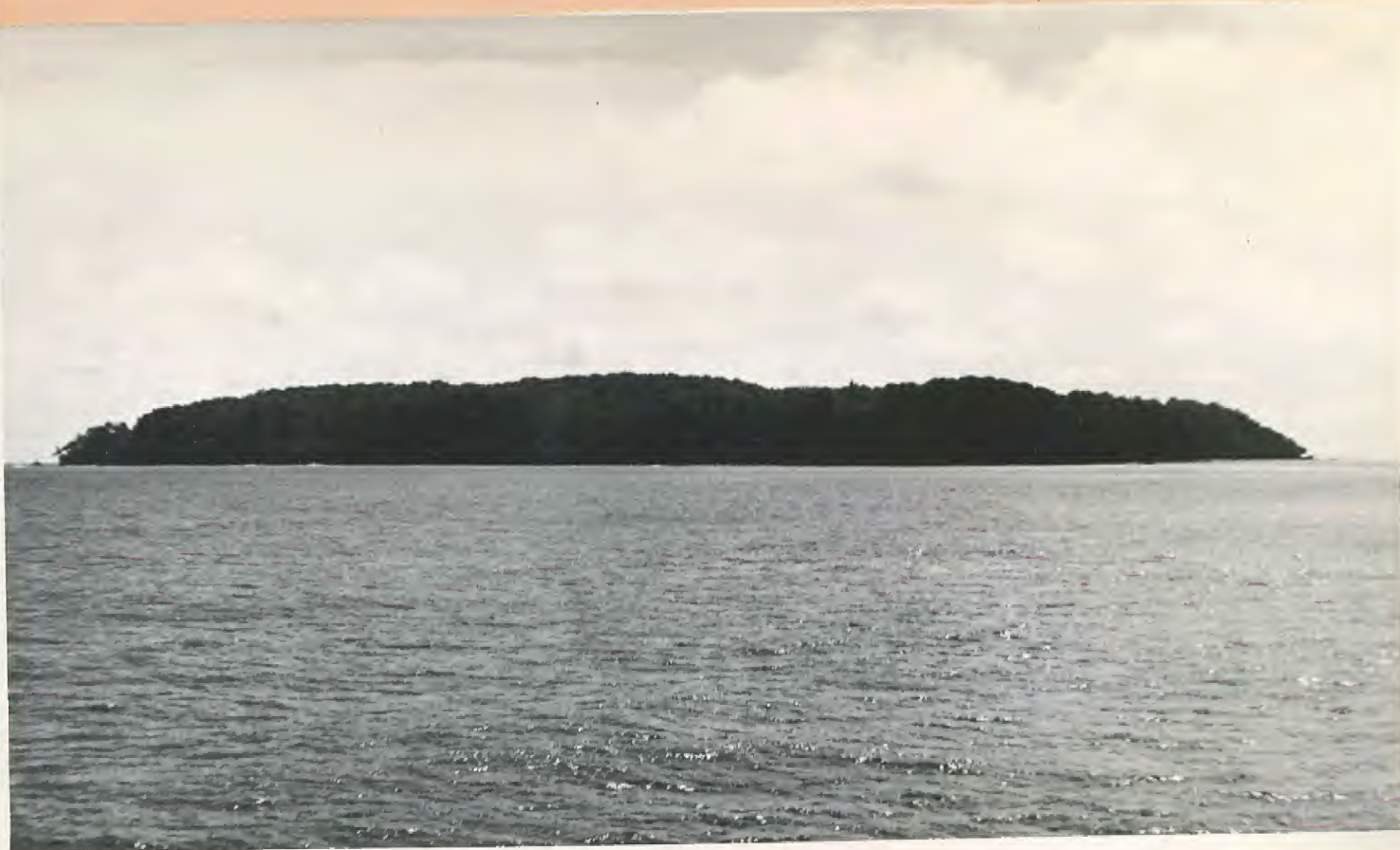




Cano Del.

LOOKING WEST AT CANO ISLAND





LOOKING WEST AT CANO ISLAND

LOOKING TO NORTHEAST POINT OF CANO ISLAND

LOOKING SOUTHWEST TO CANO ISLAND

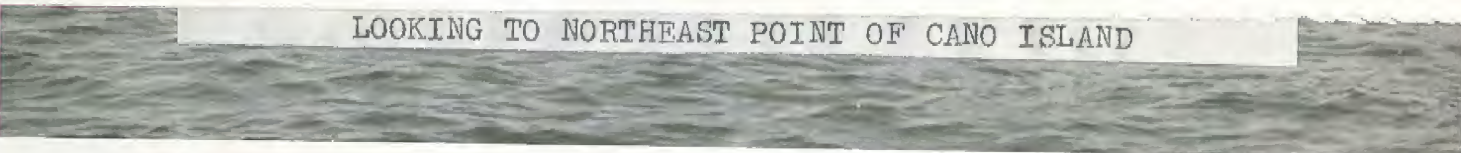
LOOKING NORTH TO CANO ISLAND. THE NEW LIGHT HOUSE STRUCTURE  
MAY BE NOTED ON THE WESTERN END OF THE ISLAND

**Confidential**

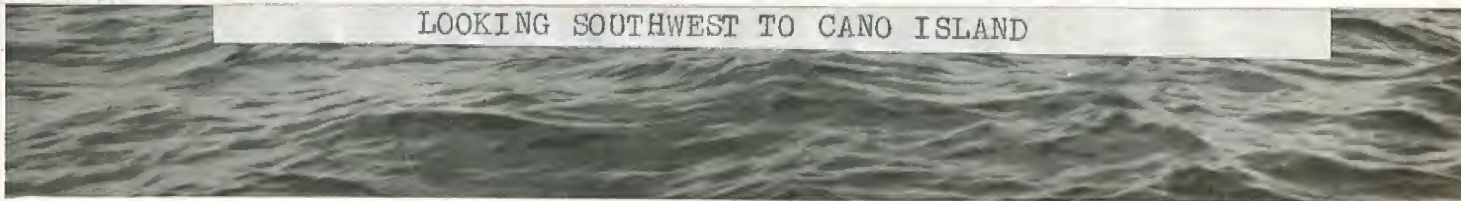




LOOKING TO NORTHEAST POINT OF CANO ISLAND



LOOKING SOUTHWEST TO CANO ISLAND



LOOKING NORTH TO CANO ISLAND. THE NEW LIGHT HOUSE STRUCTURE  
MAY BE NOTED ON THE WESTERN END OF THE ISLAND

**Confidential**





LOOKING SOUTHWEST TO CANO ISLAND

LOOKING NORTH TO CANO ISLAND. THE NEW LIGHT HOUSE STRUCTURE  
MAY BE NOTED ON THE WESTERN END OF THE ISLAND

**Confidential**





LOOKING NORTH TO CANO ISLAND. THE NEW LIGHT HOUSE STROCTURE  
MAY BE NOTED ON THE WESTERN END OF THE ISLAND

**Confidential**



F.

PUNTARENAS, COSTA RICA

Confidential

People Contacted: Sr. Alberto Echandi, Costa Rican Minister of Foreign Affairs  
Max Echandi, son of Alberto  
Sr. Juan Rafael Sotomayor, Governor of Puntarenas  
Mr. Beeche, Port Captain  
Sr. Edwin Flores, Grace Line Representative  
Capt. Sigfried Olsen, Head of salvage operations, and Mrs. Olsen  
Captain Maloney, Assistant to Capt. Olsen  
Captain Brown, Assistant to Capt. Olsen  
Dr. Munoz, Port Medical Examiner  
Mr. Weston, Alleged Newsreel Photographer and Associate of Captain Olsen  
Puntarenas United Fruit Radio Operator  
Taxi Drivers  
Shopkeepers  
Airport Attendants  
Customs Officials & Guards  
Policemen  
Dock Workers  
Native Workers for Salvage Company

The yacht of the reporting party, displaying the American flag, anchored in Puntarenas harbor the morning of October 6th.

Sr. Alberto Echandi, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Costa Rica, was reached by telephone from Puntarenas. He evidenced considerable interest in paying a visit to the reporting party and was invited and came to lunch the following day, October 7th, bringing his son with him. He made the <sup>round</sup> trip of about seven hours in a special train but because of information which he divulged, it is not believed his suspicions were aroused by the reporting party.

Sr. Echandi's version of the story of the two Axis ships sunk in Puntarenas harbor is as follows:

In April, 1941, the two ships, one German owned, named Eisenach, and the other Italian owned, named Fella, were anchored in Puntarenas Bay. After lengthy negotiations with the Costa Rican government, it was arranged that they could remain in the harbor and also that the Germans would be allowed to use certain funds the steamship line had in a bank in San Jose, for subsistence of the crew. The crew were allowed on shore, which privilege they often used, having the boat as living quarters.



## Confidential

Around the first of May the Costa Rican authorities had news from the United Fruit Company that a quantity of dynamite had been stolen from one of their storehouses in Costa Rica, presumed to be at Golfito, although Sr. Echandi did not mention the place by name. After considerable investigation they concluded the dynamite had not left Costa Rica and at the same time they had learned that part of the crew of the German ship were living at a hotel owned by a German in Baraca, a small village near Puntarenas. They are convinced the dynamite was handled through this hotel and from there placed on board both ships. They also had information that an illicit radio station was being operated by the German hotel owner in Baraca in addition to radios on both ships, which are believed to have kept the ships in touch with Axis orders. In order to prevent sabotage, which seemed probable, Echandi said a special train was sent from San Jose with twenty men from different departments of the government under the direction of the brother of the president of Costa Rica. As the train arrived in Puntarenas at 3:30 in the morning, they saw the smoke from the burning ships but nevertheless embarked in two parties of ten men each, and went out to see if they could not go on board. The Italians immediately permitted the ten men to go on board and the captain was asked to call the crew so the authorities could see whether all were on board. This was done but the captain warned the authorities to go quickly as very shortly the boat would be in flames, which happened as soon as the Costa Rican boarding party were back in their launch. The party was refused permission to board the Eisenach and the Germans were taken prisoners as soon as they got in their launches, for refusal to admit authorities to their boat. The Italian ship sank almost immediately but the German boat was in flames for about 24 hours. The crews of both boats were charged with criminal sabotage and were on trial for some time until the Costa Rican government made an agreement, mainly to get the case over, particularly because both crews had behaved themselves very well all the time they were in Costa Rica. The captain of the Italian ship tried to kill himself while in San Jose on trial by swallowing pieces of razor blades but his life was saved. Mr. Echandi declared this captain was given ample protection by himself (Echandi) as he felt him to be an extremely agreeable person.

One of the agreements reached in the trial was that these two crews should leave Costa Rica on the first Japanese ship that came to Puntarenas, but time passed and the Japanese ships which did call here would not, for no known reason, take these men on board. At last an agreement was reached with the United States government that these men would be sent to Balboa to be put on a Japanese boat there, but again Japanese ships did not wish to carry them, with the exception of those of the crew who were under 21 years of age. Sr. Echandi said the United States government then sent them to California and put them in a concentration camp. As soon as the ships were sunk the Costa Rican government had the right to dispose of them, according to Sr. Echandi, and, of course, they wanted to be rid of them to clear



the harbor. Three American companies were bidding on the salvaging, but Captain Sigfried Olsen of the Olsen Shipping Company as the one who most rapidly produced the cash and therefore acquired the ships. He paid \$25,000 cash for both, with a stipulation that an additional percentage would be paid in the event the ships were raised and sold at a profit. Mr. Echandi declared that it has been a mystery to him how Captain Olsen produced the cash and has further spent the considerably larger amounts on the operation, and that he believes Olsen is backed by somebody, inasmuch as his company has never been known as large operators. However, Sr. Echandi said Costa Rica was only interested in the price paid and not where the money came from. He said Captain Olsen spent several days arguing with the representative sent down to Puntarenas by the Costa Rican government to evaluate the ships. Sr. Echandi said he knows Captain Olsen knew exactly the condition of the ships before he bought them. Captain Olsen is considered by Costa Rican authorities a mysterious man with clouded activities.

Immediately upon arrival in Puntarenas of the reporting party's yacht, Captain Olsen came alongside and asked if Commander Mack of the U. S. S. Erie was present and was invited on board the ship to meet Commander Mack. He made an immediate point of inviting the party to visit the operations on the scuttled ships and several hours were spent on board the U. S. S. Eisenach and the tug Retriever. Pictures showing present condition of the ships are attached.

The salvage operations are being performed on the Eisenach by the coffer-dam method and probably one coffer-dam may be necessary on the Fella, but this latter has not yet been decided. The Olsen Shipping Company has taken over a marine railway, formerly built by the United Fruit Company and turned over to the Costa Rican government at Puntarenas. Most of the materials as well as all of the equipment being used in the operation appears to have been shipped down from San Francisco and Seattle. The coffer-dams are built ashore, launched, and towed besides a lighter to the ship being salvaged. Before any coffer-dam work was done, the ship was made tight below the main deck by excellent work on the part of the diver, Al, assisted to some small extent by native skin divers. This diving work appears to be an outstanding feat. At first, after making the hull tight, a coffer-dam was placed under the forward hatch and one aft. The big coffer-dam forward was rigged in place and when it was tried to place it on the hatch it was found the coffer-dam had been inadvertently put in place backwards. Thus tremendous additional work was necessary to refit the seat on the coffer-dam while slung in position above the hatch and this involved considerable delay in salvage operations. With this coffer-dam in place, the ship was pumped out forward and aft and the bow rose until the forefoot was well out of water. But a strain was placed on the ship aft of the engine room where some weakening had been caused by dynamiting, causing seams to open and the ship took on additional water load. It was decided that it was necessary to place another coffer-dam over #3 hold in order to support the ship properly and prevent listing and damage to the ship as she was brought to the surface. This coffer-dam over #3 hatch is now being put in place



## Confidential

and the ship is to be raised within a few days -- according to statements of the salvage operators.

Apparently Captain Olsen's assistants, Captain Maloney and Captain Brown, in command of the tug Retriever, and the diver are experts in this line of work.

It is intended to use the Eisenach, if raised, by anchoring it off the Fella and then using it to help parbuckle the latter ship into an upright position. The Fella being in shallower water than the Eisenach, it may be necessary to do very little coffer-dam work; therefore it is hoped it will be a comparatively simple salvage operation. Despite the optimism expressed by Captain Olsen and his men, there are waterfront reports that if they are not successful in the raising of the Eisenach within the next thirty days, operations will be abandoned.

Captain and Mrs. Olsen were invited to lunch on the yacht and they accepted, but it was felt by the reporting party they were extremely suspicious. Captain Olsen was asked pointblank how he had known of the presence of Commander Mack on board and claimed his only knowledge came from waterfront gossip and he seemed somewhat confused and embarrassed by the question. Olsen likewise made a point of referring to certain suspicions which are attached to him, and the operations of his salvage company, and blames this on the former United States Charge d' Affaires at San Jose, Mr. Dwyer. He said he considered Mr. Dwyer a very weak character who listened to all gossip and that Dwyer had even given credence to the report that Olsen had Nazi connections. One reason for Dwyer's belief in the rumor might be because Olsen and his wife are decidedly of the North German or Scandinavian type and Olsen himself speaks with an accent which is either North German, Schleswig-Holstein, or lower Scandinavian.

Captain Olsen seems extremely confident that the salvage operations will be a success. He did not appear at all concerned over delays in the work to date nor did he appear perturbed by some recent setbacks whereby the raising of the Eisenach, for what they hope to be the third and last time, had again been postponed.

The S. Olsen Shipping Company has organized a Panamanian subsidiary which is handling the salvage work on the two ships. Captain Olsen, head of the parent company, attempts to give the impression that he is the sole interested party; however, Mrs. Olsen made several unguarded statements to the effect that a New York man, whose name could not be learned, has an appreciable interest, as well as a Greek who is on the ground and is supposed to have one of the largest interests in the company. Statements were made by Captain Maloney that when the two ships are floated they should be worth about \$3,000,000 even before much work has been done on them. When Captain Olsen was questioned as to where the further necessary repair work would be done he said it might be in the United States, then said Cuba was being considered, and showed what seemed to be rather feigned astonishment when Peru was suggested. He is extremely evasive and the reporting party believes that there would be no hesitation on his part in



disposing of the ships to the high bidder, no matter of what nationality the bidder might be.

In mentioning his office in Panama, Olsen spoke of his splendid connections there. He also referred to his Costa Rican office which had been engaged in negotiations to take over those ships before the sabotage. He also mentioned his office in Lima and particularly his home office in San Francisco. He further mentioned his cement company which sells its products under the name shown on the house flag of his fleet; namely, "Solship." He said that of a fleet of seven to nine ships which he had under charter and which he owned two years ago, the government had left him only three which were operating between Seattle and Panama. He said he himself had been a captain for the Grace Lines twenty years ago. While he talked a great deal, he did not give the impression, by appearance nor approach, of being a large scale operator in any line of business. He said he had never indulged in salvage work before but found it very interesting and thought great profits could be made. He did not show any concern for the operation of his shipping line, stating he spent most of his time on this present salvage job.

He casually mentioned that Pathe News had had a photographer present the previous day to take movies of what he had hoped would be the raising of the Hizenach. He also said he had taken several thousand feet of film himself. When asked the name of the Pathe photographer, he gave the name of Weston. The reporting party asked if this was the same Weston who lived in San Jose and represented himself as a reporter for the North American Newspaper Alliance and a free-lance writer and author. The answer was affirmative. This man Weston is the same one who was contacted by the reporting party in San Jose in June, 1941. He was mentioned in the report of the "Cruise of the Yacht Carola in Costa Rican Waters," of that date. At that time he was in the company of a man named Kurt Wiedwald who is notoriously a German agent whose expenses are paid by the German legation in San Jose. It was reliably reported in June that Wiedwald was paying some of Weston's bills. Captain Olsen made no further mention of Weston but the reporting party felt that he undoubtedly was the source from which the information as to Commander Mack's presence on the yacht had come.

Olsen and his wife invited the reporting party on shore to their home for dinner. Weston was present at the dinner and it was developed that he has been a house guest of the Olsens for some time and he appeared completely at home and thoroughly familiar with the house. Upon being questioned, Weston stated he had not been on the Pacific side for a long time, but in several of the movies which were projected he appeared with the Olsens and he then said, in some embarrassment, he had forgotten he had made some previous trips.



He had with him two cameras, one a Rolliflex with some special equipment, and the other a Bell and Howell Filmo. These cameras have a value of around \$1000, both were new, and are contradictory evidence of statements that he is a free-lance writer, depending on the sale of occasional articles for his livelihood. His latest claim of being a newsreel photographer is now being made for the first time as when the reporting party saw him last in San Jose he made a rather careful list of his supposed activities and no mention was made of newsreel work. Weston likewise flies back and forth from San Jose rather frequently, according to statements made in Puntarenas, and in every way seems very well endowed with funds, the source of which is a mystery. Weston claims his latest funds came from the sale of movies of the anti-Nazi demonstration in Costa Rica to Panama, which he claims to have sold within the last month for \$2.50 per foot. This statement should be easy to corroborate or refute. Weston showed as much interest in getting pictures of the reporting party as the reporting party had in getting pictures of him. (See attached photographs).

Weston's relationship with Captain Olsen seems quite close and both of them, as well as Mrs. Olsen, have a tendency to contradict one another on minor points of what seems to be a pre-arranged story. It is the belief of the reporting party, because of Weston's definite connection with Wiedwald and his previously expressed great interest in the Pacific coast of Costa Rica; his evidence knowledge of it, and the present connection of Weston and Olsen, that the salvage operation should be kept under most careful scrutiny. It is further believed that a close check on the Olsens background and former contacts might be revealing. It is also submitted that Weston should be placed under the most careful surveillance.

The tuna clipper, ARANO, now operating under the Costa Rican flag, has a predominately Japanese crew, although the captain is supposed to be Costa Rican. The statement was made that this boat had been taken over by the Costa Rican government within the last week but no verification of this could be gotten. Sr. Echandi, when indirectly questioned about it, merely mentioned that the boat had a majority of Japanese in its crew. No other tuna clippers nor fishing boats with Japanese crews were seen nor reported in the Puntarenas district, although specific inquiry was made concerning this type of ship. Puntarenas is a favorite stop for the California tuna clippers and several were in port during the stay of the reporting party, as listed in the appendix attached. The tuna clippers evidently use this as a stop for both fuel and for bait. The usual spot for getting the latter is back of the three islands located in the northwest part of Puntarenas harbor proper. There is a constant movement back and forth between the harbor and the islands by these tuna clippers, but observation and scrutiny revealed this activity is only for bait-gathering purposes.



The attitude of the inhabitants of Puntarenas seems to be fairly friendly to the United States and England, as large numbers of the "V for Victory" signs were observed everywhere. The attitude of the inhabitants also is quite friendly and cordial. It is interesting that in view of Sr. Echandi's rather well-known Axis tendencies that he seems to be treated with such scant respect in Puntarenas where he has extensive personal holdings. The governor of Puntarenas, Sr. Juan Rafael Sotomayor; the port captain, Mr. Beeche; Dr. Nunez, port medical inspector; the Grace Line Agent, Mr. Edwin Flores; and the Costa Rican operator of the United Fruit Company radio and telegraph station all showed this same lack of respect for Sr. Echandi. This attitude can best be described as falling in the usual respect which is forthcoming in Latin-American countries when a cabinet minister's name is mentioned, and it may be that this is due to Sr. Echandi's pro-Axis sympathies or it may be due to the position he holds. This belief was further corroborated by stories concerning Echandi's son, Max, who operates a hardware store, among other Echandi interests in Puntarenas. Several days before the arrival of the reporting party Max Echandi had been involved in an argument in the local club. The subject of the controversy could not be learned, but Max Echandi had a black eye and showed every evidence of having been roughly handled. It was inferred that the argument had been political in background but details were lacking.

LEON MANDEL



Puntarenas (Cont'd)

P-8

Confidential

VESSELS IN HARBOR AT PONTARENAS:

October 6th & 7th, 1941:

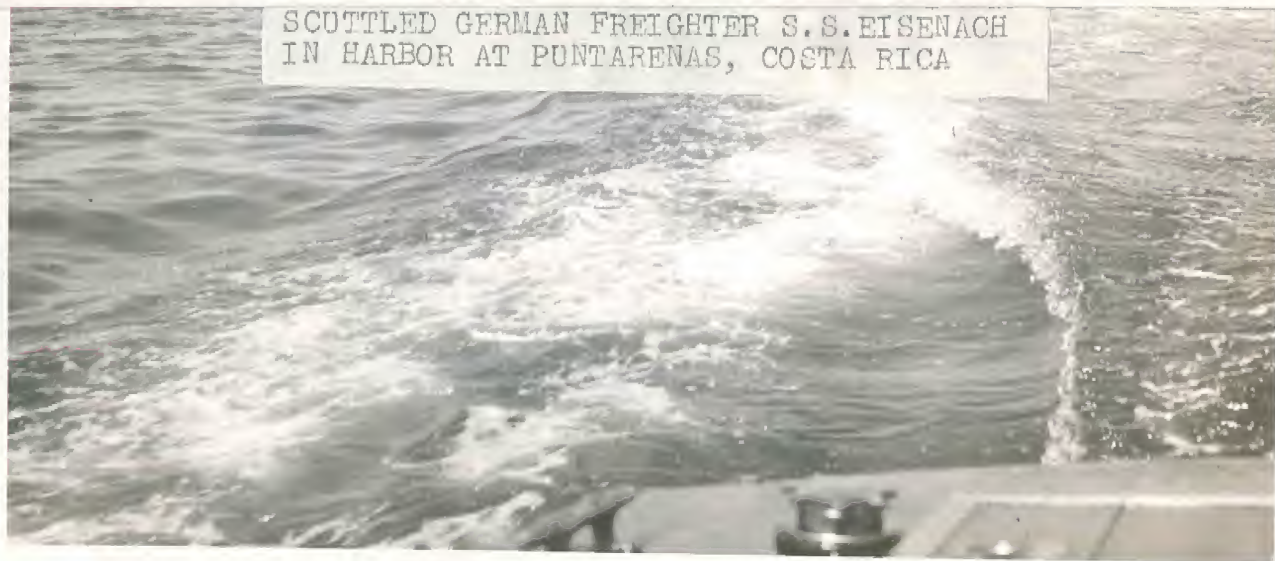
Tuna Clippers: Olympic  
Amato  
Chipana  
American Voyager  
American Beauty

Three-masted motor vessel "Gloriana" from Callao,  
Peru, anchored off pier with deck load of logs.





SCUTTLED GERMAN FREIGHTER S.S.EISENACH  
IN HARBOR AT PUNTARENAS, COSTA RICA



S.S.EISENACH ON LEFT - SS FELLA ON RIGHT  
(Camera Bearing 280°)

**Confidential**





S.S. EISENACH ON LEFT - SS FELLA ON RIGHT  
(Camera Bearing 280°)

**Confidential**





Views of S. S. Fella,  
Scuttled Italian Steamer  
in Puntarenas, Costa  
Rica Harbor



1. Camera Bearing 60°
2. Camera Bearing 90°
3. Camera Bearing 230°

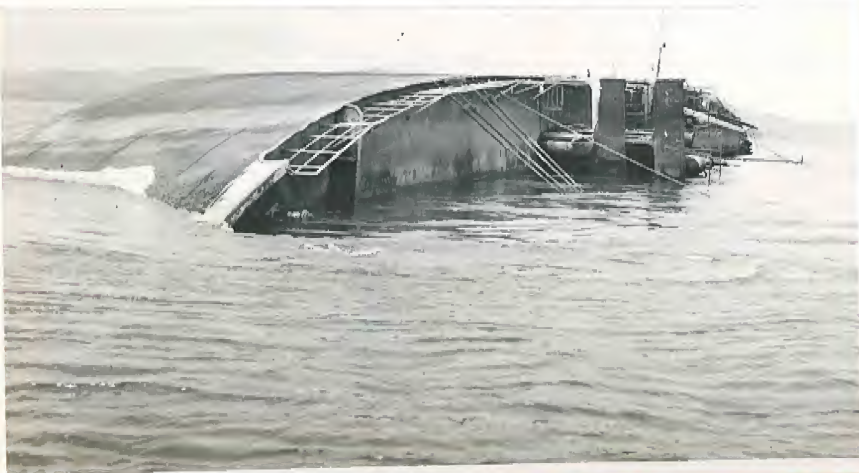






Views of S. S. Fella,  
Scuttled Italian Steamer  
in Puntarenas, Costa  
Rica Harbor

1. Camera Bearing 60°
2. Camera Bearing 90°
3. Camera Bearing 230°

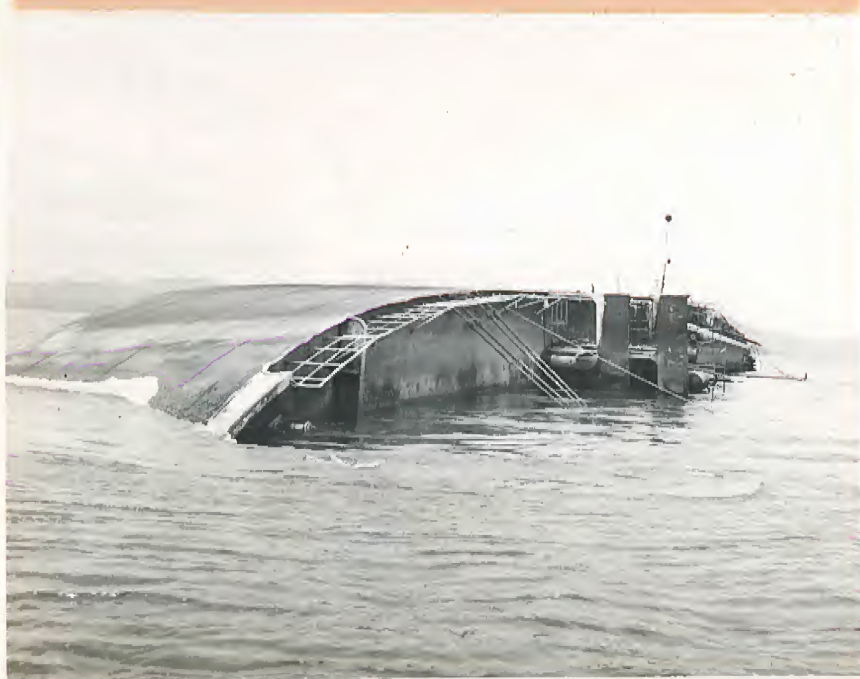






Views of S. S. Fella,  
Scuttled Italian Steamer  
in Puntarenas, Costa  
Rica Harbor

1. Camera Bearing 60°
2. Camera Bearing 90°
3. Camera Bearing 230°

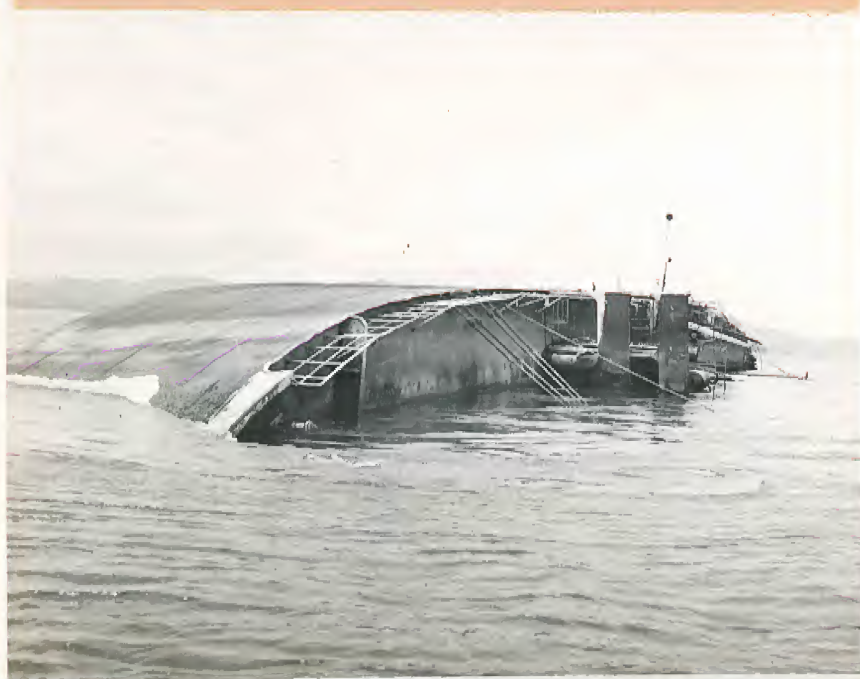






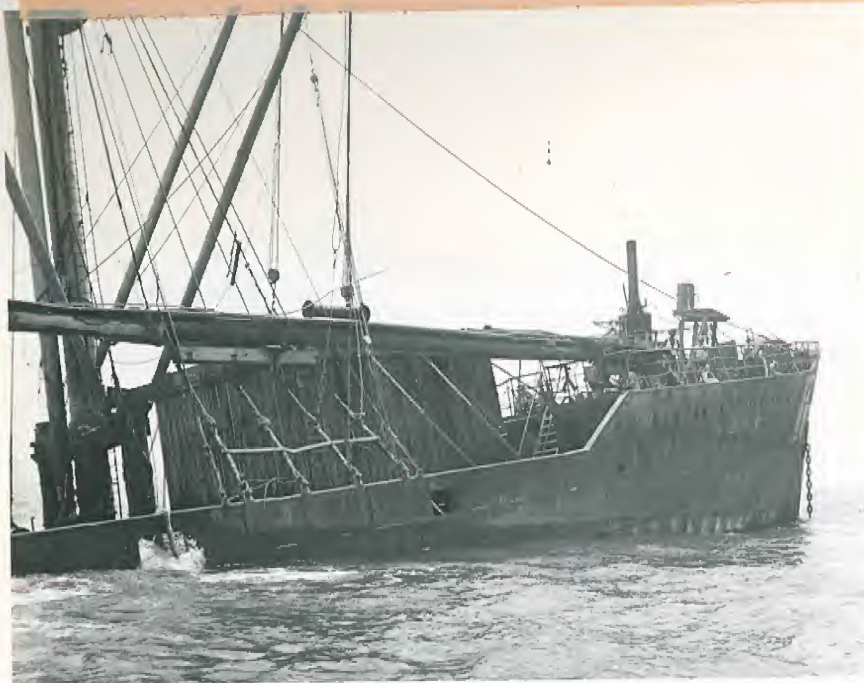
Views of S. S. Fella,  
Scuttled Italian Steamer  
in Puntarenas, Costa  
Rica Harbor

1. Camera Bearing 60°
2. Camera Bearing 90°
3. Camera Bearing 230°



Confidential





Salvage Operations  
by S. Olsen Shipping  
Company on Sabotaged  
German Freighter  
S. S. Eisenach in  
Puntarenas Harbor

October - 1941

Confidential





Salvage Operations  
by S. Olsen Shipping  
Company on Sabotaged  
German Freighter  
S. S. Eisenach in  
Puntarenas Harbor



October - 1941



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Salvage Operations  
by S. Olsen Shipping  
Company on Sabotaged  
German Freighter  
S. S. Eisenach in  
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Confidential





Salvage Operations  
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S. S. Eisenach in  
Puntarenas Harbor

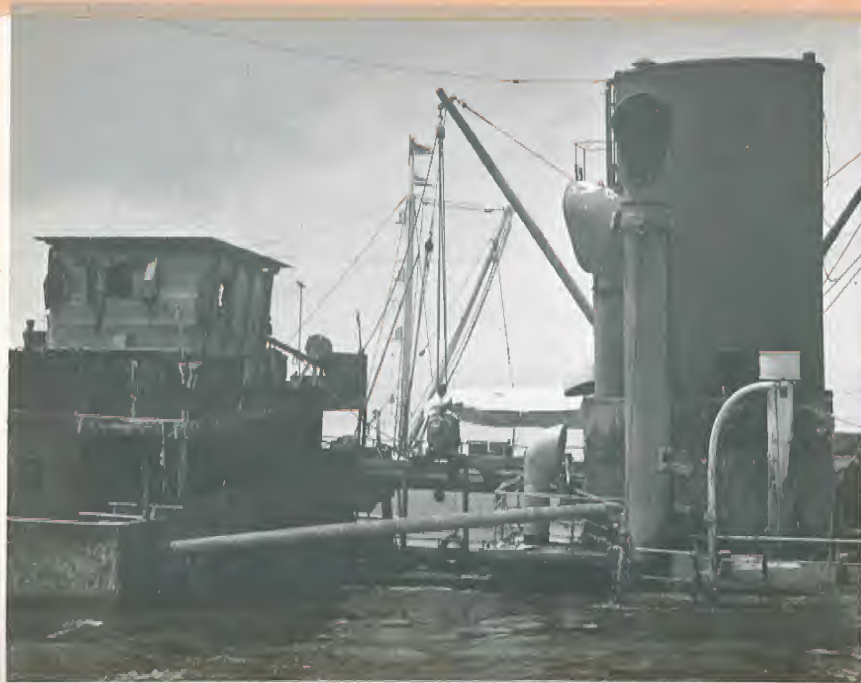
October - 1941

Confidential



Salvage Operations  
by S. Olsen Shipping  
Company on Sabotaged  
German Freighter  
S. S. Eisenach in  
Puntarenas Harbor

October - 1941



Confidential





Salvage Operations on  
S. S. Eisenach (Cont'd)



Extreme Left - Weston

X - Mrs. Olsen

XX- Capt. Sigfried Olsen,  
head of Olsen Shipping  
Company, salvage oper-  
ators on the Eisenach  
and Fella.

Profile of Weston - Standing  
on Extreme Left







Salvage Operations on  
S. S. Eisenach (Cont'd)



Extreme Left - Weston

X - Mrs. Olsen

XX- Capt. Sigfried Olsen,  
head of Olsen Shipping  
Company, salvage oper-  
ators on the Eisenach  
and Fella.



Profile of Weston - Standing  
on Extreme Left

Confidential



Salvage Operations on  
S. S. Eisenach (Cont'd)



Extreme Left - Weston

X - Mrs. Olsen

XX- Capt. Sigfried Olsen,  
head of Olsen Shipping  
Company, salvage oper-  
ators on the Eisenach  
and Fella.



Profile of Weston - Standing  
on Extreme Left

Confidential



Salvage Operations on  
S. S. Eisenach (Cont'd)



Extreme Left - Weston

X - Mrs. Olsen

XX- Capt. Sigfried Olsen,  
head of Olsen Shipping  
Company, salvage oper-  
ators on the Eisenach  
and Fella.



Profile of Weston - Standing  
on Extreme Left

Confidential



Salvage Operations on  
S. S. Eisenach (Cont'd)



Extreme Left - Weston

X - Mrs. Olsen

XX- Capt. Sigfried Olsen,  
head of Olsen Shipping  
Company, salvage oper-  
ators on the Eisenach  
and Fella.

Profile of Weston - Standing  
on Extreme Left

Confidential



G.

GULF OF NICOYA, COSTA RICA (Ballena Bay)

Confidential

The Gulf of Nicoya was carefully surveyed from close-in on October 6th. Particular attention was paid to Ballena Bay and the islands along the western shore of the Gulf. There was no evidence of any Japanese or other nationals using any portion of this area as a base.

Photographs attached.

LEON MANDEL





CHANNEL BETWEEN NEGRITAS ISLANDS  
(Camera Bearing 320°)

NEGRITAS ISLANDS  
(Camera Bearing 310°)

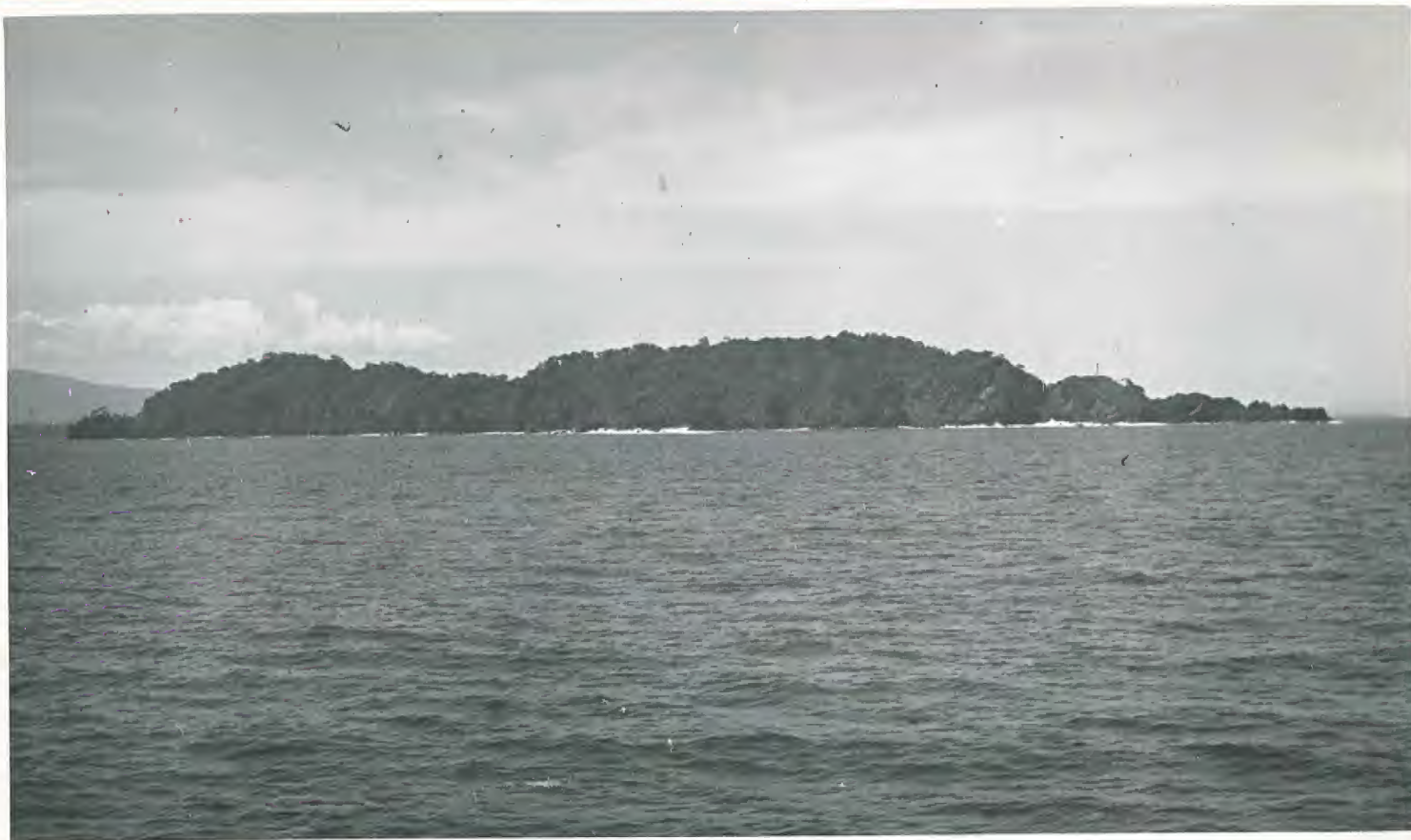
NEGRITAS ISLANDS  
(Camera Bearing 190°)

JASPER ISLAND  
(Camera Bearing 325°)

Left - JASPER ISLAND    Right - ALCATRAZ ISLAND  
(Camera Bearing 260°)

**Confidential**





NEGRITAS ISLANDS  
(Camera Bearing 310°)

NEGRITAS ISLANDS  
(Camera Bearing 190°)

JASPER ISLAND  
(Camera Bearing 325°)

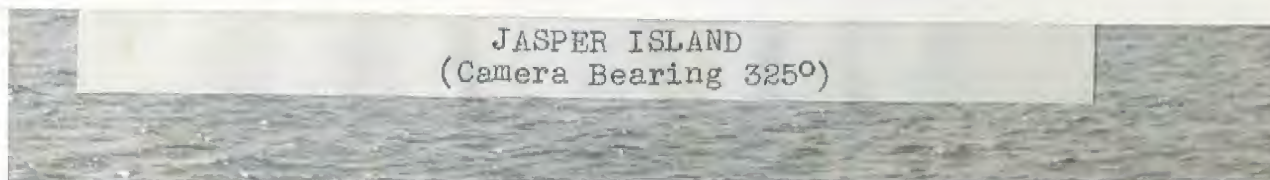
Left - JASPER ISLAND    Right - ALCATRAZ ISLAND  
(Camera Bearing 260°)

Confidential





NEGRITAS ISLANDS  
(Camera Bearing 190°)

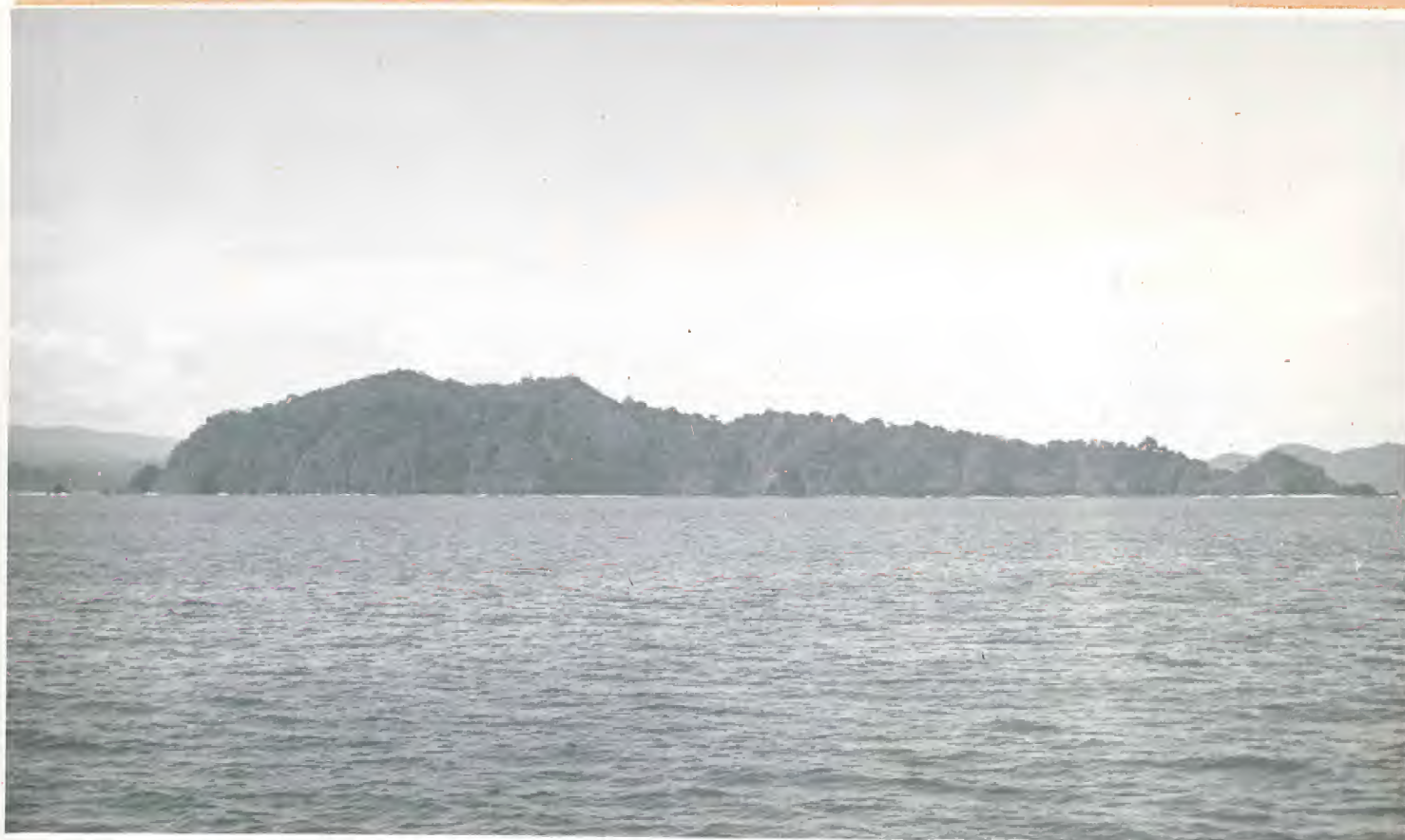


JASPER ISLAND  
(Camera Bearing 325°)

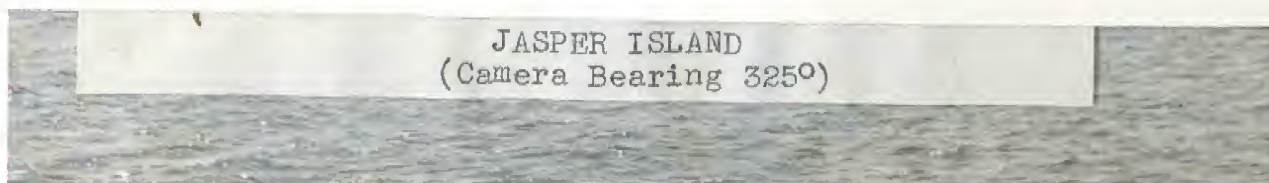
Left - JASPER ISLAND    Right - ALCATRAZ ISLAND  
(Camera Bearing 260°)

Confidential





JASPER ISLAND  
(Camera Bearing 325°)



Left - JASPER ISLAND    Right - ALCATRAZ ISLAND  
(Camera Bearing 260°)

Confidential





Left - JASPER ISLAND    Right - ALCATRAZ ISLAND  
(Camera Bearing 260°)

Confidential





ALCATRAZ AND JASPER ISLANDS  
(Camera Bearing 335°)

BALLENA BAY FROM  $1\frac{1}{4}$  MILES OFF SHORE  
(Camera Bearing 330°)

CAPE BLANCO  
(Camera Bearing 222°)

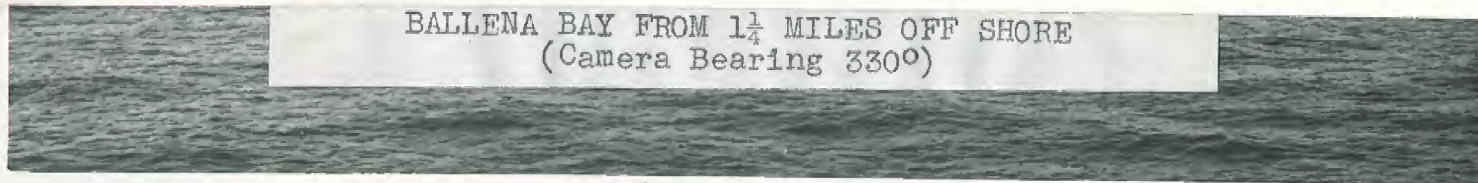
CAPE BLANCO  
(Camera Bearing 10°)

Confidential





BALLENA BAY FROM  $1\frac{1}{4}$  MILES OFF SHORE  
(Camera Bearing 330°)



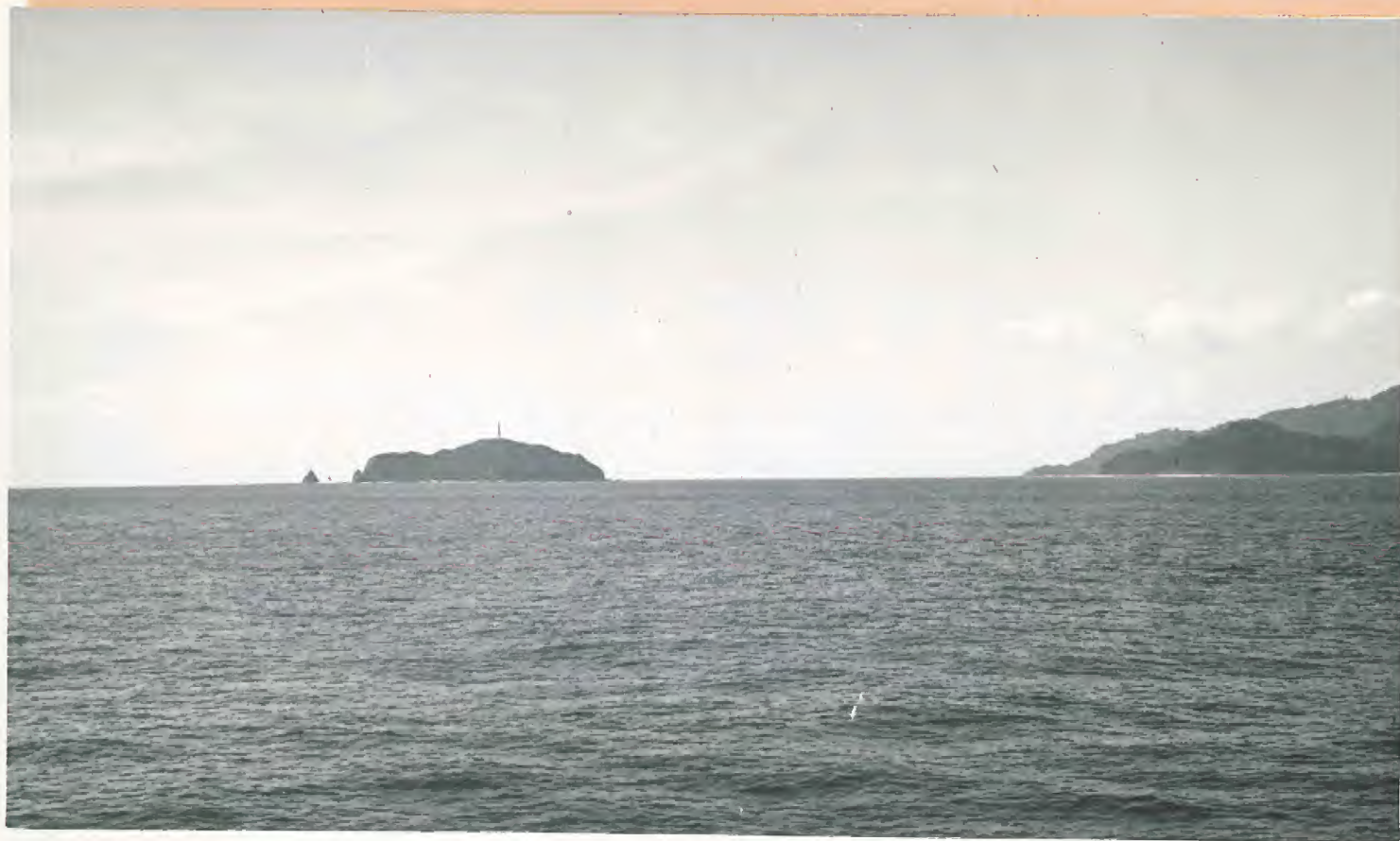
CAPE BLANCO  
(Camera Bearing 222°)



CAPE BLANCO  
(Camera Bearing 10°)

Confidential





CAPE BLANCO  
(Camera Bearing 222°)



CAPE BLANCO  
(Camera Bearing 10°)

Confidential





CAPE BLANCO  
(Camera Bearing 10°)

Confidential



H.

CULEBRA BAY, COSTA RICA  
Visited October 8, 1941

Confidential

Of the inhabitants of the Culebra Bay area, those living closest to the coast are the Mercedes Corea family who have lived here fifty years. The husband is an invalid and the couple are said to be the oldest inhabitants of this region. She has with her seven children and some grandchildren; their house is about half a mile from the beach, called port Culebra. They stated no ships call here regularly and that the bay has never been frequented by boats of any kind. All their food is gotten from the nearest town, Sardinal, about three hours walking distance from their home. There is a radio station at Sardinal.

The Coreas remember only two boats as having been here this year, before the arrival of the reporting party, one in January and one in June. These boats did not anchor, merely circling the bay and out to sea again. This family have not seen nor do they know of any foreigners who own any land in this vicinity and state all the other inhabitants hereabouts are Costa Rican natives.

A group of natives live off Panama Beach, nearby, but the houses are quite far from the coast and the road is very bad with knee-deep mud in places. There are very few people at Culebra Beach, which is the third of the three small settlements in Culebra Bay.

Photographs Attached.

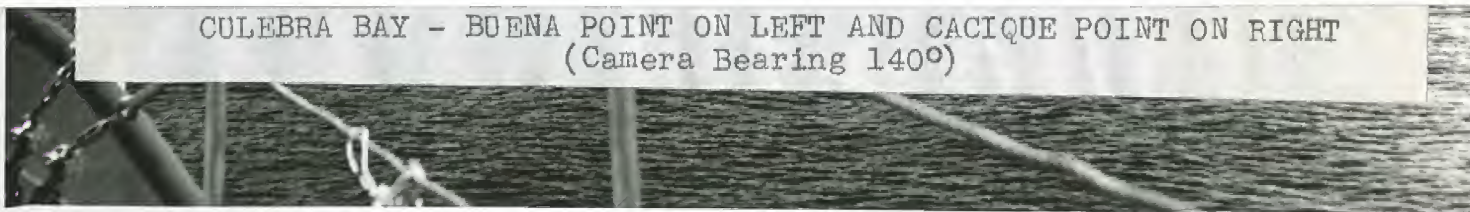
Also see following report on Cocos Bay.

LEON MANDEL

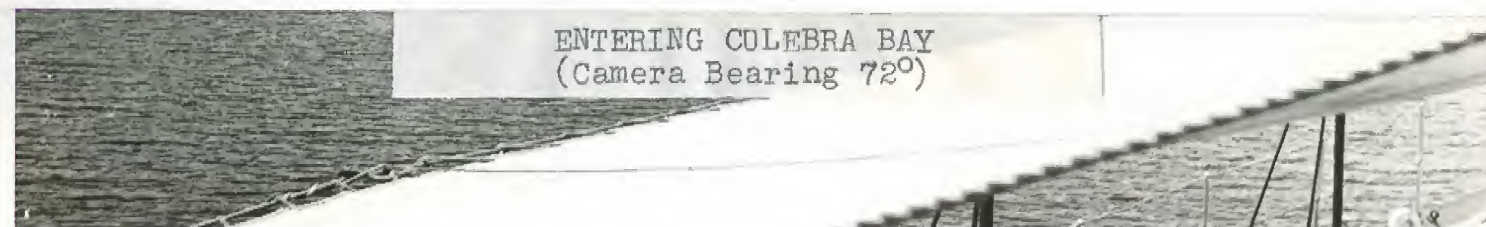




MALA POINT, LEADING INTO CULEBRA BAY, ON EXTREME RIGHT - VIEW TO NORTHWARD SHOWING HUEVO BAY, HUEVO ISLANDS, AND WOODED PLATEAU



CULEBRA BAY - BUENA POINT ON LEFT AND CACIQUE POINT ON RIGHT  
(Camera Bearing 140°)



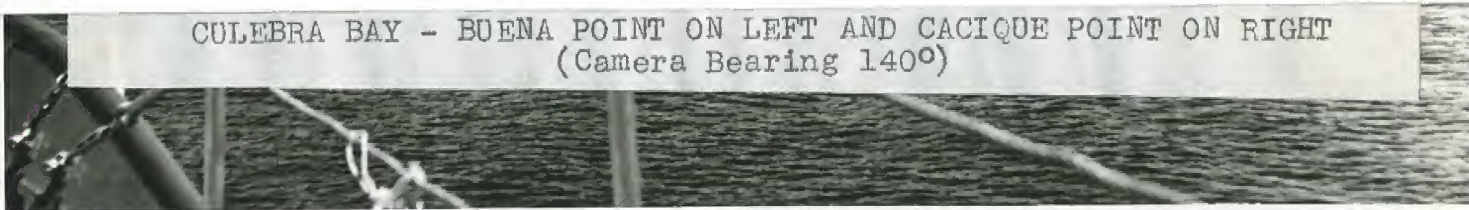
ENTERING CULEBRA BAY  
(Camera Bearing 72°)

LOOKING SEAWARD FROM CULEBRA BAY - BUENA POINT LEFT FOREGROUND, SOUTH VIRADORES CENTER FOREGROUND, GORDA POINT CENTER BACK-GROUND, AND MALA POINT ON RIGHT

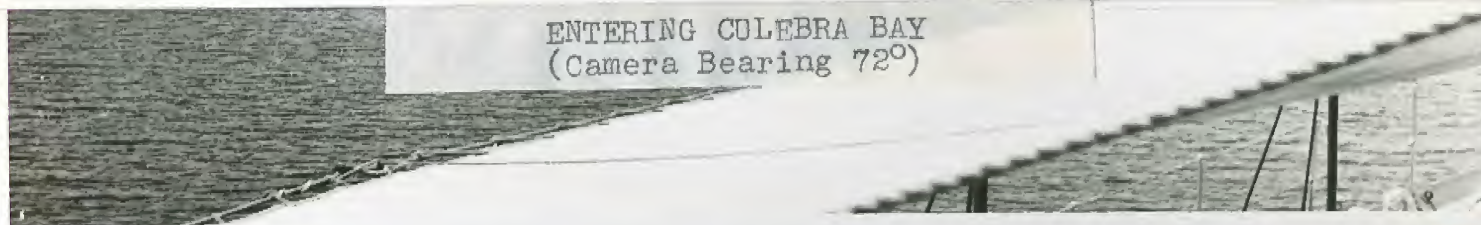




CULEBRA BAY - BUENA POINT ON LEFT AND CACIQUE POINT ON RIGHT  
(Camera Bearing 140°)



ENTERING CULEBRA BAY  
(Camera Bearing 72°)

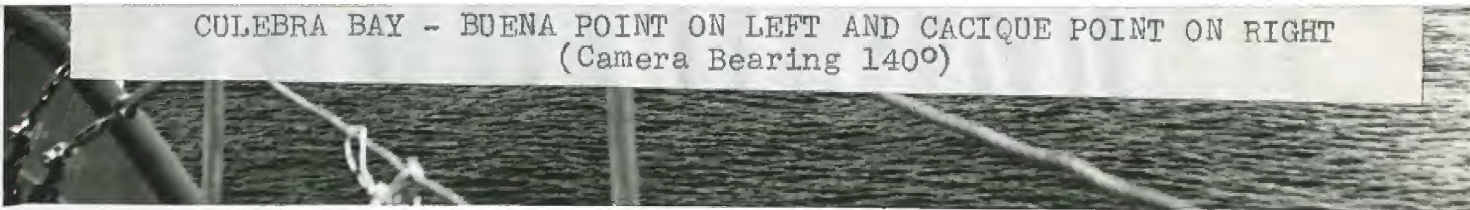


LOOKING SEAWARD FROM CULEBRA BAY - BUENA POINT LEFT FOREGROUND,  
SOUTH VIRADORES CENTER FOREGROUND, GORDA POINT CENTER BACK-  
GROUND, AND MALA POINT ON RIGHT

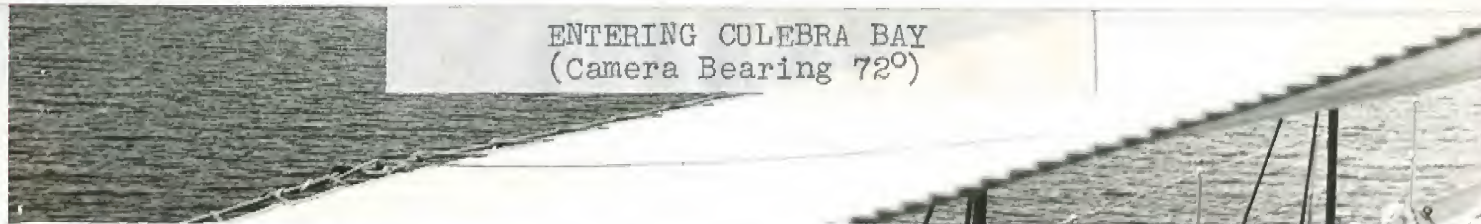




CULEBRA BAY - BUENA POINT ON LEFT AND CACIQUE POINT ON RIGHT  
(Camera Bearing 140°)

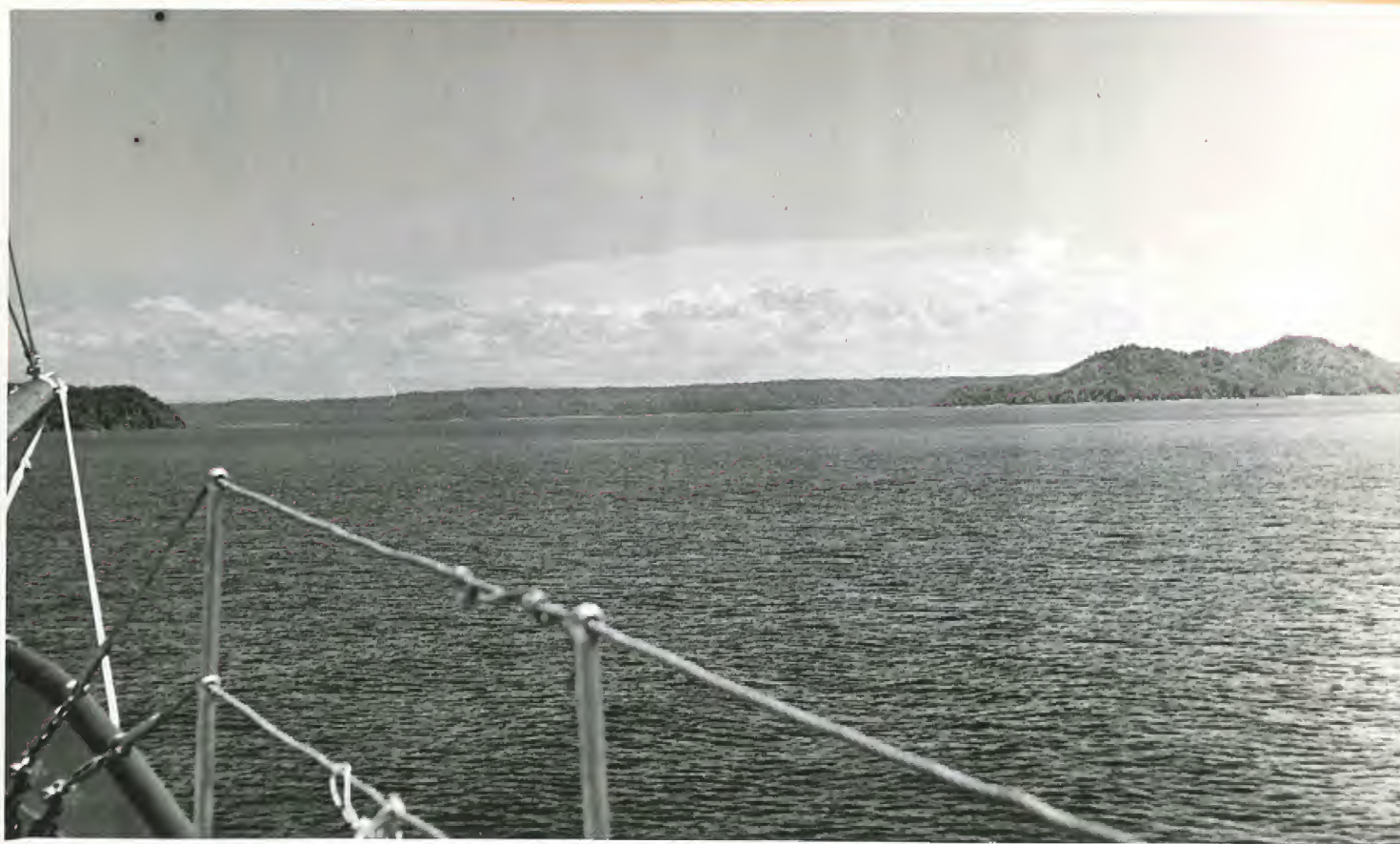


ENTERING CULEBRA BAY  
(Camera Bearing 72°)

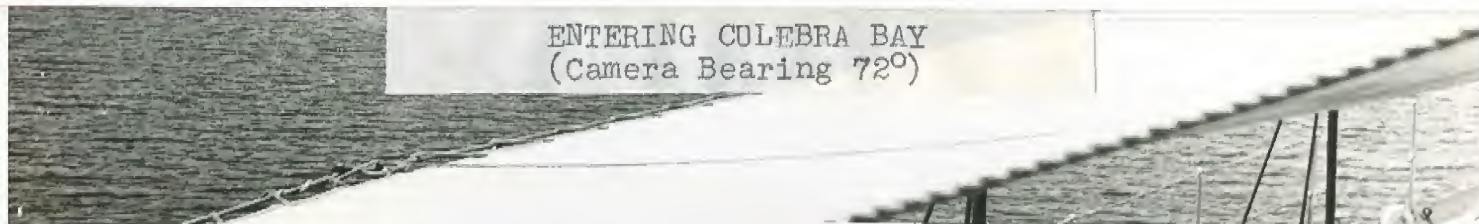


LOOKING SEAWARD FROM CULEBRA BAY - BUENA POINT LEFT FOREGROUND,  
SOUTH VIRADORES CENTER FOREGROUND, GORDA POINT CENTER BACK-  
GROUND, AND MALA POINT ON RIGHT





ENTERING COLEBRA BAY  
(Camera Bearing 72°)



LOOKING SEAWARD FROM COLEBRA BAY - BUENA POINT LEFT FOREGROUND,  
SOUTH VIRADORES CENTER FOREGROUND, GORDA POINT CENTER BACK-  
GROUND, AND MALA POINT ON RIGHT





LOOKING SEAWARD FROM CULEBRA BAY - BUENA POINT LEFT FOREGROUND,  
SOUTH VIRADORES CENTER FOREGROUND, GORDA POINT CENTER BACK-  
GROUND, AND MALA POINT ON RIGHT





MERCEDES COREA AND FAMILY OF  
PORT CULEBRA, COSTA RICA



TA RICA



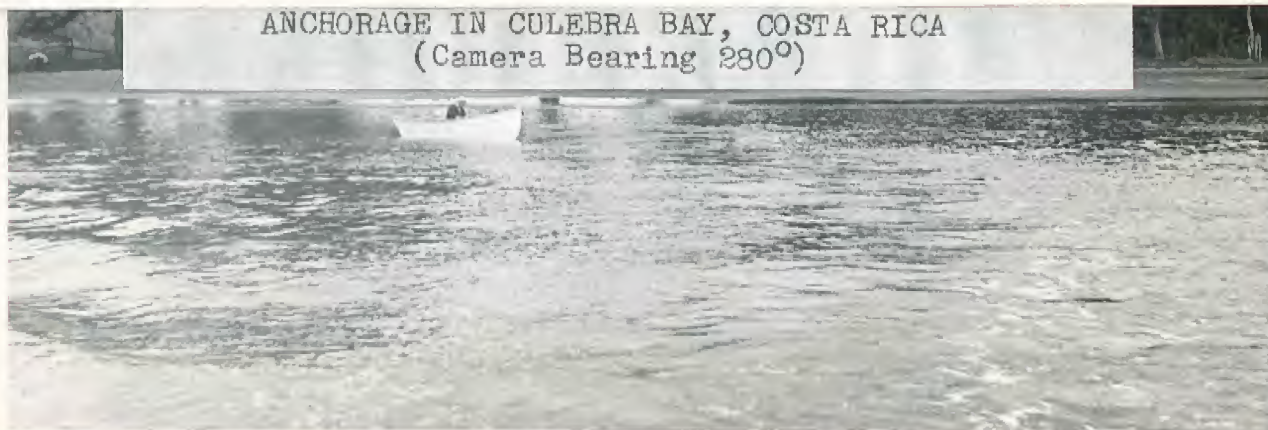
BEACH APPROACH AT PORT CULEBRA, COSTA RICA

Confidential





ANCHORAGE IN CULEBRA BAY, COSTA RICA  
(Camera Bearing 280°)



BEACH APPROACH AT PORT CULEBRA, COSTA RICA

Confidential





BEACH APPROACH AT PORT CULEBRA, COSTA RICA

Confidential



I.

Confidential

COCOS BAY, COSTA RICA

People Contacted: Tomas Davila, Telegraph Operator  
Leiba, Government Representative  
Bonilla, Merchant  
Policemen  
Natives

The largest settlement in the Culebra Bay area is located in Cocos Bay, southwest of Culebra. A stop was made here on October 10th, 1941, in order to interview the inhabitants regarding the possible presence of German or Japanese colonists. The bay itself offers an excellent anchorage (See photographs). Inhabitants say it is seldom, if ever, rough and the long gently sloping beach presents possibilities for aircraft landing, the beach having approximately a 6 to 8° rise. The sand is hard and firm.

There are about 45 houses, a telegraph station, and around 150 persons in the settlement. It is said very few boats anchor in this bay and only the Costa Rican mail boat, Santa Rosa, comes here regularly. It was said a supposed American, named Wilson, owns land in the Bay of Taboga. All those interviewed corroborated the information given by Mercedes Corea of Culebra that they know of no other foreigners who own any land in this region. The only vague report of any possible land holdings by foreigners came from a place called Lagarto, which is several hours distance from the coast towards the interior and located beyond Sardinia. Even this report was extremely vague and probably had no basis in fact whatsoever. There is no evidence of a colonization plan having been carried out by any foreigners along the coastline between Cape Velas and Cape Elena.

The entire shoreline between Cape Velas and Cape Elena, including bays, and islands, was surveyed from close in. While this region promises nearly unlimited good anchorage and hiding places, there is no evidence that it has been so used in the recent past. It is suggested, however, because of the latent possibilities contained in this comparatively secluded coastal area that occasional observation thereof is necessary.

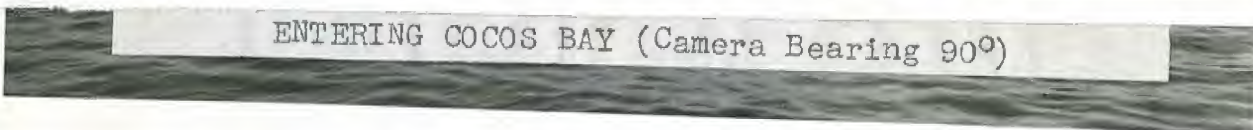
Photographs attached.

LEON MANDEL





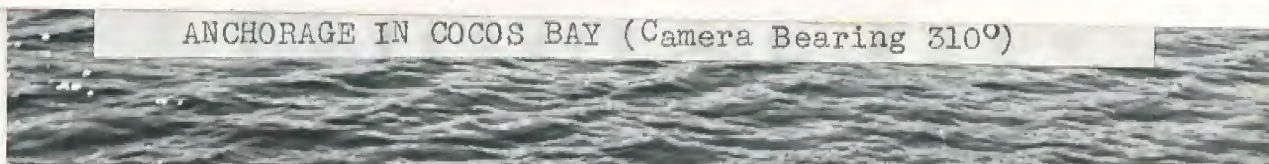
ENTERING COCOS BAY (Camera Bearing 90°)



ANCHORAGE IN COCOS BAY



ANCHORAGE IN COCOS BAY (Camera Bearing 310°)



WOODEN PIER AND BEACH APPROACH AT COCOS BAY



BEACH AND WOODEN PIER AT COCOS BAY

Confidential

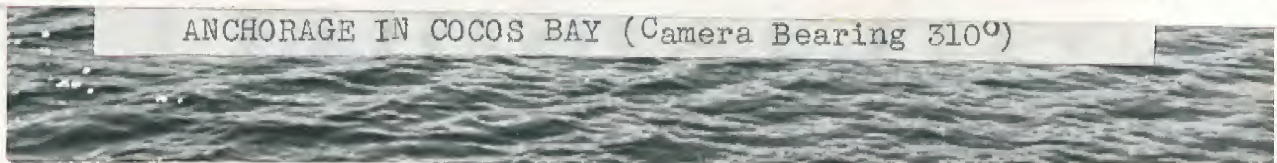




ANCHORAGE IN COCOS BAY



ANCHORAGE IN COCOS BAY (Camera Bearing 310°)



WOODEN PIER AND BEACH APPROACH AT COCOS BAY



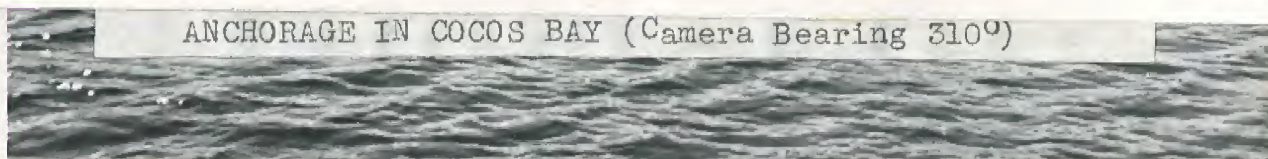
BEACH AND WOODEN PIER AT COCOS BAY

Confidential





ANCHORAGE IN COCOS BAY (Camera Bearing 310°)



WOODEN PIER AND BEACH APPROACH AT COCOS BAY



BEACH AND WOODEN PIER AT COCOS BAY

Confidential





WOODEN PIER AND BEACH APPROACH AT COCOS BAY

BEACH AND WOODEN PIER AT COCOS BAY

Confidential





BEACH AND WOODEN PIER AT COCOS BAY

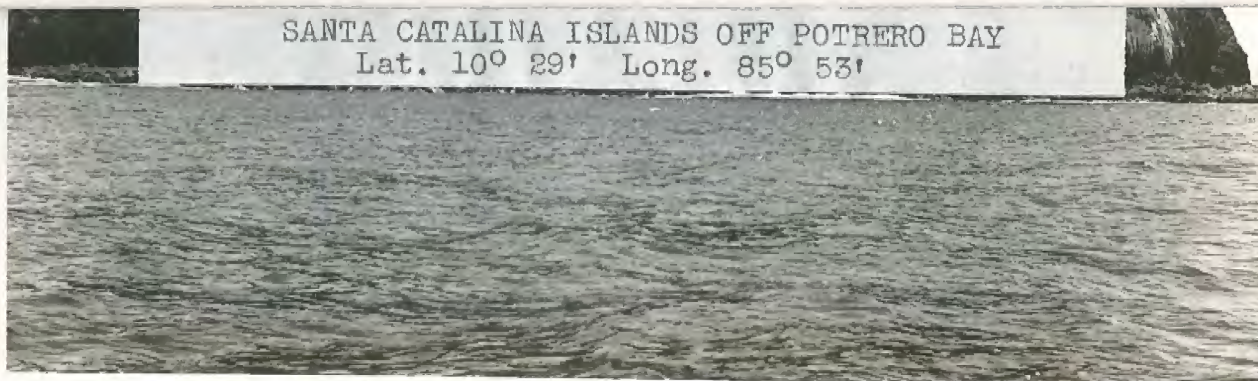
Confidential





PRINCIPAL PERSONALITIES AT COCOS BAY: 1 - Tomas Davilla,  
Telegraph Operator; 2 - Bonilla, Herchant; 3 - Leiba,  
Government Representative

SANTA CATALINA ISLANDS OFF POTRERO BAY  
Lat.  $10^{\circ} 29'$  Long.  $85^{\circ} 53'$



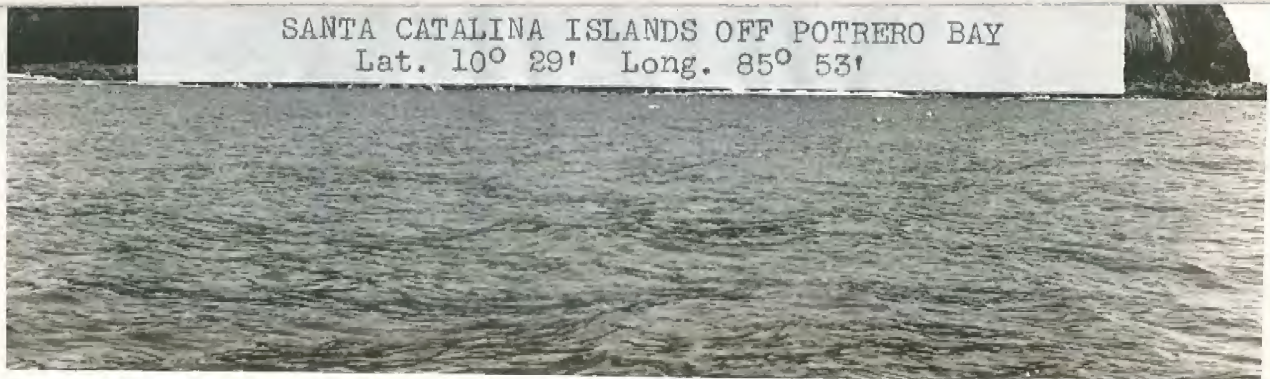
SANTA CATALINA ISLANDS OFF POTRERO BAY  
Lat.  $10^{\circ} 29'$  N. Long.  $85^{\circ} 53'$  W.

Confidential





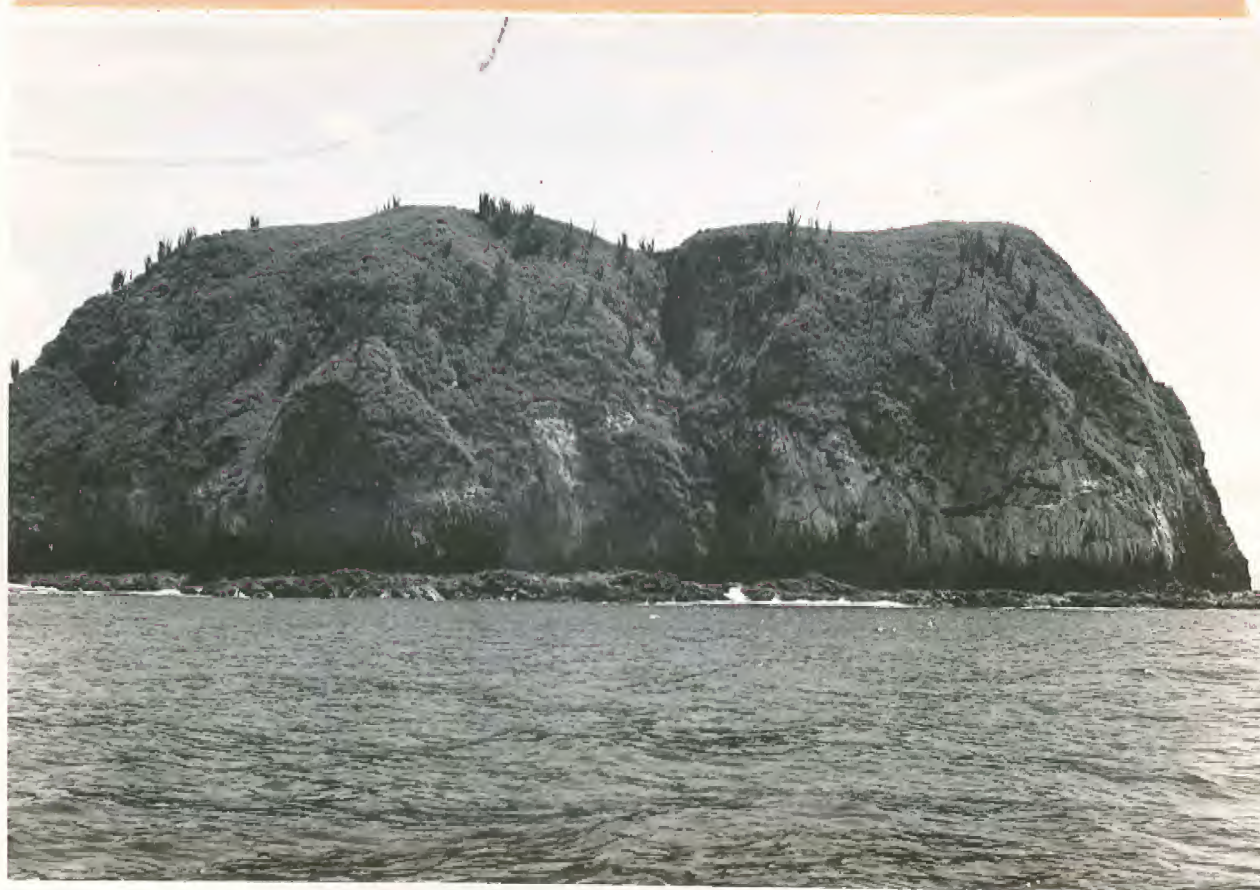
SANTA CATALINA ISLANDS OFF POTRERO BAY  
 Lat.  $10^{\circ} 29'$  Long.  $85^{\circ} 53'$



SANTA CATALINA ISLANDS OFF POTRERO BAY  
 Lat.  $10^{\circ} 29'$  N. Long.  $85^{\circ} 53'$  W.

**Confidential**





SANTA CATALINA ISLANDS OFF POTRERO BAY  
Lat.  $10^{\circ} 29'$  N. Long.  $85^{\circ} 53'$  W.

Confidential

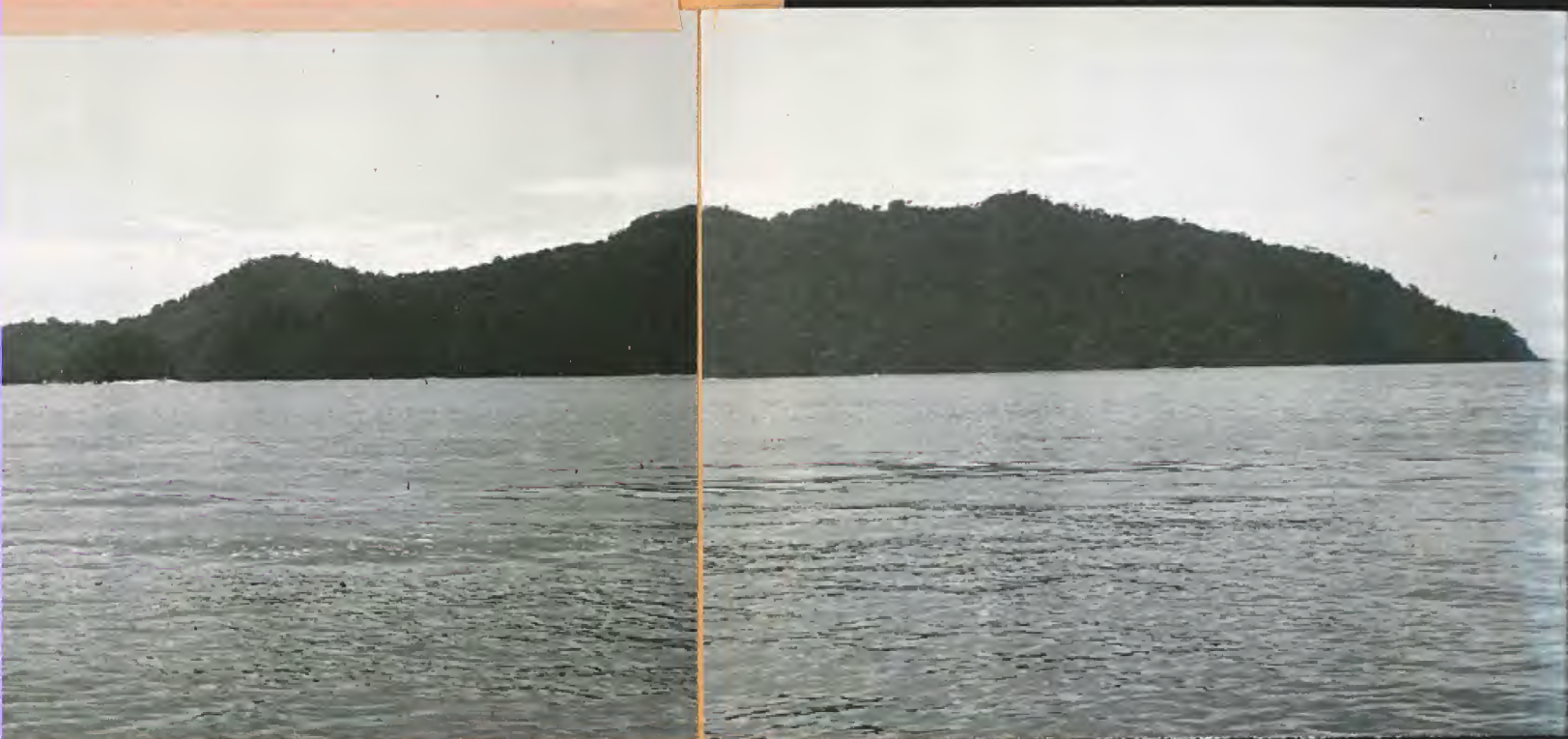




CAPE VELAS LOOKING SOUTHEAST

Confidential





ING SOUTHEAST

Confidential





BRAXILITO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 125°)

BRAXILITO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 175°)

EYRE ISLAND, BETWEEN POTRERO BAY ON LEFT AND BRAXILITO  
BAY ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 122°)

SOUTHERN END OF POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 155°)

POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 140°)

Confidential





BRAXILITO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 175°)

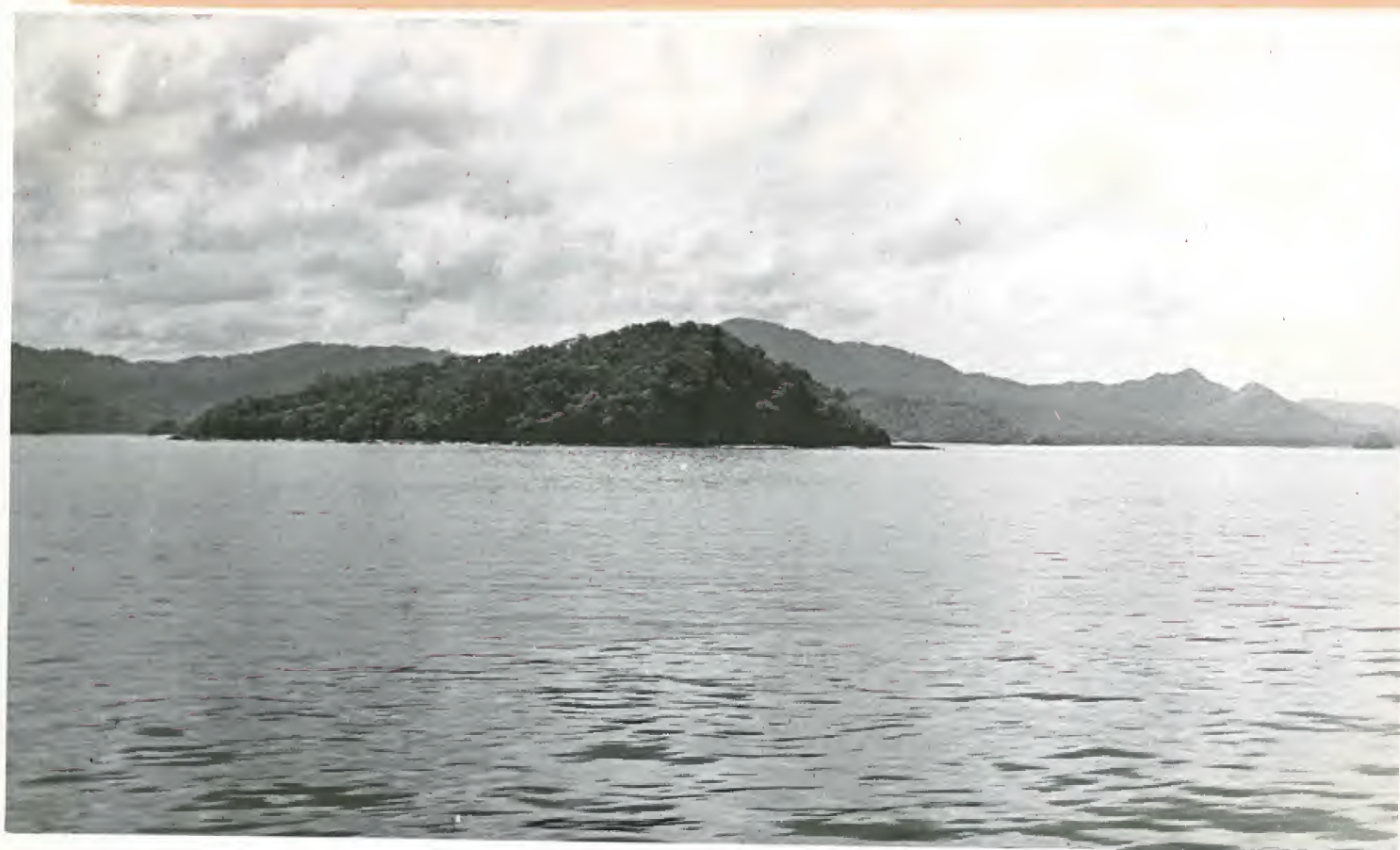
EYRE ISLAND, BETWEEN POTRERO BAY ON LEFT AND BRAXILITO  
BAY ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 122°)

SOUTHERN END OF POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 155°)

POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 140°)

Confidential





EYRE ISLAND, BETWEEN POTRERO BAY ON LEFT AND BRAXILITO  
BAY ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 122°)

SOUTHERN END OF POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 155°)

POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 140°)

Confidential





SOUTHERN END OF POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 155°)

POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 140°)

Confidential





POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 140°)

Confidential





BEACH ALONG POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 110°)

NORTHERN END OF POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 70°)

BRUMEL ISLANDS FROM POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 335°)

SHORELINE BETWEEN CAPE VELAS AND CAPE ELENA (Camera  
Bearing 180°, 1 Mile West of Brumel Islands)

GULF OF COLEBRA - CABULYAL POINT ON LEFT TO  
HUEVOS ISLAND ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 105°)

Gen. 111





NORTHERN END OF POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 70°)

BRUMEL ISLANDS FROM POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 335°)

SHORELINE BETWEEN CAPE VELAS AND CAPE ELENA (Camera  
Bearing 180°, 1 Mile West of Brumel Islands)

GULF OF COLEBRA - CABULYAL POINT ON LEFT TO  
HOEVOS ISLAND ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 105°)

Genial





BRUMEL ISLANDS FROM POTRERO BAY  
(Camera Bearing 335°)

SHORELINE BETWEEN CAPE VELAS AND CAPE ELENA (Camera  
Bearing 180°, 1 Mile West of Brumel Islands)

GULF OF CULEBRA - CABULYAL POINT ON LEFT TO  
HOEVOS ISLAND ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 105°)

Gen. 111





SHORELINE BETWEEN CAPE VELAS AND CAPE ELENA (Camera Bearing 180°, 1 Mile West of Brumel Islands)

GULF OF CULEBRA - CABULYAL POINT ON LEFT TO HUEVOS ISLAND ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 105°)

Gen. 111

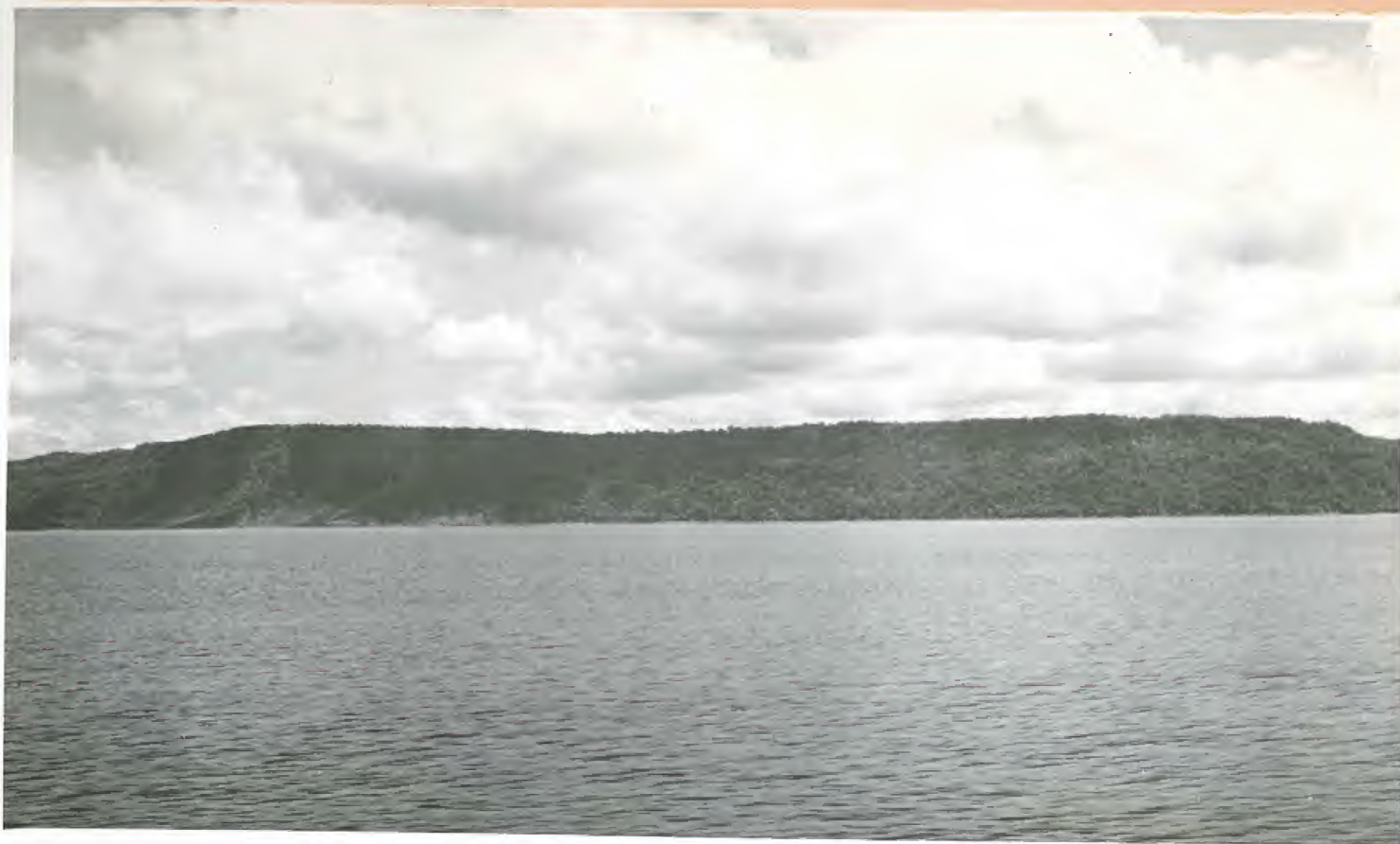




GULF OF CULEBRA - CABULYAL POINT ON LEFT TO  
HUEVOS ISLAND ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 105°)

Gen. 101





GULF OF CULEBRA - WOODED PLATEAU 10° 45' N. Lat.  
Long. 85° 40' W. (Camera Bearing 70°)

GULF OF CULEBRA - BLAZE ROCK  
(Camera Bearing 40°)

GULF OF CULEBRA - POTRERO GRANDE BAY  
Lat. 10° 51' N. Long. 85° 48' W.  
(Camera Bearing 20°)

BETWEEN CAPE ELENA AND POTRERO GRANDE BAY - RUSH ISLAND ON  
LEFT, ACKERMAN ISLAND ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 35°)

BAT ISLANDS - CAPE ELENA IN BACKGROUND  
(Camera Bearing 10°)

Confidential





GULF OF COLEBRA - BLAZE ROCK  
(Camera Bearing 40°)

GULF OF COLEBRA - POTRERO GRANDE BAY  
Lat. 10° 51' N. Long. 85° 48' W.  
(Camera Bearing 20°)

BETWEEN CAPE ELENA AND POTRERO GRANDE BAY - RUSH ISLAND ON  
LEFT, ACKERMAN ISLAND ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 35°)

BAT ISLANDS - CAPE ELENA IN BACKGROUND  
(Camera Bearing 10°)

Confidential





GULF OF CULEBRA - POTRERO GRANDE BAY  
 Lat.  $10^{\circ} 51'$  N. Long.  $85^{\circ} 48'$  W.  
 (Camera Bearing  $20^{\circ}$ )

BETWEEN CAPE ELENA AND POTRERO GRANDE BAY - RUSH ISLAND ON  
 LEFT, ACKERMAN ISLAND ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing  $35^{\circ}$ )

BAT ISLANDS - CAPE ELENA IN BACKGROUND  
 (Camera Bearing  $10^{\circ}$ )

Confidential





BETWEEN CAPE ELENA AND POTRERO GRANDE BAY - RUSH ISLAND ON  
LEFT, ACKERMAN ISLAND ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 35°)

BAT ISLANDS - CAPE ELENA IN BACKGROUND  
(Camera Bearing 10°)

Confidential





BAT ISLANDS - CAPE ELENA IN BACKGROUND  
(Camera Bearing 10°)

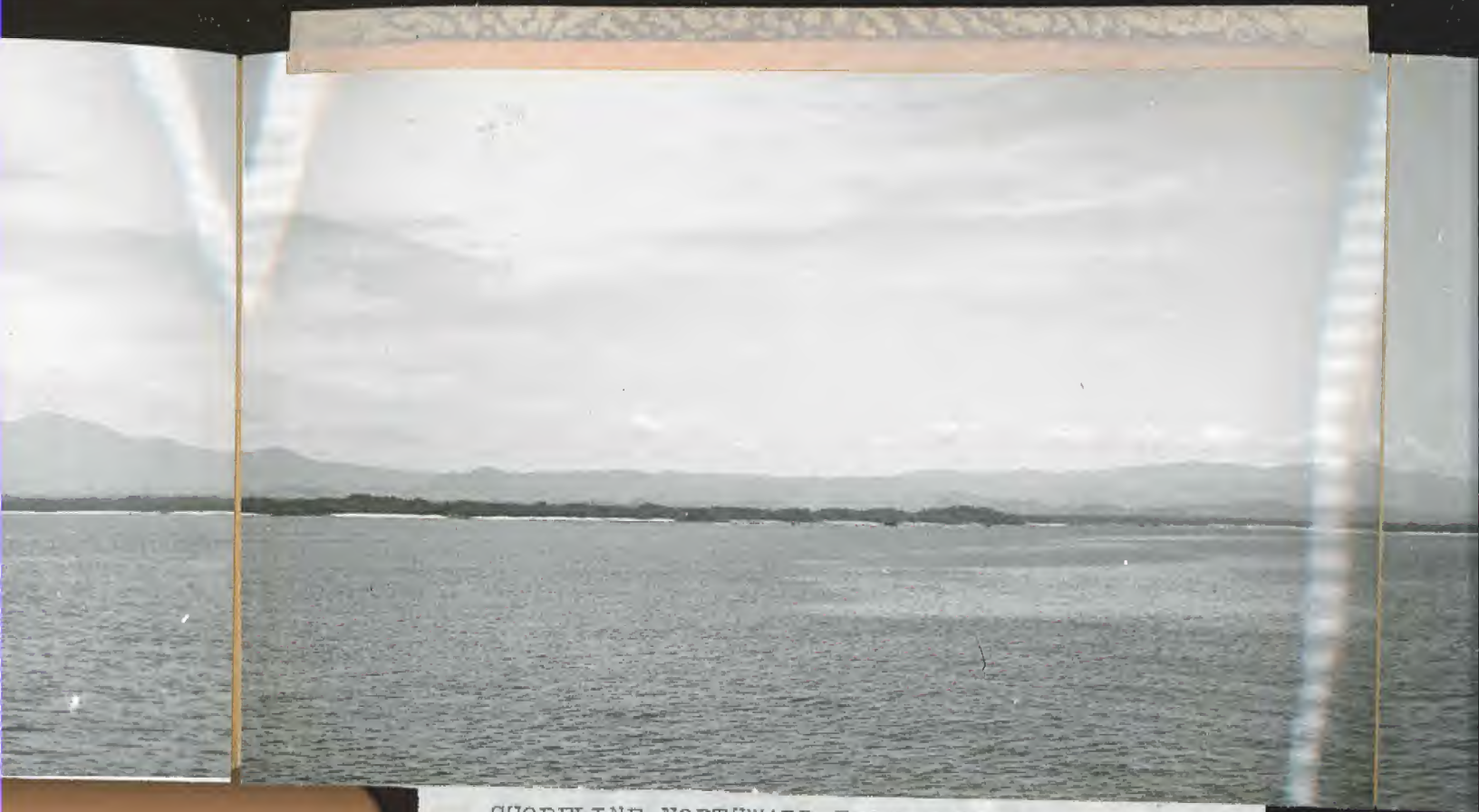
Confidential





PE ELENA





SHORELINE NORTHWARD FROM CAPE ELENA











From: Leon Mandel

To: The Commandant, Fifteenth Naval District

Subject: CRUISE OF THE YACHT CAROLA IN SALVADORIAN WATERS -  
October 1941



Confidential

From: Leon Mandel

To: Commandant, Fifteenth Naval District

Subject: Cruise of the Yacht Carola in Salvadorian Waters -  
October 1941

In accordance with the instructions and itinerary outlined in the Commandant's letter of September 24, 1941, the reporting party made a stop at LaUnion, El Salvador. Because of information received at LaUnion, a stop was attempted at LaLibertad. At both places the United States flag was displayed and every attempt was made to create good will.

Specific information concerning each place follows in this report and for purposes of reference is paragraphed alphabetically. This information includes the attitude of persons contacted, presence of any persons whose activities are worthy of note, report of vessels observed in these localities, and identification of any suspicious vessels.

LEON MANDEL



J.

LA UNION, EL SALVADOR  
(Visited 10-11-41)

Confidential

People Contacted: General Luis Andreau, Captain of the Port and  
Commandante of the LaUnion, San Miguel  
and Oriente Region.  
Captain Jose Rojas, Assistant Port Captain  
Celestino Rodriguez, Port Doctor  
Julio Rank, Swiss Storekeeper  
Soldiers  
Native Employees of Grace Line & Railroad  
Shopkeepers  
Dock Workers

LaUnion is a town of about 6000 inhabitants, under what appears to be complete government supervision. There is a radio station and telephone and telegraph communication with the capitol and other nearby Salvadorian towns. The city is lighted by a power plant, and W. B. Grace and Company operate a dock at Cutuco. A railroad spur runs here, and there is daily railroad communication with San Salvador, the capitol. Detailed logistics, excepting those pertaining to food supplies, were not obtained as it is understood these are already available. No map of the city was available.

The food supplies at LaUnion are limited to 6 to 8 head of cattle and small quantities of pork and poultry. There are also available comparable small supplies of fresh vegetables and fruits. The only provisions in quantity in LaUnion are bread and coffee which can be procured in relatively large amounts sufficient, from the information received, to supply a personnel of several hundred men for a month to two months period. However, it was stated by Luis Andreau, and corroborated by others contacted, that unlimited supplies of beef, pork, fresh vegetables, rice and fruits may be obtained on a few days prior notice from San Salvador. This is approximately eight hours distance from LaUnion by railroad and ordinarily there is daily train service. Exact information as to quantities could not be procured as all of those interviewed consistently used the word unlimited. It was further stated that food stuffs are now being sent in quantities from El Salvador, not only to Panama but as well to the neighboring republic of Honduras. The fertility of the country and its agricultural reputation would seem to verify the statements that there should be little difficulty in procuring large food supplies through LaUnion.

General Andreau was interviewed by the reporting party at considerable length. He claims to be a close friend and former classmate of President Martinez, and implied that he is Martinez' right hand. General Andreau protested warm friendship for the United States but showed a decided anti-English feeling as well as admiration for Germany. He said England had always waged unjust wars, pointing out the most unjust war in world history was the Boer war where England



## Confidential

had robbed honest, hard-working Hollanders of their rightful land. He likewise pointed out that, despite his warm friendship for the United States, after the help we had received from France and Spain in freeing ourselves from England in the War of the Revolution, we had later rewarded both of those countries by appropriating French and Spanish territories. He interjected in all of his statements, however, comments to the effect that El Salvador is the little brother of the United States. He went on to say that the alliance between England, the United States, and Russia is undoubtedly a very bad thing; that the world suffers from lack of religion and that it was unfortunate necessity forced such an alliance.

General Andreau also expressed anti-Semitic feeling, claiming that the Jewish coffee brokers of Costa Rica had harmed the country considerably. Certain of his statements in this regard seemed to indicate German instigation as he used phrases reminiscent of the Nazi approach.

General Andreau also expressed extreme dislike for Communists and said this feeling is shared by President Martinez and all the honest people in El Salvador. President Martinez was placed in his position by the army six years ago and has its complete support. Very shortly after he was placed in power there was a Communist revolution in El Salvador when hundreds of persons were killed and they claim 200 Russians were the agitators. Twice since then they have had similar revolts. General Andreau claims today there is only one political party in El Salvador, and only through government by the army is it going to be possible for his country to arrive at prosperity, which will then be easy, due to the wealth of El Salvador.

Contrary to General Andreau's declarations, the assistant port captain, the doctor, and others made it clear that they do not agree completely with their president. They said present war conditions are too serious to think about developing the country itself and as patriots they would prefer waiting until the war is over to make decisions concerning the interior developments. They claim the president has been in power too long and that he uses the army to quiet any kind of subversive movement; that the country's communication lines are so easily thrown out of commission that revolution against the government is difficult.

They were very anxious in their inquiries from the reporting party about what type of help the United States had offered in the recent revolution in Panama against ex-President Arnulfo Arias and their manner indicated derision.

Both the General and the others stated the general feeling in El Salvador is about 50% for the Allies and 50% for Germany to win the war.



It was stated that formerly up to thirty boats a month touched LaUnion but now they do not exceed ten; that a number of Japanese and California tuna clippers used to come in but they also have been reduced appreciably in number. They resent very much the manner in which the Grace Line handles the only freight dock at LaUnion and state they are planning to build a national one soon, for which the plans and materials are already available.

LEON MANDEL



Confidential

## Navigational Notes:

The light shown on H.O. Chart #931 at Amapala Head, is out and, according to statements made in LaUnion, has not been burning for seven years. General Andreau stated they have been waiting for a lighted buoy which has been promised them by the Fifteenth Naval District of the United States. He also respectfully suggests that the United States Government do something about the light at Amapala Head.

## VESSELS SIGHTED:

October 9, 1941 Cargo ship, steering northeasterly direction,  
3:30 A.M. Lat.  $9^{\circ} 26'$  N. Long.  $85^{\circ} 11'$  W.

6:20 A.M. Cargo ship, steering east-southeasterly direction,  
Lat.  $9^{\circ} 40'$  N. Long.  $85^{\circ} 36'$  W.

October 10, 1941 Cargo ship, anchored in Juan de Sur Harbor,  
3:30 P.M. Lat.  $11^{\circ} 15'$  N. Long.  $85^{\circ} 54'$  W.

10:50 P.M. Tuna fishing vessel, steering south, Lat.  $12^{\circ} 05'$  N.  
Long.  $87^{\circ} 00'$  W.

October 11, 1941 Ship moored to dock at LaUnion S/S Santa Monica,  
cargo type, Class C, Grace Line, deck load lumber.  
Lat.  $13^{\circ} 20'$  N. Long.  $87^{\circ} 50'$  W.





General Luis Andreau, Captain of Port  
and Commandante of the LaUnion,  
San Miguel and Oriente Region.

LaUnion, El Salvador

Grace Line Cargo Ship S/S Santa Monica,  
Moored at Pier at LaUnion, El  
Salvador October 11, 1941



Confidential



K.

LA LIBERTAD, EL SALVADOR  
Visited 10-12-41)

Confidential

A stop was attempted at LaLibertad by the reporting party. The ship arrived at anchorage at 6 o'clock on the morning of October 12th, and no one from the port having come out at 8 o'clock, the ship's horn was blown. At 8:30, when no sign of land activity was in evidence, a launch was sent in to the pier and information was gotten that the port captain was on his way to the pier.

The reporting party then went to the pier and after a short wait the port captain appeared, around 9 o'clock. He shouted from the pier in a very curt voice, asking what the launch party wanted. He was told the ship had cleared at LaUnion for LaLibertad and that the party wished to come on shore. He ordered the party back to the ship and said LaUnion had nothing to do with his part and that he would come out to the ship. His manner was extremely rude and unfriendly and he seemed to have definite interest in preventing the party from coming on shore. When the launch was returning to the ship he again shouted he would be out.

It was felt it would be unwise, under the circumstances, to land; therefore the launch was taken up and the anchor was hoisted. Just at this point the port captain and other officials came alongside in their launch. The captain again attempted to show all possible discourtesy but seemed somewhat taken aback on being informed the ship was leaving without touching land. He expressed some concern upon hearing that the remarks he had made concerning General Andreas might be sent back to the latter.

The attitude of the port captain and that of the other officials was very similar to the attitude experienced in Ciudad Trujillo in Honduras. In both LaLibertad and Trujillo, officials seemed extremely jealous of the officials of the same nationality in another port in the country. In both cases also they seemed definitely unfriendly to the United States and took no pains to hide this feeling. The proximity of the countries of Honduras and El Salvador makes the comparison of the situation in the two ports curiously interesting.

The port captain stated his name is Eugenio Balba, but he seemed to attempt to mispronounce it so this may be incorrect. He is a man of about 250 to 300 lbs. weight and should be easy to identify. Photograph is attached.

LEON MANDEL





X - Commandante Eugenio Balbe, and Other  
Port Officials at La Libertad, El Salvador

Confidential







**Confidential**

From: Leon Mandel

To: Commandant, Fifteenth Naval District

Subject: Cruise of the Yacht Carola in Guatemalan Waters -  
October 1941

In accordance with the instructions and itinerary outlined in the Commandant's letter of September 24, 1941, the reporting party made stops at San Jose and Champerico in the Republic of Guatemala. At both places the United States flag was displayed and every attempt was made to create good will.

Specific information concerning each place follows in this report and for purposes of reference is paragraphed alphabetically. This information includes the attitude of persons contacted, presence of any persons whose activities are worthy of note, report of vessels observed in these localities, and identification of any suspicious vessels. And, in the case of Champerico, general logistics of the port, as requested.

LEON MANDEL



L.

SAN JOSE, GUATEMALA  
(Visited 10-12 & 10-13-41)

Confidential

People Contacted: Major Ernesto Rodriguez Lopez, Captain of the  
and Commander of the Army  
Mrs. E. Rodriguez Lopez  
Dr. Wyss, Doctor of the port  
Mr. Giron, Chief Customs Inspector  
Mr. Hunter, English vice-consul & representative  
of shipping companies in San Jose  
Mr. Serrano, Hunter's assistant  
Army officers  
Soldiers  
Saleswoman in street  
Dock workers  
Natives

San Jose is a town of about 1500 inhabitants where there is a customs house, a railroad station and radio and telegraph communication. No logistics were requested, and it is believed these are available in complete detail. No map of the town of San Jose is extant. A brief note on the food supply situation is included inasmuch as the current situation may differ from that reported previously.

Nearly all food, with the exception of limited meat supplies, are brought into San Jose from the nearby town of Escuintla, or from Guatemala City. The latter, however, is only two hours by automobile or four hours by train so that practically any amount of foodstuffs is available within twenty-four hours. The water supply here is completely inadequate, however, as the town is supplied only by artesian wells, which yield enough fresh water to supply only the 1500 inhabitants their daily needs.

The attitude of all of the officials contacted seems to be fairly friendly to the United States and inimicable to Axis powers. The port of San Jose is under complete military jurisdiction and the one party system of the Guatemalan government is evident in all phases of port life. The port is used by President Ubico very often as a base for his fishing and boating activities, of which he is reported to be extremely fond. The present commandante, Major Rodriguez Lopez, was formerly an aide to President Ubico and has only recently been appointed to his present position.



No Japanese ships have touched this port this year and only two are reported to have stopped here last year. There was no evidence obtainable of any sort which would lead to the belief that a meeting of Axis agents had been held, or was to be held, in the San Jose district. It is considered highly improbable by the reporting party that participants in such a meeting could enter Guatemala through the port of San Jose without complete Guatemalan government knowledge of their entry. The stringency of port regulations here is very marked -- and disembarkation of visitors from ship to shore is subject to the most careful supervision. Because of this difficulty of entry, which is said to be general at all points of entry to Guatemala, it is suggested that possibly some other country may be selected for this meeting; if it is to be held.

LEON HARDEL



San Jose

Confidential

L-3

**VESSELS SIGHTED:**

October 13, 1941: Coastwise passenger and cargo ship "Salvador" anchored at San Jose, Guatemala, Lat.  $13^{\circ} 54'$  N. Long.  $90^{\circ} 50'$  W. Left October 14th steering in westerly direction. Again seen anchored off pier at Champerico at 6:20 A.M., left at 2:40 P.M., steering southerly direction.



H.

Confidential

CHAMPERICO, GUATEMALA  
(Visited 10-14-41)

Persons Contacted: Colonel Argueda, Captain of the Port and  
Commandante of the District  
Mr. Gregory, Assistant Port Captain  
Dr. Caballeros, Port doctor  
Mr. Palomo, Chief Customs Inspector  
Mr. Monroy, Army Lieutenant  
Mr. Close, Manager Cia. Agencias de Champerico  
Mr. Pierce, Asst. Mgr. " " "

Climatology: The rainy season begins late in May and extends over June, July, August, and part of September. Inches of rainfall is comparable to that of countries from Panama to Mexico on the Pacific side. During the remainder of the year the weather is fairly calm at Champerico. There is an occasional norther that blows down from the Gulf of Tehuantepec, and an occasional squall comes from the southwest. These are said not to occur more often than once a month on the average.

Industry: A salt company is located near the town of Champerico which was formerly owned by Guatemalans, but now has been taken over by the Curacao Trading Company because of unpaid machinery debts. The Compania Agencias de Champerico, Ltd., is the only other business in the town.

Shipbuilding and Repair: There is a small machine shop and foundry, large enough only to take care of the two small harbor tugs which are used by the Commandante and the Cia. Agencias de Champerico to tow the lighters, loading and unloading visiting ships. The mechanic in charge of the shop is considered only mediocre and no work of any kind could be done on boats larger than 40 feet. The tugs are taken from the water by a winch located on the pier and parts are repaired in the shop and brought to the pier for installation.

Public Works: There is a small electric light plant and ice plant, both of which are maintained by the Cia. Agencias de Champerico. The light plant serves the town but no current is available during daylight hours.



**Water Supply:** There are four tanks capable of holding a total of about 40,000 gallons of water, located just back of the town. Water to fill them is pressure pumped from artesian wells and the time for filling is approximately five hours. The needs of the town and immediately adjacent area are completely cared for by the wells, and it is said there is enough water available to supply ships in small amounts, but inasmuch as it is impossible to approach the dock, this water would have to be lightered to the ships. As this has never been done, there are, presently, no containers for the purpose.

**Air Commerce:** None presently. The Taca Line formerly maintained a very small air field in Champerico, but this has been discontinued for over a year.

**Transportation Other Than Railroad, Bus, and Barge:** None. Railroad transportation is daily and regular to the capitol. Trains leave Champerico at 2 in the afternoon and reach Rataihuleu at 4 o'clock where change is made for the evening train which arrives in Guatemala City at 7 the following morning. A dirt road to the town of Rataihuleu is passable during the dry season, but during the rainy season is impassable most of the time.

**Stores, Buildings:** The main buildings in the town are those controlled by the Cia. Agencias de Champerico and the government buildings. There is a loading warehouse on the pier and railroad tracks connect this with several shore warehouses. The pier can handle between 400 and 500 tons of cargo daily and formerly was called upon to capacity. In the last year or two, however, traffic has fallen off here materially. Ships formerly numbered 30 to 40 per month that called at the port but now this number has been reduced to not more than 3 or 4.

**Health & Sanitation:** There is no hospital and Dr. Caballeros, the port doctor, is the only medical man available. Malaria is extremely prevalent and, while the general sanitation is fair, there is no effort made to check the mosquito.

**Police:** There is a force of about fifteen to twenty men which is a combination of military, police, and custom house guards. These are all under the direction of the Commandante.

**Newspapers and Periodicals:** None. The three daily papers published in Guatemala City serve this community.

**Clubs and Associations:** None



Champerico

Confidential

M-3

**Personalities:** The people above mentioned as having been contacted are the outstanding personalities of the community. They all have an expressed sympathy for the English and United States cause, but equally they believe in Guatemala and its welfare first. There is no evidence of any Axis sympathizers in, or around, Champerico. A German who was formerly manager of the salt company was ousted some time ago and has been replaced by a Canadian.

**Coast Defense:** None

**Fortifications:** None

**Policy:** Complete adherence to the edicts proclaimed by President Ubico. This is a typical company town, government controlled. Grace Lines define the economic policy and everything else is subservient to the Ubico government.

**Air Defense:** None

**Mobile Batteries:** None

**Flying Fields:** There is a very small old flying field formerly used by the Taca Company, which is now deserted. The new National Air Lines of Guatemala, which are sponsored by the Pan-American Air Lines, are said to have found this field too small for their more modern planes, with which Taca was not equipped.

The asphalt platforms of the salt company, which are used for evaporating the salt, are cut by canals which, alone, would make them impractical for aircraft landing. Additionally, the surface is so soft that care must be exercised, even in walking over them, so as not to break through the top. This, of course, would make them completely valueless for aircraft landing.

**General Comment:** No Japanese ship has come to Champerico for a number of years and no Axis ships have touched here for a long period. The same careful supervision by port authorities, as noted at San Jose, completely eliminates the probability of this being the place of entry of any group of Axis nationals for the purpose of a Guatemalan meeting -- unless this meeting is sponsored by the Guatemalan government. The same comments that have been made in this regard for San Jose, apply equally at Champerico.

LEON MANDEL



Confidential

Champerico

H-4

**VESSELS SIGHTED:**

October 15, 1941: Tuna fishing vessel, steering northeasterly  
4:20 P.M. direction, Lat.  $15^{\circ} 43' N.$  Long.  $96^{\circ} 09' W.$

6:15 P.M. Cargo ship named "DeSoto," steering easterly  
direction loaded with lumber, five miles  
southeast of Port Angeles light.

10:45 P.M. Cargo ship, steering easterly direction, Lat.  
 $15^{\circ} 42' N.$  Long.  $97^{\circ} 24' W.$





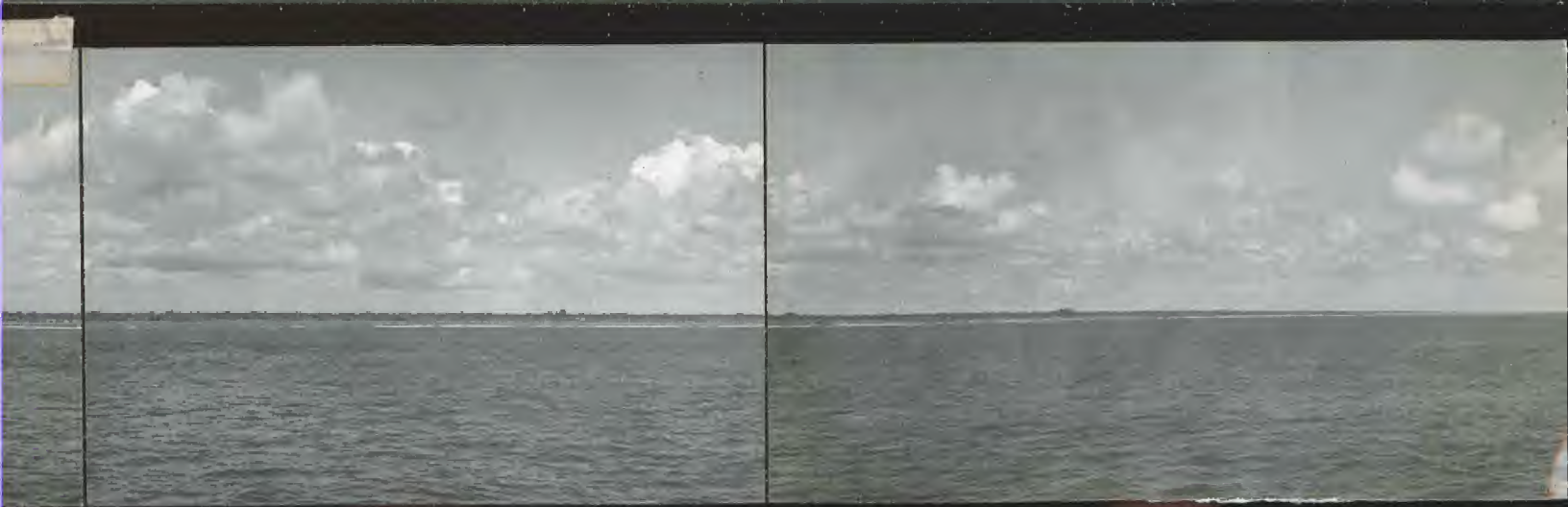
PANORAMA OF CHAMPERICO, GUATEMALA

Showing Coastal Plains, Swamps, and Dangerous Surf, Characteristic of Both Champerico and San Jose, Guatemala.

Coastwise Freighter "Salvador" Shown at Anchor Discharging Cargo into Lighter. Heavy Swells Make It Impossible to Moor at Warehouse Dock Shown.

**Confidential**























From: Leon Mandel

To: The Commandant, Fifteenth Naval District

Subject: CRUISE OF THE YACHT CAROLA IN MEXICAN WATERS -  
October 1941



From: Leon Mandel

Confidential

To: The Commandant, Fifteenth Naval District

Subject: Cruise of the Yacht Carola in Mexican Waters -  
October, 1941.

In accordance with verbal instructions given to the writer of this report by the Commandant of the Fifteenth Naval District, a visit was made to Mexico. A stop was attempted at Salina Cruz but despite a radio 24 hours in advance of arrival, to the Grace Line agent, entry was not possible. A radio was received from the agent saying a pilot would be available and that the harbor was navigable for a ship of 15-foot draft. On arrival outside the breakwater at Salina Cruz, the agent requested, by radio, confirmation of time of arrival. A reply was made that the ship was waiting outside the breakwater. The ship laid off the breakwater, where it was plainly visible from shore, for three hours but no pilot and no officials came out so it was decided best to proceed to Acapulco, the next port. A Mexican light cruiser was observed in or near the drydock at Salina Cruz, as well as another small vessel. A small pilot boat was seen to start out of the harbor to the ship of the reporting party but turned back, and after another hour and a half showed no evidence of returning.

The reason for this proceeding could not be determined from Acapulco where wires were sent requesting an explanation. Plans to stop at Salina Cruz on the return trip were nullified by the recall to Balboa of the party.

A detailed report on Acapulco is attached herewith.

A land trip to Mexico City was also made by the reporting party. The mercury smuggling which took place from Manzanillo was the subject of considerable discussion both prior to and subsequent to the publicity that was released on the subject. Socorro Island, in the Revillagigedos group, was used as the base for these transactions. It is probable that considerable mercury was loaded on Japanese ships on this island after being trans-shipped from the interior of Mexico through the port of Manzanillo. This smuggling investigation indicates Tampico also was involved and undoubtedly has been used for illicit purposes. While a certain portion of the Mexican government momentarily are favorable to United States interests, this is undoubtedly motivated by self-interest, and cannot be considered permanent because the other portion is equally definitely opposed to collaboration with the United States.



This is clearly evident in the mercury incident as the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Ezequiel Padilla, publicly stated that he would take the strongest action against those involved. The Minister of Government, however, immediately countered by saying the only thing involved in this transaction was violation of custom duties and thus attempted to block any action by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Minister of Government has the police under his jurisdiction and is known to be so anti-United States and so pro-Axis that representatives of the United States cannot work with him in any way, because he immediately divulges to opposing interests all information given him. It is believed that full investigation of the mercury incident will show that many well-known Mexican nationals are involved in this, as well as in other equally sinister affairs. Those named publicly in connection with this incident are a Mr. Chenoweth, supposedly a United States citizen; Carlos D. Curtis, and Antonio Liorence of Manzanillo; also the Phillips Export Company of Mexico City and Colonel Boliver Sierra, named as the man who sold the metal.

The nationalistic Sinarquista party, which is supposed to have 500,000 members, is the strongest group with pronounced Axis sympathies in Mexico. It publicly proclaims its political philosophy as adherent to the Axis principles and as violently opposed to the United States and England. Much of its propaganda, as well as funds for the dissemination of this propaganda, is believed to come from the Axis. It is known as the Fifth Columnist organization of Mexico. The recent movement to allow members of the party to settle in a section of Lower California peninsula is viewed by many people well posted in Mexico as a definite attempt on the part of the government to play both ends against the middle, as it is believed this movement was originated by the Axis for settlement of those favorable to them in this most strategically important section of Mexico. President Camacho has approved the proposal to settle 100,000 of these colonists in the deserted regions of the Lower California peninsula which borders the United States and has important coastline value in the event of a Japanese war.

#### People Contacted in Mexico City:

Charles Hosmer, Foreign Service Inspector  
Lieutenant Harold P. Braman, Assistant Naval Attache  
to the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City  
Dr. and Mrs. Parraga  
Cuban Consul  
Government Employees in Public Buildings  
Soldiers  
Policemen  
Hotel Employees  
Guides  
Taxi Drivers  
Shopkeepers

LEON MANDEL





Salina Cruz, Mexico, Showing Breakwater,  
Oil Storage Tanks, and Long Dock Warehouses

Confidential





ina Cruz, Mexico, Showing Breakwater,  
Storage Tanks, and Long Dock Warehouses

Confidential





Salina Cruz, Mexico, Showing Breakwater,  
Oil Storage Tanks, and Long Dock Warehouses

Confidential





Salina Cruz, Mexico, Showing  
Oil Storage Tanks, and Long



P.

## Confidential

ACAPULCO, MEXICO  
(10-18 to 10-25-41)

Persons Contacted: General Catalan Calvo, Governor of State of  
Guerrero, Mexico  
General Antonio Rios Zertuche, Commandante of  
Acapulco District, and Sra.  
Dr. Otto Roehr  
Mrs. Helen Thomson  
Mr. Havron, American Vice-Consul  
Three Hudson Brothers, leading Acapulco Business  
men and Grace Line agents  
Mr. Russell, Retired American living in Acapulco  
Mrs. Esther De Leyra  
Miss Aurora Loyzaga  
Miss Arguel Gonzalez  
Mrs. Alicia de Rubalcava  
Miss Glodila Rios Zertuche  
Soldiers  
Customs Officials  
Immigration Officials  
Hotel Employees  
Taxi Drivers  
Shopkeepers

General Comments: The harbor at Acapulco is the finest on the entire Mexican west coast. It offers complete shelter and covers an area of about five to six square miles. The Mexican government fully realizes the potentialities of this harbor and shows every evidence of attempting to exercise supervision over all activities in and about the port. The officials have had explicit instructions to check all imports and exports from here but these orders are lived up to very carelessly.

There are several real estate subdivisions currently being developed in Acapulco. One of these is partly owned by a United States citizen named Cullen. Another one has some German money invested. Both of these developments have sold about 50% of the land to foreigners, and about 20% of the land has been bought by Germans within the last several years. This latter land is usually extremely strategically located, Dr. Otto Roehr having purchased two homes, both of which give excellent view of strategic locations. It is felt that the purchase of land by the Germans here is definitely not for the purpose of home-owning, as such, but has been done with a military and naval purpose in mind. The hotel Los Flamigos is Nazi controlled and occupies a commanding location. It, like the other leading hotels, the Marina, Mirador, and Del Monte, is patronized by United States tourists.



Acapulco supposedly is the center of German activity in Mexico, as Guadalajara is the center of Japanese movements. There is a fairly large German colony resident in Acapulco, some members with no visible means of support and others employed in various ordinary ways. No secret is made of their sympathies and there is a determined effort by them to convert Mexicans to their philosophies. That this has been somewhat successful was evidenced by several young Mexicans in a restaurant who were seen on two occasions by the reporting party to give the Nazi salute before separating. This was done seriously and caused no comment by other Mexicans, so it may be presumed as a fairly ordinary proceeding.

Acapulco has only recently been served by a United States vice-consul. Previously information was relayed by United States citizens reporting to the Consul in Mexico City. There is every evidence that there is strong Nazi activity in and about the port and that the recent smuggling of mercury from Mexico in all probability had some connection with the port of Acapulco, although the smugglers have not yet been traced here. A small coastwise freighter, the Maria Martha, which plies in and out of Acapulco harbor every few days, is said to charge such high rates that eggs which sell for two for 25 centimos in Acapulco and can be bought for five for 25 centimos at Pie de la Cuesta, some 18 miles away, cannot be trans-shipped because of the prohibitive freight rates. This situation in itself seems suspicious, although no definite information could be obtained regarding any surreptitious activities of the Maria Martha.

The sympathies of the people contacted here are neither favorable nor unfavorable to the United States. It is felt, however, that the Nazi movement here has many followers among the Mexican nationals. The United States Vice-Consul Havron is a careless and dangerous incumbent. He is on terms of constant social contact with Dr. Otto Roehr, a German national although now claiming Mexican citizenship, and with his mistress, Mrs. Helen Thomson, a Philadelphia divorcee of unknown nationality although using a United States passport. Dr. Roehr, according to information obtained, either is Hitler's direct personal agent in Acapulco or is the Nazi pay-off man here. Mrs. Thomson claims to have a brother-in-law who is a major in the United States field artillery, presently stationed in the Philippine Islands. Havron, while under the influence of liquor, volunteered the information to Dr. Roehr, Mrs. Thomson, and the reporting party that the United States aircraft carrier Barnegatt was coming off patrol and would be in Acapulco several days later. He was then thoroughly pumped by Roehr and Thomson and showed no hesitancy in divulging all information which had been sent to him as confidential in Navy code. It is also believed that the codes may have been copied by Roehr, although this is not known. Havron also sent a confidential



## Confidential

Acapulco

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message to the yacht of the reporting party on an open sheet of paper through a ship's officer. He also, on the request of the writer, gave complete information to another ship's officer regarding all logistics on which he had reported to Mexico City previously. This information in complete detail has been given to the Naval Attache in Mexico City as it was felt there should be no delay in action being taken regarding this very dangerous leak in what is undoubtedly a potential spot. The writer was told the situation would be immediately remedied and Charles Rosser, Foreign Service Inspector, came to Acapulco the day the reporting party left, in order to make an immediate survey of the situation.

### Logistics

**Anchorage:** Anchorage in Acapulco harbor is in 8 to 9 fathoms of water, about 300 meters from the wharf on sandy bottom. Large vessels should anchor outside of the 10-fathom curve where there is good holding bottom of sand, gravel and soft mud. The pier is very old and shaky and facilities are poor even for landing with small boats. However, the yacht of the reporting party had no difficulty in taking on 60 tons of water at the dock, from standpipe connection.

**Climatology:** Average temperature at Acapulco is 70 to 90°. The rainy season extends from May to October and is typical of other sections of Central America; there is practically no rain the other six months. During certain periods of the rainy season, wind velocities reach 100 miles per hour, and occasional earthquakes are felt.

**Industries:** With the exception of a small soap factory, there is no manufacturing in Acapulco. The city is almost entirely economically dependent on tourist and resort trade. Agricultural produce of the area is for local consumption only.

**Shipbuilding & Repair:** There are no dry docks. Minor repairs can be had at a small shop operated by the Marine Department of the Mexican Government, located at the west side of the harbor.

**Public Works:** Considerable highway construction is under way. Within the next two years a highway will be completed 80 to 90 miles northwest of Acapulco along the coast and another highway is projected to the Guatemalan border following the coast. Local utilities and public works have not kept astride of the growth of Acapulco and facilities in the city are sadly lacking. The local telephone and telegraph are operated by the Federal government. No long-distance telephone service is available from Acapulco outside of the country. One small commercial radio



## Confidential

Acapulco

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broadcasting station, WEKJ, operating on a frequency of 1400 kilocycle, 250 watts, is privately owned by a Mexican citizen.

**Water Supply:** The supply is not at all adequate during the dry season and is not considered particularly sanitary. Large consumers, such as hotels, use tank trucks during the dry season to bring additional water from inland wells some 20 kilometers from Acapulco. The water supply originates in a lake inland and an immediate supply is stored in a tank on the hill above the city. During the height of the dry season natives are rationed water. However, the yacht of the reporting party had no difficulty in getting 60 tons of water from the standpipe at the dock. The president of Mexico has announced that 500,000 pesos have been appropriated for the construction of a modern plant.

**Food Supply:** Meat and fresh vegetables in quantities are easily available on 24 hours notice at Acapulco. What cannot be furnished locally is trucked down from Mexico City.

**Air Commerce:** There is daily air mail, passenger and air express service to and from Mexico City, and the flying equipment itself is modern and in good condition. The planes used are Lockheed.

**Transportation Other Than Railroad, Bus, and Barge:** Considerable trucking is done between Acapulco and cities within a radius of 300 miles where there are road facilities; particularly between Acapulco and Mexico City. The road to Mexico City was paved two years ago. It is just wide enough for two cars as far as Chilpancingo, 150 kilometers from Acapulco, and 300 kilometers from Mexico City. From there to the capital the road is wide enough to accommodate three cars. The entire road is still in excellent condition and capable of supporting the heaviest truck traffic.

**Stores, Buildings:** The Federal Building, housing the port captain's office, customs, immigration, post office, government telephone, telegraph and radio, is the main building. It is fairly new and in good repair. The building in which is located the mayor's office, also houses the police department and the tax collector, and is the second most important building in Acapulco. There are a number of hotels. Stores and shops are the usual one-story type, of which there are several blocks. The local bank is a small two-story building.

**Health & Sanitation:** Malaria is prevalent although recent efforts have been successful in retarding its spread through abolition of mosquito breeding places. Streets are dusty; there are many open food markets; and sewage disposal is inadequate. There is a small clinic but it is understood appropriation has been made for a fair-sized hospital. Three small ice plants, with a total of about 20 tons daily, serve the city and surrounding community.



## Confidential

Acapulco

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**Police:** There is a regular force of 30 policemen who are fairly well trained. In addition there are about 30 armed watchmen, commissioned as policemen but paid by local business men. These armed watchmen are considered inefficient and untrustworthy by other local people.

**Newspapers & Periodicals:** There is only one periodical published in Acapulco, a weekly, "El Tropico," which is considered anti-Semitic. Whether foreign influences are active in this paper is not known. The community is served by daily newspapers from Mexico City.

**Clubs and Associations:** Rotary Club; yacht club projected.

**Personalities:** (See People Contacted).

**Coast Defenses:** The military command of the State of Guerrerro has been moved within the last three months to Acapulco from Iguala. General Antonio Rios Zertuche is in command and troop movements were observed between Chilpancingo and Acapulco, and obviously a military force is being built up at Acapulco.

The so-called Mexican Naval base is located on the southwest side of the harbor opposite the city. Approximately 300 sailors and 125 marines are located at the base, with about 40 officers. The officers are quartered in three attractive new buildings while enlisted men live in thatched huts. The base has four large fuel storage tanks, with a capacity of 8000 barrels each. The Navy has no fortifications here and is equipped only with rifles and side arms. The Mexican government recently declared Acapulco and surrounding territory a military zone and it is probable the armed strength will be increased here. Work is under way on new barracks to accommodate more troops than are now stationed here. The Seventh Cavalry Regiment of the Mexican Army is now stationed at Acapulco in the ancient San Diego fortress on the east side of the harbor. The present strength is between 300 and 400 men. The men are not mounted and in addition to light arms they have a light stationary battery located at the fortress. The equipment, as well as the fortress, are considered outmoded.

**Fortifications:** (See Coast Defenses)

**Policy:** (See General Comments)

**Air Defenses:** None

**Mobile Batteries:** None



## Confidential,

Acapulco

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**Flying Fields:** The one flying field at Acapulco is the commercial field used by planes commuting with Mexico City, located at the south end of the harbor, opposite and about three miles from the city. There are no lighting facilities and only oil torches are used for emergency night usage. The field is not particularly well maintained nor equipped to handle heavy traffic. The sheltered harbor, with its several beaches, would seem to offer ideal landing for amphibians.

**Nets and Boats:** None.

**Wharfs & Cargo Accommodations:** There is one small wharf to accommodate coastwise vessels and local fishing craft. No heavy cargo is handled so there are no cranes, nor derricks, and there are no warehouse facilities. Few commercial vessels of any size dock at Acapulco and they anchor 300 or 400 yards out in the harbor. A new pier, with 26 to 30 feet of water, is under construction to berth larger ships.

**Beach Facilities:** Along the east and south sides of the harbor there are long stretches of beach which shoal gradually. There is some surf which might make landing slightly difficult but under all conditions some of the beaches would be usable unless hurricane conditions prevailed.

**Machine Shop:** (See Shipbuilding & Repair)

**Power Plant:** The local power plant is owned by a German firm Bach & Dorsch of Mexico City. It is insufficient for local needs; uses one 150 Hp. General Electric Diesel driven generator furnishing 60-cycle A.C. current. Plans are contemplated for a greatly enlarged plant.

**Railroad Station:** No railroad enters Acapulco.

**Railroad Warehouse:** None.

**Grace and Company:** Although no Grace ships stop at Acapulco at the present time, they maintain an agent merely for local contacts - W. M. Hudson Company. No international steamships port here regularly; only coastwise vessels for local trading with nearby ports.

**Oil Tanks:** Besides the storage tanks at the Mexican Naval Base in the harbor, there are several gasoline filling stations; the light plant has facilities sufficient only to care for its needs; and oil is brought to Acapulco by tank truck.



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**Acapulco**

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**Port Captain's House:** The port captain has offices in the Federal Building.

**Customs House:** Customs offices are housed in the Federal Building, and there is no storage or warehouse space in connection with these offices.

**Water Tanks:** One used to supply immediate needs of city.

**Lighthouse:** Located on Grifo Island, 377 feet above high water, and with 26 mile visibility - 24,500 candlepower - of pyramidal design. Also an oscillating red light, visible in most parts of the harbor, located on the pier at Acapulco.

**Hotels:** There are a number of hotels in Acapulco which are filled to capacity only for short periods during various parts of the year, particularly on Mexican government holidays, a few weeks in November, December, January and February, and Holy Week. More hotels and cottages are being erected along the beaches in anticipation of Acapulco becoming an international winter playground. Acapulco presently has a population of 18,000 persons.

**Vessels in Harbor:** On arrival in Acapulco Harbor at noon, October 16th, it was noted the Mexican tanker "Cerrancel" was anchored in mid-harbor. The "Cerrancel" left Acapulco at 10:30 A.M., October 17th.

The Maria Martha, a small coastwise Diesel craft, entered and left the harbor twice during the stay of the reporting party at Acapulco.

**Map of City:** None available. Attached is a page from a Mexico City newspaper, "Excelsior" of 10-23-41 showing aerial view of the harbor and adjacent coastline. Also photographs of the harbor are attached.

LEON WANDEL



1. Anchorage in Acapulco, Mexico, harbor



2. Waterfront of Acapulco, Mexico.

3. Old Wooden Pier (With boat moored thereto) and Section of New Stone Pier Being Constructed at Acapulco, Mexico



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1. Anchorage in Acapulco,  
Mexico, harbor

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3. Old Wooden Pier (With  
boat moored thereto) and  
Section of New Stone Pier  
Being Constructed at  
Acapulco, Mexico

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OLD FORT SAN DIEGO, ACAPULCO, MEXICO

CITY OF ACAPULCO, MEXICO, FROM HARBOR ANCHORAGE: CUSTOM HOUSE AND FEDERAL BUILDING ON RIGHT AND DEL MONTE HOTEL ON LEFT (On the Hill) Camera Bearing 300°

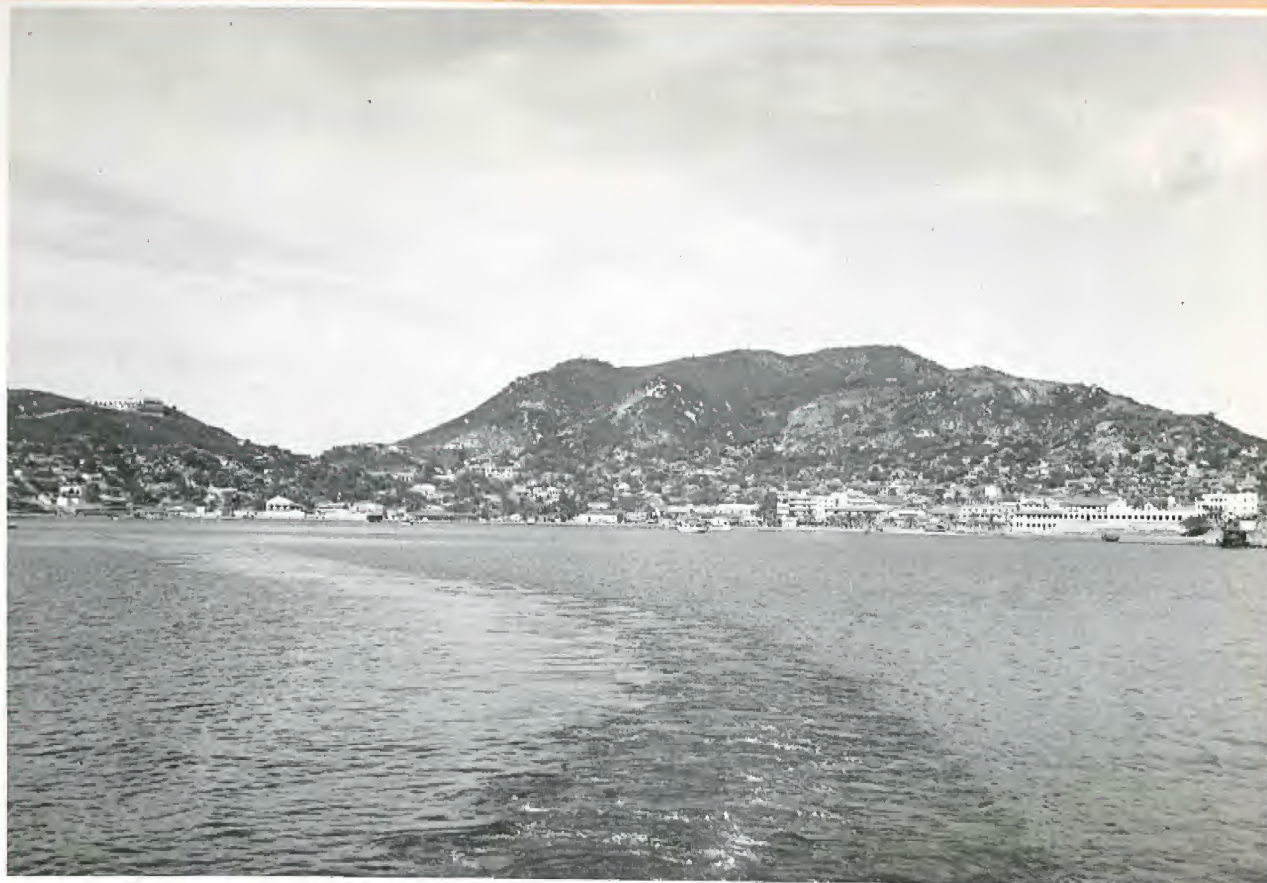
SOUTHWEST SECTION OF ACAPULCO TAKEN FROM CENTER OF HARBOR

WEST CORNER OF SANTA LUCIA BAY, ACAPULCO HARBOR  
(Camera Bearing 265°)

ACAPULCO HARBOR - CAMERA BEARING 90° FROM DOCK

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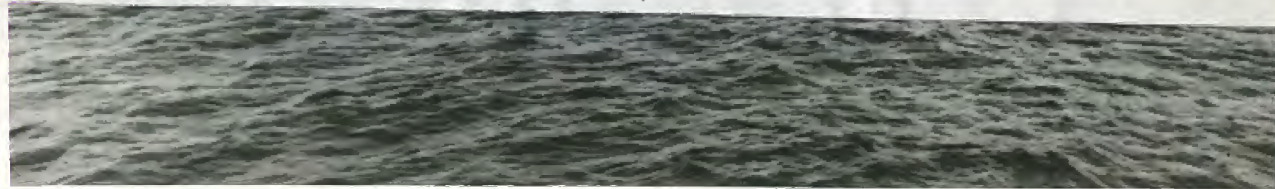


NORTH, OR "AFTERNOON", BEACH IN ACAPULCO HARBOR

NORTH SHORE OF ACAPULCO HARBOR, SHOWING SAN LORENZE ROCKS IN  
LEFT CENTER AND FARALLON DEL OBISPO ROCKS IN RIGHT CENTER



BOCA CHICA CHANNEL - ROQUETA ISLAND ON LEFT AND MAINLAND ON  
RIGHT (Camera Bearing 260°)



SOUTHEAST SHORE OF PENINSULA TAKEN CAMERA BEARING 340° AT  
ENTRANCE TO ACAPULCO HARBOR

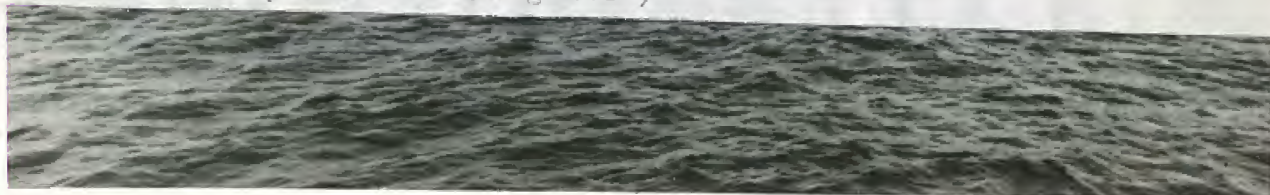




NORTH SHORE OF ACAPULCO HARBOR, SHOWING SAN LORENZE ROCKS IN  
LEFT CENTER AND FARALLON DEL OBISPO ROCKS IN RIGHT CENTER



BOCA CHICA CHANNEL - ROQUETA ISLAND ON LEFT AND MAINLAND ON  
RIGHT (Camera Bearing 260°)

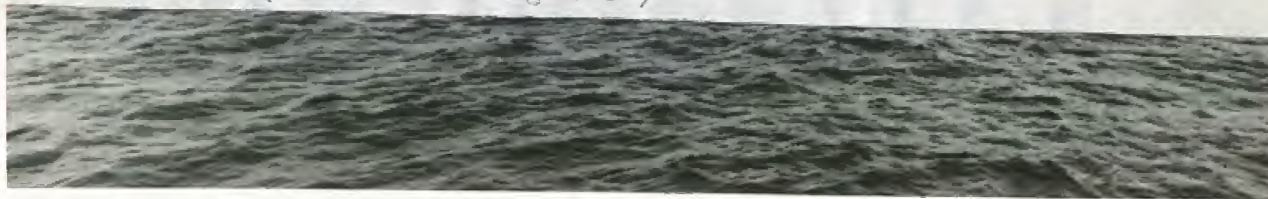


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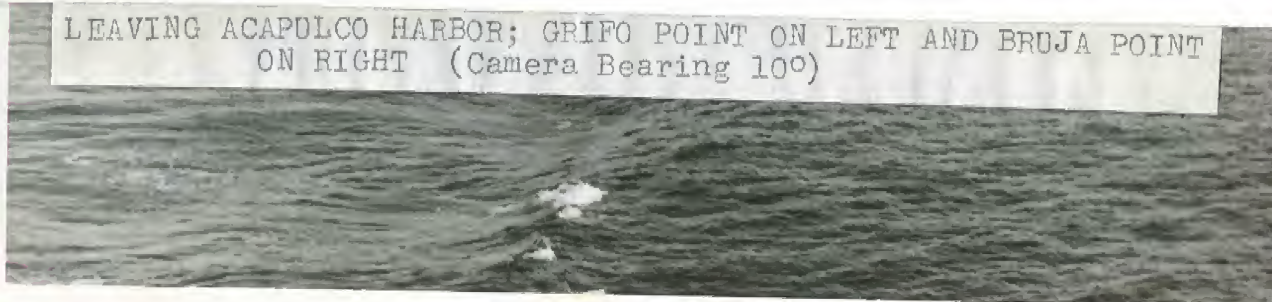




MAINLAND PENINSULA WITH BOAC CHICA CHANNEL IN FOREGROUND



LEAVING ACAPULCO HARBOR; GRIFO POINT ON LEFT AND BRUJA POINT  
ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 100°)

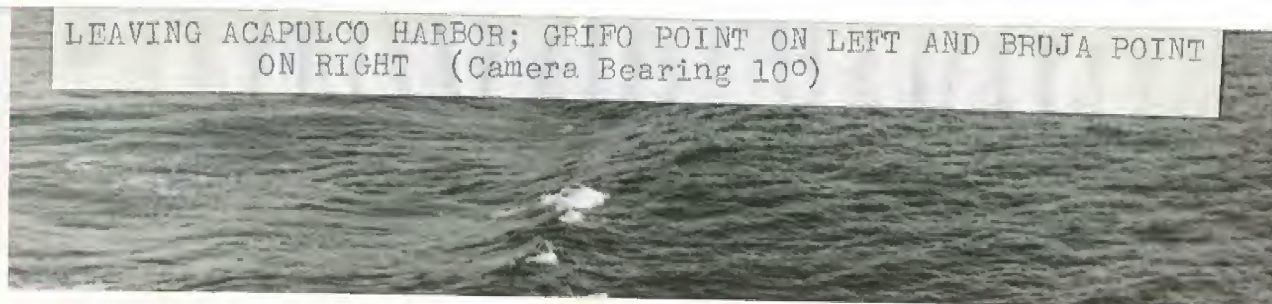


LEAVING ACAPULCO HARBOR, ROQUETA ISLAND (With Lighthouse)  
IN CENTER AND HARBOR ENTRANCE TO RIGHT (Camera Brg. 310°)





LEAVING ACAPULCO HARBOR; GRIFO POINT ON LEFT AND BRUJA POINT  
ON RIGHT (Camera Bearing 100°)



LEAVING ACAPULCO HARBOR, ROQUETA ISLAND (With Lighthouse)  
IN CENTER AND HARBOR ENTRANCE TO RIGHT (Camera Brg. 310°)

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LEAVING ACAPULCO HARBOR, ROQUETA ISLAND (With Lighthouse)  
IN CENTER AND HARBOR ENTRANCE TO RIGHT (Camera Brg. 310°)

Confidential



